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THE WORKS OF
SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

The plays edited by
BONAMY DOBRÉE

The letters edited by
GEOFFREY WEBB

THE FIRST VOLUME *containing*

¶ INTRODUCTION ¶ THE RELAPSE

¶ THE PROVOK'D WIFE ¶ A SHORT VINDICATION OF THE RELAPSE AND THE PROVOK'D WIFE FROM IMMORALITY AND PROPHANENESS

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THE TEXT

THE text of these plays is in every case that of the first edition, collated with one or more subsequent, as well as with the first collected editions. The Textual Notes to each play contain detailed statements as to which copies have been referred to, and the method of editing. This last has varied slightly from play to play, according to the care with which the earliest text seems to have been printed.

The business of an editor, one may venture to think, is to produce the most convenient text for the general informed reader, to arrive, in fact, at what he thinks his author would have liked. Slavishly to follow the earliest is a pedantry that fails of its purpose, which could only be attained by a photographic reproduction. No serious scholar will accept a reprint in place of the original, since a quite perfect text seems to be an impossibility; thus an attempted reproduction would merely pander to a love of the quaint which has nothing to do with literature.

Italics and capitals have been retained, as the latter sometimes have a definite oratorical value, and the former assist the reader. The notes to *The Relapse* develop a little further the question of capitals, but only in that play has it been found appropriate to apply a theory. The original punctuation has also been retained, except where stated (save once more in the case of *The Relapse*), since, though it differs from ours, being rhetorical and not logical, it indicates very clearly how the speeches were to be cadenced. The old spelling has also been retained, except where stated, as this has a minor value for those who are interested in the history of words. In most of the plays, where two spellings of the same word occur in the same edition, the more modern spelling has been adopted throughout; but wherever this has been done, a note to that effect has been added. Reference has occasionally been made to "the spelling Vanbrugh seems to have preferred," but those who know that in those days, as in these, compositors had their own methods and rules, will take the assumption for what it is worth.

Most of the plays are to be seen in their earliest form in the British Museum. As it was impossible to obtain any text of *The Pilgrim* to print from, the authorities of the Museum gave permission for the first edition to be photographed. First editions of *Æsop* and *The Mistake* being visible only at the Bodleian Library, thanks are due to the authorities of that institution also for allowing these to be photographed, a task the Clarendon Press kindly supervised: and especially to Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., for permitting his rare, perhaps unique, copy of the first edition of *Æsop II*

to be used for collation. The editor also wishes to thank Messrs. Birrell and Garnett for the loan of the 1719 *Plays of Sir John Vanbrugh*, not in the possession of the British Museum, and not so far mentioned in any bibliography: and Messrs. Dobell for permission to make use of the papers relating to the case between the Duke of Marlborough and the Strongs.

The Bibliography here appended does not claim to be complete, as no laborious search has been made. All that can be said is that chance and the researches of others has enabled it to be slightly fuller than that of Swain included in the Mermaid edition of Vanbrugh's plays. One may, however, say that it is unlikely that any other earlier editions will make their appearance. The student will, of course, be aware that the texts of the later editions are not very reliable, being often taken from prompt copies. Until Leigh Hunt no attempt was made to edit Vanbrugh's plays. The present text does not vary greatly from that of Ward, who, it is to be regretted, omitted *The Pilgrim*. Nor does his edition retain the capitals and italics, while it modernises the punctuation. No mention is here made of *Squire Trelooby*, which was included in Mr. Montague Summers' Nonesuch edition of Congreve: in any case, it would appear difficult to decide which act was Vanbrugh's, even supposing the extant play to be the one in question, which remains very doubtful. In the Bodleian Library Scrap-book No. 1 (f. 33) there is to be found *The Oxford Bowlers, Set by Mr. Vanbrughe;* but the words do not seem at all like his, nor of his date: possibly the style of the music might help to determine the date. It has not been thought worth while to reprint it. One couplet, however, the last, will be found quoted under Gillian, in the notes to *The Pilgrim*.

Those who take the trouble to read the Explanatory Notes will observe that shamelessly frequent reference is made to the *New English Dictionary*. The editor, indeed, feels no shame, since he thought himself entitled to get as much information as he could by the quickest and easiest way, and thus put the Dictionary to the use for which it was intended. He only hopes he has made due acknowledgment to the various sources from which he culled his information, and would be glad to have any errors or omissions pointed out to him, as well as any faulty judgments in editing the text.

The Theatrical Histories given for each play do not pretend to be complete. To give such would be infinitely tedious to the reader, resolving themselves into a mass of meaningless dates, and a tiresome repetition of names. They are rather a digest of the history of each play, which the editor has tried to make more alive by giving short notes, often not more than remarks, of some seventy odd actors and actresses, so that some idea may be gathered of how the plays were handled at various periods. It has not in every case been possible to check the accuracy of the authorities, and the reader must be reminded, that where gaps are said to occur in the

representation of plays, this only means that their name does not occur in any handbills or newspapers. As the available collections of these are not themselves complete, such statements must be taken with reserve, though it is more than probable that any discoveries would not much alter the general line of these histories, and would only be of use in making up complete lists of the performances of any one play. These histories do not much concern themselves with productions outside London, though occasional references will remind the reader that during the period covered, theatres were in existence at Bath, Liverpool, York, and other provincial towns, as well as at Dublin and in Scotland.

October, 1926.

INTRODUCTION

THE purpose of this Introduction is not to provide a full-length commented biography of Sir John Vanbrugh, but rather to give the main outlines of his life, to string together the materials for a biography. The most serious gap will be found to be the history of the building of Blenheim, which is treated of in the Introduction to the last volume, as the whole affair is so intimately connected with his architecture, and so illumined by his letters, that it is there more conveniently placed. Since space is restricted, many famous letters on our subject, such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's on his courtship of Mrs. Yarburgh, have been omitted, and other things of like fame, which no essay on Vanbrugh has previously been without: they are already sufficiently known. On the other hand, extracts from lesser-known sources have been given where possible, such as Ravaisson's *Archives de la Bastille* and Defoe's *Review*, which, though familiar to scholars of the period, may prove fresh to the general reader. One or two new facts have been unearthed, some new letters brought to light by my collaborator, and it has been possible to fix the date of the *Justification* as 1721, and not 1718 as formerly stated.

There is no need for an editor of Vanbrugh to take up the cudgels on behalf of his original, for the world in general, even when it has something deplored his "looseness," has always had a soft corner in its heart for "brother Van." Since he is not a claimant for the highest honours—to speak here of literature alone—he cannot offend, nor, like Congreve, be exalted to the state of a private possession. Not to admire Congreve may be to argue yourself incondite; not to like Vanbrugh proves you not to be a generous person. We may adapt a remark Voltaire made about Regnard and Molière, and say, "Qui n'aime pas Vanbrugh, n'est pas digne d'admirer Congreve." When we read in Spence that Vanbrugh, with Congreve and Garth, was one of "the three most honest-hearted and good men of the poetical members of the Kit-Cat Club," we readily enough accept the judgment, and are happy to find it supported by Noble's "No person ever lived or died with so few enemies as Sir John Vanbrugh, owing to his pleasant wit and unaffected good humour." He is the sensual man, but raised to a power far above the mean; his tastes, his ambitions, his sense of fun are popular; only, being so much higher in vitality, he was able to face the world without a spark of meanness or an atom of spite. Whatever his faults, and they were after all venial, we cannot but like the man. We take him whole-heartedly to ourselves, and feel it would be as absurd to whitewash him as to denigrate him. He was not a profound thinker, nor a passionate poet: he was a genial man of the world who took life as he found it (he found it on the whole very good), a lover of life, of play, and of work: in fact, he is what we like to regard as the typical honourable Englishman, courteous but not too nice, hearty, optimistic and practical. We shall in vain look for the rigour of a Dryden or the exquisiteness of a Congreve, but for a breath of a good-humoured and spacious England that we hope will never die, we may settle ourselves in our chairs with a book of Vanbrugh's letters or plays.

Yet, as his name suggests, he was not of direct English descent. His grandfather,

Gillis Van Brugg (the name appears always to have been pronounced Vanbroog), was of Flemish parentage, of a race of distinguished knights and burghers, one of whom is mentioned among the prætors of Ypres as early as 1383. The persecutions of Alva drove the family over to England, where it could enjoy the reformed religion, and we know that Gillis was buried at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in 1646. His second son, called after him Giles, was born in April, 1631, and " not later than the winter of 1659–1660," married Elizabeth Carleton, who was his sister-in-law, his elder brother William having married one of the other daughters of Sir Dudley Carleton. This Carleton was the nephew of the more famous Sir Dudley, who had been principal Secretary of State to Charles I, Ambassador to Holland, and had become Baron Carleton of Imbercourt near Esher, and Viscount Dorchester, these titles extinguishing soon after his death. Giles had nineteen children, of whom John was the fourth, though at his birth he had only one sister living, another sister and a brother having died in infancy. He was baptised on 24 January, 1664, in his father's house, a fact recorded in the register of St. Nicholas Acons. At some time between the beginning of 1665 and the autumn of 1667 the family moved to Chester, perhaps on account of the plague, though Chester was probably not its immediate resort. At all events, once there, Giles settled down in the lap of the Church of England to a prosperous career of sugar-baking, his children above ground swelling to the number of thirteen in 1683. In 1689 he died. Under his will John, the eldest son, inherited two-fourteenths of the real estate sold, and became his own master. (W. C. Ward, *Introduction to his edition of Vanbrugh.*)

It is supposed that previously, at the age of nineteen, he had been sent to France, when it is probable that he began his study of building, though from Swift's couplet:

> Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
> Is hugely turned to architecture,

we might be led to think that he had no training at all, for the liberal education he is said to have had at Chester cannot have included this subject in the curriculum. However, by the beginning of 1686 he was back in England, for on the 30th of January of that year he received a commission in the Earl of Huntingdon's Regiment of Foot, only to resign it in August, possibly on account of his being ordered to Guernsey. On his father's death he appears to have gone abroad once more to join his brother Dudley in Colonel Beveridge's regiment, perhaps for company, perhaps to show his eagerness in the cause of the Revolution. Here again his military career was short, and he may have left the regiment because his brother unfortunately killed their colonel in a duel. The next thing known about him is that in 1690 he was arrested at Calais and flung into gaol.

The English Government seems to have made several attempts to exchange him, but in September, 1690, the French gentleman who was to have been bartered for Vanbrugh was cast into Newgate, with the result that the governor of Calais was told that his king's intention " est que vous fassiez resserrer et garder plus étroitement Vanbrugh, et que vous pourvoyiez à sa garde, de manière qu'il ne puisse s'échapper." But the governor of Calais was a humane man, and early in 1691 allowed Vanbrugh three days' liberty in his town, which only called official wrath down upon his head, for he was warned that " de quelque bonne foi qu'il vous parraisse, c'est un Anglais dans la parole duquel il ne faut pas prendre une confiance si entière. Le Roi m'a

donné ordre de vous écrire de le bien traiter. . . ." Vanbrugh, of course, belonged to a good family, but the English Government did not think him worth the French agent who was spending his time in Newgate.

Vanbrugh naturally became weary of his quarters at Calais, began to complain of ill-health, and at the beginning of May was transferred to Vincennes, instructions being given that extraordinary care was to be taken lest he should escape on the journey. Vanbrugh declared that he never knew " to what he owed the honour " of detention. The usual fable is that he was looking with too curious an eye at the architectural beauties of certain fortifications, but a letter dated July, 1690, informs us that " Vanbrugh a été arrêté à Calais, sur un avis que donne une femme de Paris, que cet homme s'en allait sans passeport, après la déclaration de la guerre, et il a paru, par les notions que l'on a eues depuis ce temps-là, que cet homme avait produit cette femme de Paris à un mylord, et que ce mylord avait fort à cœur la liberté de Vanbrugh "; upon which Ravaisson comments, " cet Anglais n'était pas d'une irréprochable moralité; mais il trouva bon de ne pas ébruiter le motif de sa détention," to which account a letter to Tonson (No. 101) seems to lend colour. But, whatever the cause of the imprisonment, Vanbrugh was a useful prisoner of war, to be exchanged against another. Unfortunately the proposed exchange fell through, owing to the Frenchman turning out to be an " espion double." However, there was another in view, and in the meantime Vanbrugh found a man to go bail for him for three thousand livres, so as to enable him to take the air in the courtyard of Vincennes. Yet he had made matters still worse for himself by writing a letter of complaint to his mother, which was stopped in case it should injure the French agent detained in England. Louis was inclined to favour Vanbrugh's proposals, but would not let him complain of ill-treatment to his mother, though once liberty to take exercise was granted him it was thought he would have no further cause for complaint. Yet even then there was a hitch; it was feared that Vanbrugh would break his bail unless his sponsor were made personally responsible for his custody. He proceeded to address still further complaints to the king, about his standard of life being pinched, and having no fire: Louis therefore ordered that he should be well treated " de manière qu'elle [S.M.] ne soit plus importunée de ses plaintes."

At the end of 1692 the king ordered Vanbrugh to be removed to the Bastille, but there to have liberty consistent with surety, and to be allowed to see visitors. On February the 11th Narcissus Luttrell recorded: " Last letters from France say, 3 English gentlemen, Mr. Vanbrook, Mr. Goddard, and Mr. North, were clapt up in the Bastile, suspected to be spies," adding on the 15th March: " French merchants were the other day sent to the Tower, to be used as Mr. North and Mr. Vanbroke are in the Bastile." The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that Sir Dudley North, brother of the prisoner, sought to negotiate the exchange of North and Vanbrugh against the French agent, but without success.

Vanbrugh was placed in the Tower of Liberty, a promising name, with " MM. de Poncet de Sainte-praye et Saint Georges, etc.," and no doubt passed a more agreeable time there, probably receiving visits the responsible mylord may have arranged. On the 22nd of November he was released on parole in Paris, against a bail of a thousand pistoles, and sallied forth by coach that very afternoon. There are no further entries in the *Archives de la Bastille*, and it appears that Vanbrugh almost immediately returned to England, for by the end of the year, according to Swain, he had been appointed auditor

for the southern division of the Duchy of Lancaster. Nothing more is known about him until his acceptance of a captaincy in John, Lord Berkeley's, Marine Regiment of Foot, the commission being dated the 31st of January, 1696. No trace is to be found of his having experienced any active service, nor is there anything in his plays to suggest his having done so, none of those autobiographical touches we meet with in the plays of Otway and Farquhar. His new regiment was " broke " in 1698, but as late as 1702 Vanbrugh seems to have been still without his pay, and he found it necessary to petition the Treasury for a sum of £128 13s. 3d., including pay for himself and his servant at ten shillings a day. He ends " That the full clearing of the said Regiment has been delay'd upon some difficultys in the Accounts: But the said difficultys arising upon some matters transacted in the Regiment long before your Petitioner had his company therein, Your Petitioner humbly prays, etc." The letter is endorsed " Capt. Jn° Vanbrook, 14 July, 1702. He must apply to y^e^ Collonel." This may have deterred Vanbrugh from pursuing a military career, for though on 10 March, 1702, he had been commissioned to a captaincy in the Earl of Huntingdon's newly raised Regiment of Foot, no further sign of military service is anywhere to be found. It is more than likely that he resigned this commission on being appointed Comptroller of the Board of Works in June.

For by this time Vanbrugh was well embarked on two other careers, one of which alone would have been enough for most men, namely, those of playwriting and architecture. While in the Bastille he had occupied himself with writing part of a comedy and, no doubt, with reading a good many French ones; and probably, when free in Paris, he frequently went to the theatre. But his actual assault of the stage came through seeing a play of Cibber's, *Love's Last Shift*, acted at Drury Lane early in 1696. He did not agree with the psychology of the play, which made human nature out to be more virtuous and constant than experience had led him to suppose it was; and urged by this, as well as on account of wishing to return an obligation, the nature of which appears to have been a loan, to one of the Patentees of Drury Lane, Sir Thomas Skipwith, he wrote a sequel to the play, *The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*. He scribbled it quickly, but by the time it was finished, read and approved, the season was too far advanced for it to be acted, and it did not appear until December. There is no need to dilate upon it here: its fortunes, and the controversies it helped to arouse, are sufficiently referred to in the Theatrical History, the Preface to the play, and *A Short Vindication*. It is enough to say that it was a success, and was followed in January by his play *Æsop*, the profits of which also he gave to the theatre. This was not so well received, but his productivity at this time was enormous, for at Lord Halifax's suggestion he completed the play he had begun in the Bastille and gave it as *The Provok'd Wife* to be acted by the other company in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This play was enthusiastically received, and Vanbrugh was acclaimed as one of the leading playwrights of his time.

But if the triumph of *The Provok'd Wife* redeemed the partial failure of *Æsop*, unfortunately for Vanbrugh's quiet he had entered the realm of playwriting just at one of those periods when the stage is attacked, not by its lovers, as at the present day, but by such as hate it. There was nothing surprising in the vigour of the onslaught at this moment, for the storm had been gathering since the days of Prynne and *Histriomastix;* but dormant during the Great Rebellion, hopelessly rebuffed in the palmy days of the Restoration, it was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to darken the sky.

There is no need to furnish details here; the history of the struggle has already been related by Mr. Montague Summers in the Congreve volumes of this series; it will be enough merely to look at it as far as regards Vanbrugh.*

It is plain from the Preface to *The Relapse* that Vanbrugh had already been howled at on account of that play containing "blasphemy and bawdy," which for his part he could not find out in his work. Indeed, anyone can see that ever to charge blasphemy upon Vanbrugh is the sheerest nonsense: it no more entered his head to tilt against religion than it did to propagate it: it was one of the things he accepted, and he bothered his head about it one way or the other as little as he did about drinking wine: in neither ought one to be excessive. It is not so easy to clear him from the accusation of bawdy; in fact it must regretfully be admitted that in nearly all his plays Vanbrugh's characters seem clearly to be aware of the physical aspects of love. His constant defence, which may almost be taken as expressing his whole attitude to life, was that in his writing he could not "have offended any honest Gentlemen of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having." He certainly did not avoid treating of the joyous aspects of the flesh, for he knew well enough that a play which had "No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau," as he said in the Prologue to *Æsop*, did not promise any startling success. And besides, life was life. We may be pretty sure that he did not transgress the bounds acknowledged by the average polite society of his day.

A word may here be said as to the part Vanbrugh played in bringing about the decay of the Comedy of Manners, which is called "artificial," as though any comedy worthy of the name were ever anything else. Mr. John Palmer, in an argument which is usually accepted, claims that by importing passion into his love-scenes, by making them realistic, he brought them within the orbit of morality. This is to some extent true if we take as standards of comparison only three or four of the greatest writers who preceded him, but it is not so if we include the lesser ones, such as Sedley, Mrs. Aphra Behn and Southerne, to choose almost at random. The difference is not one of morality but of art, of course, yet it was a difference very doubtfully visible to his contemporaries. To us Etherege's people seem exquisite fairies at whom it would be absurd to take offence, but even to Steele they appeared real enough. What to us seems to distinguish the people of Wycherley and Congreve from those of Vanbrugh is not that the latter embody a "luscious treatment of sex," but that the two first groups seem to be acting under the sway of some compelling internal mechanism, which is replaced by free will in the characters of *The Relapse* and *The Provok'd Wife*. Wycherley and Congreve were greater artists than Vanbrugh because a sense of fatality runs through their plays; their characters are in the grip of destiny: they must behave as they do. Vanbrugh did, indeed, further the decay of the art, not that he was more "luscious" or "realistic" (to use a word that is often little more than abuse, and is purely relative to the fashions of the day), but because in his plays there is choice; because things might happen differently. But the drama deals with what is unchangeable, and that is why plays which involve morality instead of ethics or metaphysics, and which deal with progress or panaceas, are bound to fall from the heights of

* The fullest and best account of the controversy I have seen is that by Dr. J. W. Krutch, in *Comedy and Conscience after the Restoration*, Columbia University Press, N.Y., 1924. We may also note the interesting ascription of *A Vindication of the Stage* (usually given to Wycherley) to Gildon, by Dr. Protopopesco, in *Congreve, sa Vie, son Œuvre*, La Vie Universitaire, 1924. Dr. Krutch seems to have arrived independently at the same conclusion, but does not argue it.

greatness. Vanbrugh's crime was one of art, not one of morality: he saw no difference between his plays and Congreve's, and nor, for the matter of that, did many other people. Such divergencies are always more visible to later generations.

By the time *The Relapse* was written battle had already been joined by the more puritan element, of which Richard Blackmore is the most important example, with his ponderous inveighings against " obscene and profane pollutions." Yet it seems that as early as December, 1696, when *The Relapse* was issued, a rumour had got abroad that some divine was meditating a sally against the theatre. " As for the Saints (your thorough pac'd ones I mean, with screw'd Faces and wry Mouths)," Vanbrugh wrote, " I despair of them . . . they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine "; and he went on to say: " But if any Man (with flat plod Shooes, a little Band, Greazy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the expense of being Forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-Dog, I beg his Pardon with all my heart," a reference Collier took up in his concluding paragraph on the play. More significant still is Vanbrugh's request in the Prologue to *The Provok'd Wife:* " Kind Heaven! inspire some venom'd Priest to write "; it is doubtful if Collier needed this encouragement.

The pent-up storm burst in *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, which was published in March, 1698, shortly after Merriton's comparatively insipid work on the " Immorality, Debauchery and Profaneness " of the people's amusements. It at once had an enormous success, being reprinted in the same year. Jeremy Collier was, of course, not the great reformer Macaulay made him out to be, but neither was he the furious ass of which others draw the picture. He was certainly a violent man, extreme in his views; for not only was he a non-juror, which, after all, the mild, even pusillanimous Sancroft was, but he had given absolution to Jacobites on the scaffold, for which he was outlawed. One sees that he was extreme, uncontrolled even, and perhaps he had a desire for notoriety. Indeed, his ability deserved recognition, for he was a man of considerable, if useless, knowledge, who had written fluently upon theological and political subjects. It is obvious that his attack upon the stage was not due so much to a love of abstract piety as to his desire to see the clergy more honoured; but this only redounds to his credit, for already in his day the position of curates and " levites " was not such as their education should warrant. Thus his real grievance against Vanbrugh's picture of Bull was not that it was false, but that it was painfully true. Not only was Collier a learned man—not, of course, in the front rank of scholars, but widely enough read to be considered learned with respect to general culture—but he was also a good writer, whose translation of Marcus Aurelius was to be praised by Matthew Arnold. He was also a clever man, not without cunning, who had felt the pulse of the public and knew exactly what the many-headed monster would greedily swallow. And even to-day this extravagantly proportioned volume, with its appeal to the " Sense of Antiquity upon the Argument," reminding one of a mediæval treatise trying to reconcile St. Paul with Aristotle, is amazing good reading. It is so full of vitality that even where the matter seems fusty and out of date, or the argument quite beside what we have come to think the point, we are hardly tempted to skip. To his own age, inured to the reading of turgid sermons, it must have seemed the sprightliest piece of journalism imaginable, for it treated subjects upon which Jeremy Taylor might have expatiated, in the vigorous slap-dash manner of Ned Ward. It was good enough to appeal to such as would read with delight Halifax's gracile *Advice to a Daughter*,

which was popular enough, but it would also entice readers who rejoiced in the more directly pugnacious broadsides of the day. One has only to compare the book with *Histriomastix*, which was still currently read, to understand at once why it carried everything resistlessly before it.

Even contemporary readers who thought it as exaggerated and absurd as most now do, must have read it with pleasure, for Collier combined amusement with instruction in a way which often gave free play to the former; while his accusations were frequently true. He was perfectly right, for instance, in his attack upon prologues and epilogues, which, as he justly said, were removed from fiction into life. "Here they converse with the *Boxes*, and *Pit*, and address directly to the Audience": and it is fair to suppose that even in our plain-dealing age, an epilogue by a girl of six, apologising to the gallants for not being old enough to gratify their desires, but hoping to be able to do so fully later on, as in Powell's *Bonduca*, might be something more than our honesty could stomach. Even when he was childishly foolish, as in the matter of oaths, he elicited a chuckle by a well-turned satirical phrase: "At some times, and with some *Poets*, Swearing is no ordinary Relief. It stands up in the room of Sense, gives Spirit to a flat Expression, and makes a period Musical and Round." One only wishes that our Puritans of to-day would do their business half so well as Jeremy Collier did his.

There is no need in this place to make an abstract of his charges against Vanbrugh: most of them are taken up and answered, well or feebly, in *A Short Vindication*, here reprinted. Besides scattering plenty of examples of Vanbrugh's errors throughout his book, Collier devoted a whole chapter to *The Relapse*, and his remarks on structure are not the least cogent part of this section, though it is doubtful if he was wise to confuse the issue. His business was with the Trinity, not with the three unities. Vanbrugh's reply was frankly that of a bluff, hearty, man-of-the-world, full of common sense, who accepted the conventions of his time. He was as vigorous as Collier himself, and a good deal lighter; but the mistake he made in common with all other vindicators, except John Dennis, was to accept Collier's premises. He could deal with swearing well enough, but when it came to contempt of clergy or smuttiness he was at a grave disadvantage. Given that the business of the stage was to discourage vice by diatribes, direct or indirect, against it, Vanbrugh simply could not show that there was anything dissuasive in, say, the Loveless-Berinthia intrigue. Only Dennis could tussle on really equal terms with Collier, for being himself a writer of theological essays, and of equal erudition with Cóllier as regards the sense of antiquity upon the argument, he could manœuvre on the same ground as Collier and yet take up a different point of view. Since, however, the more elevated vista of the æsthetic landscape barely appeals to the public, his book was of little use as a counterblast. Collier answered Vanbrugh in his *Defence of the Short View*, on the whole successfully: for once the battle is won, and the attacker undoubtedly held the field, the few odd skirmishes are more than likely to be decided in the victor's favour.

But it is to be feared that Vanbrugh remained impenitent to the end, and there are passages in *A Journey to London*, his posthumous fragment, which no amount of apologetics on Cibber's part, as displayed in his Preface to *The Provok'd Husband*, can gloze over. He still thought that the object of plays was to divert the well-meaning part of the town, in spite of their wives and taxes, and that the way to inform the world what it should do was to show them people on the stage doing what they should not. It is

true that he re-wrote some scenes in Act II of *The Provok'd Wife*, disguising Sir John Brute as a woman instead of as a parson, which, by the very fact of their not bettering the decency or morality of the play, go to show that the main concern of the puritans (since they could not altogether abolish the stage) was rather the dignity of the cloth than the sweetness of virtue. But this change was not due entirely to Collier's book, and here, for convenience, we may anticipate a little.

In 1703 Vanbrugh set about building *The Queen's Theatre, or Italian Opera House* on the site of an old stable in the Haymarket. All was set in order. In 1704 the Queen announced that " Whereas We have thought fitt for the better reforming the Abuses and Immorality of the Stage That a New Company of Comedians should be Establish'd for our Service, under Stricter Goverm^{t} and Regulations than have been formerly We therefore reposing especiall trust and confidence in our Trusty and Welbeloved John Vanbrugh & Will^{m} Congreve Esq^{rs} for the due Execution of this our Will & Pleasure, do Give and Grant . . ." etc: namely, power to collect a company to act any kind of play whatsoever.

But this was not at all to the liking of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, which had already proved its strength in the hot period of the controversy by " presenting " two other playwrights, and getting some actors and actresses fined for uttering certain words in their parts. It had already levelled its weapons at Vanbrugh through the Bishop of Gloucester, who recommended him in the House of Lords for punishment, from which he was saved by the " agility " of one of his friends in that house. Now, however, some of the members of the Society addressed a letter " To the Most Reverend Father in God, Thomas, By Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury." They said they had lain low since the Queen's instructions to the Master of the Revels to keep a more active eye upon the stage, " But since the Building of the Playhouse in the Hay-Market, it is grown a general Discourse, that the Management of the Company design'd for it is to be in Mr. *Vanbrook;* the known Character of which Gentleman has very much alarm'd us . . . 'tis impossible that Her Majesty, who has declared against Immorality and Prophaneness, should act so directly contrary to the End She proposed, as to commit the Management of a Stage to that very Man, who Debauch'd it to a degree beyond the Looseness of all former Times. . . . Tho' there be not one of his Comedies (as he calls them) but is more remarkable for Irreligion than for Wit and Humour, yet the *Provok'd Wife* is his Master-piece in both. . . ." After a little more in this style they quoted the passage in *The Provok'd Wife* where Sir John Brute is disguised as a parson, the late scene between Lord Foppington and Coupler in *The Relapse*, and some extracts from *The False Friend.* They were, however, considerate towards his Grace. " The most abominable Obscene Expressions [they went on] which so frequently occur in his Plays (as if the principal Design of them was to gratifie the lewd and vicious part of the Audience, and to corrupt the virtuously disposed) are in this black Collection wholly omitted. We are asham'd to disgust Your *Grace's* Eyes with such Stuff that is not fit to Read. What then can recommend this Gentleman to such a Post? No Religion, and much Assurance? But my Lord, Your *Grace* is too great an Example of Piety and Justice, to suffer Her Majesty to be longer Ignorant of a Design so very Prejudicial to *Christianity*, and the *Morality* of the Whole Nation; which if she knew, her Virtue and Piety would put a stop to our Fears and Apprehensions.

London. December 10th 1704."

It is not known what action was taken; probably Tenison could not do much, and indeed it might be difficult for the actions of a man who had pronounced a panegyric over the coffin of Nell Gwynn to be very effective on this point. But it may have been suggested to Vanbrugh, by one of the influential patrons of the theatre, that it might be as well to make some graceful concession. At all events, when *The Provok'd Wife* was revived in 1705,* the new scenes replaced the old, though they did not appear in the printed versions till very much later.

The town itself seems to have shared the apprehensions of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, to judge by Defoe, who was skilful in giving the public what it wanted. He devoted a whole number of his *Review* (Sat., May the 5th, 1705) to a discussion of the new theatre, all in this manner:

"The Name of this Thing (for by its Outside it is not to be distinguish'd from a *French Church*, or a Hall, or a Meeting-House, or any such unusual Publick Building) is a Theater, or in *English*, a Play-House.

The Use and Design of this, is for the Encouragement of Wit, the Entertainment of the Ladies, & for the Representations or Misrepresentations of Vice, for the Encouragement of Vertue; and, in short, to Contribute to the Exceeding Reformation of our Manners. . . .

The Dimensions of this Noble Pile, its Beauty, its Stupendious Height, the Ornament and Magnificence of its Building, are Demonstrations of the Great Zeal of our Nobility and Gentry, to the Encouragement of Learning, and the Suppressing of Vice and Immorality."

After more in this vein there follows a poem:

> The Fabrick's Finish'd, and the Builder's part
> Has shown the Reformation of his Art.
> Bless'd with Success, thus have their first Essays
> *Reform'd* their *Buildings*, not *Reform'd* their *Plays*.
> The Donor's Bounty may be well Design'd,
> But who can Guess the Model of the Mind?
> Never was Charity so Ill Employ'd,
> Vice so Discouraged, Vertue so Destroy'd;
> Never Foundation so abruptly laid,
> So much Subscrib'd, and yet so little Paid.
> On Publick Faith the Fabrick then begin,
> And Vice it self is run in Debt to Sin. . . .

After quoting the rather complacent Prologue spoken on the opening night:

> But now that Pious Pageantry's no more,
> And Stages Thrive as Churches did before;
> Your own Magnificence you here survey,
> Majestick Columns stand, where Dunghills lay,
> And Cars Triumphal rise from Carts of Hay. . . .

* See the Theatrical History of *The Provok'd Wife*.

it proceeds to a variation on the theme:

> A *Lay-stall* this, *Apollo* spoke the word,
> And straight arose a Playhouse from a T——
> Here *Whores* in *Hogstyes*, Vilely blended lay,
> Just as in *Boxes*, at our *Lewder Play;*

ending:

> How Vice's Champions, Uncontroul'd within,
> Roul in the very Excrements of Sin:
> The *Horrid Emblems* so Exact appear,
> That Hell's an Ass, to what's transacted here.

Nothing could more plainly express diametrically opposed views of art.

Having mentioned the building of the Haymarket Theatre, it will be as well to give in this place a short account of the history of the stage in Vanbrugh's lifetime, for in so variegated a career as his it is convenient to abandon chronological order. When he first began to write plays there were two companies in existence, that at the Theatre Royal, of which the patentees were Sir Thomas Skipwith, who, however, concerned himself little with the business (thus getting the profit he deserved, which was nothing), and Christopher Rich; while that at the new theatre in the tennis-court at Lincoln's Inn Fields was under Betterton's rule, the union of the King's and the Duke's companies, brought about in 1682, having broken down in 1695. But the state of affairs was not a happy one, for the town at this time could barely support two theatres, the building in Lincoln's Inn Fields was inconvenient, and the active patentee at Drury Lane was a well-nigh miraculous ass. He seems to have loved poking around a theatre manipulating the thunder or a snowstorm, or "a sea, consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than the ordinary, and a little damaged." Most of all he liked improving his theatre, that is, building extra corridors full of strange doors and cupboards, for which nobody could conceive any possible use. For the drama he appears to have cared nothing at all, and he and Mr. Vincent Crummles would probably have seen eye to eye. Moreover, like all people who try to please the public, he rated the public taste far too low. He introduced knock-about turns, high kicking, and performing animals, and in the old Dorset Garden days had wished to produce an "extraordinary fine" elephant upon the stage, only being dissuaded by his builder, who threatened structural disaster. In short, the Theatre Royal merely became the vulgar competitor of the Bartholomew and May fairs, to which, indeed, many actors had recourse to eke out their flimsy incomes. Ned Ward gives us a picture of the state of things in about 1699:

"But when we came to the House, [we] found (upon enquiry) that all the Wiser part of the Family of *Tom Fools* had Translated themselves to *Bartholomew*-Fair. After strugling with a long *See-Saw* between *Pride* and *Profit;* and having Prudently considered the weighty difference between the Honourable Title of one of His* Majesties Servants, and that of a *Bartholomew*-Fair *Player*, or *Vagabond* by the Statute, did at last, with much difficulty, conclude that it was equally Reputable to Play the Fool in the Fair for Fifteen or Twenty Shillings a Day, as 'twas to please Fools in the Play-

* The 1704 version, the only one I have been able to see, says "Her"—"Queen's." This must have been an alteration, and has here been altered back.

House at so much *per* Week. And, indeed, I think they made a very commendable Result; for I think there's no more distinction between a *King's House-Player* and a *Country Stroler*, than there is between a Bull-Dog bred up in *Clare-Market*, [where there had been a theatre] and another Educated at His Majesties *Bear-Garden:* And as he is the most valuable *Dog* that runs furthest and fairest in; so is he the most reputable *Comedian* that gets most money by his fooling." (*London Spy.* X.)

It is true that the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields was scarcely better, and vied with Drury Lane to produce novelties such as prologues recited by boys of five, and epilogues declaimed by ladies on horseback. Both theatres inclined to what we should call Music-Hall turns, of which we get a glimpse as late as 1705 in Steele's Prologue to *The Mistake;* but at Lincoln's Inn Fields the actors were at least their own masters, and if they spent money on a blaze to outdo the Faustus at Drury Lane, the gain, as well as the risk, was their own. Rich, on the other hand, was for ever trying to make good his losses by cutting down the salaries of the actors. At the beginning of the second part of *Æsop*, Vanbrugh gives a lively view of the quarrel, where he supports the patentees; but it must be remembered that this play was written for Drury Lane, and to please Sir Thomas Skipwith. Yet Vanbrugh had no scruples about giving *The Provok'd Wife* to Betterton's company at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

There is no doubt that the position of the dramatic art, attacked from without, mouldering from within, was very critical; and " to recover [the actors] to their due estimations, a new project was form'd, of building them a stately theatre, in the Hay Market, by Sir John Vanbrugh, for which he raised a subscription of thirty persons of quality, at one hundred pounds each " (*Cibber, Apology*), though Defoe, as we have seen, suggests that some of these subscriptions were never paid. The theatre was certainly stately in design, and everybody was hugely pleased at the drawings (*see Letter No.* 4), so the foundation-stone was laid on the 18th of April, 1704, by the Duke of Somerset, Master of the Horse, and does not appear to have been inscribed " The Little Whig " as a tribute to one of Marlborough's daughters, according to the legend propagated by Cibber. (*Ashton.*)

Congreve, we have seen, was associated with the management, and as he was always passionately fond of music, in which Vanbrugh also delighted, *The Queen's Theatre, or Italian Opera House*, was opened on Easter Monday, April the 9th, 1705, with Giacomo Greber's *The Loves of Ergasto*, to which was added a witty Epilogue by Congreve. But, according to Downes, " the new set of singers arriv'd from Italy proved to be the worst that e'er came from thence," and so, after three days, " being liked but indifferently by the gentry, they in a little time marched back to their own country." Unfortunately every performance met with the same fate, and whatever play was produced proved a failure, for the building was too magnificent to be acoustically sound, and the voices of the actors " sounded like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty aisles in a cathedral." It was very well for " the tone of a trumpet, or the swell of an Eunuch's holding note," but mere plays could not be heard. Even its distance from the main centre of the town would not have mattered had the plays been audible, but as matters were, it was in vain that the most popular of old successes were tried, or that Vanbrugh put his best hand to paper in his admirable adaptation of *The Confederacy* from a play by Dancourt. Congreve soon grasped the state of affairs, and cautiously withdrew.

This result was a blow to Vanbrugh's pocket from which he seems never to have

recovered fully. The theatre had cost far more to build than the money subscribed would cover (*see Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, letter from Maynwaring, July*, 1708), and the investment of his own money in it was apparently not a sound one. There was so little to be gained, that after the last opera in July 1706, D'Urfey's *The Kingdom of the Birds*, he gave Verbruggen, Booth, and the young company, permission to act what they liked, for their own benefit, up to the 23rd of August: but they made less than half their salaries. (*Downes.*) Vanbrugh thus began to cast about for a means of once more uniting the two companies, and before October the 15th, 1706, came to an agreement with Owen Swiney, or MacSwiney, by which he leased him his interest in the theatre at the rate of five pounds for every acting night, the year's total not to exceed seven hundred pounds. The affair is a somewhat mysterious one, for Swiney was to some extent a protégé of Rich, and was two hundred pounds in his debt. According to Cibber, "the real truth was, that he [Rich] had a mind both companies should be clandestinely under one and the same interest; and yet in so loose a manner, that he might declare his verbal agreement with Swiney good, or null and void, as he might best find his account in either." The Haymarket was thus recruited from Drury Lane, but even so did not do very well, and had to resort to subscription performances at a guinea a ticket. Swiney seems to have done fairly well, according to Cibber, but not so Vanbrugh, who bought Swiney out in February, 1708. In May, however, he sold the whole interest to Swiney, being no doubt too much engaged in other matters to be able to continue the wearisome trafficking for singers, such as the Baroness, and constant bickerings over actors with Drury Lane. (*See Letters to the Earl of Manchester, May–July*, 1708, *Nos.* 9, 12.) Yet these transactions did not free him from debt, and he seems to have retained a claim on the clothes, though never to have been remunerated for them, although the fine men of the buskin were able to drive about handsomely in their coaches. (*Letters Nos.* 47 *and* 138, 18th *of February*, 1720.)

"From the time that the company of actors, in the Hay-Market, was reunited with those from Drury Lane," Cibber wrote, ". . . the theatre, for three or four years following, suffer'd so many convulsions, and was thrown every other winter under such different interests and management, before it came to a firm and lasting settlement, that I am doubtful if the most candid reader will have patience to go through a full and fair account of it." Precisely; but we may shortly follow the fate of the Queen's Theatre. In December, 1707, Colonel Brett, having been given the Drury Lane patent by Sir Thomas Skipwith, it was decided that operas only should be performed at the Haymarket. This policy appears to have been urged by Vanbrugh on Marlborough, who would be able to exert pressure through his friend Godolphin on his son-in-law Sunderland. (*See Letter to Manchester, No.* 9.) Opera seemed likely to prosper, but people were too optimistic about it. Cibber remarks that "the inclination of our people of quality for foreign operas, had now reached the ears of Italy, and the credit of their taste had drawn over from thence, without any more particular invitation, one of their capital singers, the famous Signor Cavaliero Nicolini, from whose arrival, and the impatience of the town to hear him, it was concluded that operas, being now so completely provided, could not fail of success." Vanbrugh's letters, however, make it clear that Nicolini did not come over until the next year, and by no means unsolicited, while Valentini was very afraid of having his nose put out of joint. (*Letters Nos.* 12, 15.) The new management began on the 13th of January,

1708. But in June, 1709, the Theatre Royal was closed by the Lord Chamberlain, and plays were once more acted at the Haymarket, the actors taking the precaution of narrowing the auditorium and lowering the ceiling, so that the speeches could more easily be heard.

In November, however, a member of Parliament named William Collier, "a lawyer of an enterprising head and a joyful heart," obtained a new patent for Drury Lane, which was reopened on the 23rd of the month. Rich went, but not willingly. "The late Patentee, who still continued in the Theatre, though without the power of using it, was not to be removed without compulsion. Mr. Collier, therefore, procured a lease of the house from the landlords of it, and armed with this authority, took the advantage of a rejoicing night, 22 November, when with a hired rabble, he broke into the premises, and turned the former owner out of possession." (*A New Theatrical Dictionary*, 1792.) Nevertheless, Rich was able to sneak off with a considerable amount of the properties, with a view to furnishing the new theatre he proposed to build in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But in 1710 the excitement of the Sacheverell trial drew the quality to the drama being enacted at Westminster, and Collier was forced to purvey low-class amusements, so as to fill his theatre with the mob. Thinking that the Haymarket was a better venture than Drury Lane, he exchanged theatres, properties, and all except singers, with Swiney; but in April, 1712, he found this procedure not so profitable as he had hoped, and used his influence as a member of Parliament to force a new exchange: and though the unlucky Swiney was loath to comply, Vanbrugh advised him that it was the only thing to do. It proved so unlucky for him that "he was driven to attend his fortune in some more favourable climate." After that, the Haymarket Theatre was tenanted by various opera companies, and was especially associated with Händel and the Royal Academy of Music, with an interlude of French comedians in 1718–1719, and at about this time was the place selected for Heydegger's Masquerades. (*Letters Nos.* 115, 130.) The building was later destroyed by fire, and His Majesty's is the fourth theatre to stand upon the site of The Queen's Opera House.

To return to Vanbrugh's career as a playwright it would seem that towards the end of the century he was becoming too busy to invent original plays, since, except for a posthumous fragment, *A Journey to London*, he contented himself with adaptations and translations. The first of these was a variant of Fletcher's *The Pilgrim*, which is especially notable for the prologue, epilogue, song and *Secular Masque*, provided by Dryden (the last things he ever wrote), and for whose benefit the play was first performed on about April 29th (not 25th of March), 1700. This argues an acquaintance, and if not a friendship with, at least a deep admiration for Dryden, who indeed called him "my good friend Mr. Vanbrook." His next piece was a translation of *Le Traître Puni*, an early version by Le Sage of a play by Rojas y Zorilla, which was acted at Drury Lane in January or February, 1702, as *The False Friend.* In the next year, at the same season and in the same theatre, was acted *The Country House*, an extremely amusing version of Dancourt's *La Maison de Campagne*, while in 1704 he collaborated with Congreve and Walsh in translating Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* as *Squire Trelooby*, each author taking one act. (*See Summers' Congreve.*) The next year, in a strenuous effort to make the Haymarket Theatre pay, he put his best foot forward in a version of Dancourt's *Les Bourgeoises à la Mode*, which was acted in his theatre on the 30th of October, 1705, as *The Confederacy*, to be followed in two or three months by his

translation of Molière's *Le Dépit Amoureux*, which he named *The Mistake*. All these have been printed, with the doubtful exception of *Squire Trelooby*, but he was to write yet another translation from Molière, *The Cuckold in Conceit* from *Le Cocu Imaginaire*, which was acted at his theatre on 22 March, 1707, but never published. Doubts have been cast on his authorship of this play, but it is usually accepted that he wrote it; at all events it does not very much matter, owing to the play being lost, and the question need not be debated here.

If we exclude his posthumous *A Journey to London*, *The Mistake* was the last of his printed plays, and we may seize this opportunity for considering his work as a playwright. One character he certainly created, Lord Foppington, the "quintessence of coxcombry," who differs from other Restoration fops because he seems to be perfectly conscious of what he is doing. He is a fop by choice, not from idiocy, and is proud of belonging to so prevailing a party. When he says that he never reads, for "to mind the inside of a book is to entertain ones self with the forced product of another man's brains," instead of encouraging the sprouts of one's own, he reminds us of Hobbes, who said that if he had read as much as other people he would be as foolish as they were. But there were two things Vanbrugh most loved to dwell on, marital quarrels and low life, either as exhibited in the lives of valets and servants (those in *The Confederacy* are developed unrecognisably beyond Dancourt's), or as illustrated by the countryman or country gentleman of his time. In depicting both these kinds of low life he really excels, but they are subjects for a man with a sense of humour, such as Vanbrugh had, rather than for a comic writer, who must always have either a spice of the cruelly satiric in him or a profound compassion. Vanbrugh, according to Rowe, was "a most sweet-natured gentleman and pleasant" (*Reconciliation*), and loved life as it was too greatly to wish to reform it, not deeply enough to wish to create an appearance; certainly he had little of that ill-nature which is the mark of so much of the comedy which immediately preceded his.

Thus, since his work is not very difficult or subtle, and conveys no unique outlook, there does not seem to be very much new to say about it. Readers of this Introduction will no doubt already be familiar with what Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. John Palmer have said about him, and there is no point in repeating their judgments here, as there is no startling difference between them. For the same reason of familiarity we may avoid quoting Cibber's remarks on the ease of his dialogue, for the *Apology* is well known. Vanbrugh evidently wrote with fluency, even with too great facility. His quick, humoursome observation stood him in good stead, and he put down what he observed without giving any strange shape to his material, preferring adaptations which gave him very little trouble. The best study of recent years is that of Professor Ten Eyck Perry, and Vanbrugh is the subject of the happiest study in his *The Comic Spirit in the Restoration*. "The breath of fresh air and wholesome living," he writes, "constantly sweeps through Vanbrugh's plays, temporarily driving out of them the hardness and artificiality of town life. Nevertheless, Lord Foppington and Lady Fancyful still prevail upon the stage. It is they whom one remembers after the curtain has been rung down, and it is with them that the tradition of Wycherley and Congreve still continues in Vanbrugh's theatre.

"Only upon second thought do we realize that in his plays there are no more sparkling love duos and that in them the harsh, uncompromising attack of Plain Dealers has come to an end. Women may be criticized out of their own mouths or out of

other people's, but with this criticism there is always stated or implied the higher standards which they themselves could reach, if they only would. Like his characters, Vanbrugh is struggling. He is struggling to get out of the comic underworld and emerge into the pure light of perfection. [We may something dissent from Professor Perry here, but it would be unfair to mangle the quotation.] Only, unfortunately, the perfection for which he strives is too often that of Amanda and Leonora (the impossibly righteous heroine of *The False Friend*), a vague and pallid reflection of stronger and worthier ideals. At bottom he would not achieve it if he could. He is more at home in the earthy society of Berinthia and Brass, Lord Foppington and Lady Fancyful, the Brutes and the Headpieces, than he is among the spotless heroes and heroines he has lifted from Fletcher, Le Sage, Molière, or Colley Cibber. He knows that to laugh at human foibles is not a satisfactory way to face the riddle of the universe, but his attempts to probe the deep emotions of mankind are faltering and pathetic. His inability to do so betrays his limitations but at the same time emphasizes his special abilities within a definitely circumscribed area. Failure to reach the spiritual heights is not discreditable to the comic dramatist; but one cannot help feeling regret when any author tries to free himself from the solid earth, only to sink back into the mawkish mire of sentimentality." Vanbrugh, it must be conceded, does sometimes lay himself open to the charge of sentimentality; but whether he much strove to reach the spiritual heights may not unreasonably be doubted.

Of technique there is little to be said. The late plethora of books dealing with the subject is always beside the mark, discussing inessentials which a little thought quickly finds out for itself, and often discovers to be a mere temporary fashion. "Vous êtes de plaisantes gens," Dorante says in the *Critique de L'École des Femmes*, "avec vos règles. . . . Il semble, a vous ouïr parler, que ces règles d'art soient les plus grands mystères du monde; et cependant ce ne sont que quelques observations aisées que le bon sens a faites sur ce qui peut ôter le plaisir que l'on prend à ces sortes de poèmes." Indeed the only technique worth bothering about is that which concerns the writer's inner materials, his intuitions, his general apperceptions: we wish to know what these are, and why the writer chose certain aspects of the life about him to symbolise these, and how he arranged them. Vanbrugh appears to have had none: it is this which marks him out from Wycherley and Congreve. He is half-hearted on the subject of sex-antagonism; indeed he sees little more in it than husband and wife quarrels, in which the latter is invariably the better dialectician. If he had the common sense necessary to the comic writer, he had not the clarity of thought equally essential. This uncertainty, of course, reflects itself in his structure, which is not designed to convey any especial intuition, but to amuse; and this it does very well. The curious thing we may note about his phrasing, a point which Collier made against him, and which has sorely perplexed some of his editors, is that he never knew when he was writing blank verse. Attention has been drawn in the notes to some of the passages, but he is throughout a lasting illustration of Dryden's contention that blank verse is the form into which our language naturally glides if we do not beware of it, though it is by no means certain that to use so flexible a medium is a crime on the stage. Much of his unconscious blank verse is far better than some of the passages he wrote in truncated lines, all of which goes to show that he had a fine natural ear for effective stage speech, but not for the more delicate rhythms of poetry. Yet that he thought about his phrasing is clear from a comparison of his stage prose with his letters, and equally plain is his

literary love of words. He evidently enjoyed the savoury one, the one which conveyed much pithily, and he even sometimes went out of his way to find the rare word, such as " slubbered up " or " keckle," while the *New English Dictionary* credits him with having invented a word. There is no doubt that had he given his time and energies to writing he would have stood much higher than he does in the ranks of literature. Pope's " How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit " is a just criticism, meant as an æsthetic, not as a moral judgment, as has since been supposed. The grace that was lacking can only be the outcome of hard, concentrated labour, and this Vanbrugh never gave his literary work.

As it is, if we try to judge his plays we are forced to confess that they are not great works of art in the sense that they clarify life, adumbrate fresh values, or define unguessed relationships. Yet they are full of a life that is very English, and they are in the current of Middleton, Fielding and Dickens. They do not belong to the family of Chapman, Congreve, Sterne or Meredith, for they are not transfused by an imagination disciplined by passionate thought. They give refreshment to the body rather than to the mind, for they cannot be denied an invigorating quality. His people are no doubt caricature, but all comic literature—one might even leave out the qualification—is such, namely the selection and exaggeration of salient traits built up into a type. Especially is this true of the stage, which must perforce deal in broader strokes than work designed for the study. Falstaff and Sir Politick Would-be, Tartufe and the widow Pimbêche, are caricature in just the same sense as Lord Foppington and Sir John Brute. The distinction here is not one of the form of the art, but of how much the form conveys of something distinct which lies profoundly in the depths of the minds of those who created such figures. Vanbrugh was in no grand sense a thinker, and he had nothing original to say. It might also be argued that he had nothing profound to communicate, but his robust sense of life, his keen enjoyment of the bustle of the world, his whole-hearted belief in the value of human life for its own sake is, if not precisely profound, something large and genial. His gusto, his movement, his delight in garrulity are the qualities which give his work so real a life, and make them even now such pleasurable, such easy reading. He is more than the ordinary man by virtue of his sheer vitality. It is this which his figures impart, and a writer who can create figures that are alive after two centuries, with a degree of life many people actually living have not got, cannot be denied the title of artist.

More especially do we credit him with being an artist when we compare him, not with the giants of his period, such as Dryden, Wycherley and Congreve, but with the lesser writers. He is, for instance, both far lighter and closer to essentials than Shadwell, much more coherent than Mrs. Aphra Behn. He has a greater literary sense than Farquhar, but the latter cannot be weighed in the same scale, since he introduced a kind of comedy which may be called the comedy of rationalism, and had no successor until another Irishman, Mr. Bernard Shaw, revived the form. Vanbrugh certainly is better than any of his descendants, far above the Reynolds, Colmans, Murphys and Mrs. Inchbalds who provided the fare from the middle of the eighteenth century. *She Stoops to Conquer*, graceful as it is, seems slightly childish in comparison with Vanbrugh's plays, while Sheridan is superficial, ill-phrased and metallic. To see how superior Vanbrugh is we have only to compare parallel passages in *The Relapse* and *A Trip to Scarborough*.

Vanbrugh. Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an affront. (*To Young Fashion.*) Dear *Tam*, since Things are thus fallen aut, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb; you have Marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayrs, Prudent in her Canduct, Canstant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, split my Wind-pipe.

Sheridan. Now will I put on a philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance. (*Aloud.*) Dear Tam, since these things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners; and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in her person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe! (I. A. Williams' Ed. 1926.)

Here Sheridan follows pretty closely, but how inferior he proves himself in every alteration! Not only is the gusto gone, as much of the phrasing as he could destroy, and the tang of English that is really felt, but the life-blood of the artist. Vanbrugh throughout implies the deeper emotions and the values of life honestly apprehended. Sheridan is concerned only with the immediately fashionable values, those that do not count in any work of literature of a scope worth considering. Dangle might well talk of "even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation." Vanbrugh is only second-rate, perhaps, but compared with any of his successors, certainly with the much overrated Sheridan, he towers in a joyous mastery and a masculine strength.

It will now be necessary to return to the year 1698, or thereabouts, when, apparently, he first began to concern himself with architecture as a profession, though his work in this connection will be but lightly touched upon, as it is more closely treated in the Introduction to the last volume. It has already been stated that he went to France to study architecture, but that upon his return from France he attempted once more to enter upon a military career, and then turned his hand to playwriting. But it seems that as early as 1698 he was closely associated with Wren in the designs for Greenwich Hospital, and it is certain that in 1699 Lord Carlisle selected him to build Castle Howard, for we know that at this date the designs were approved, and that William III much admired the wooden model. An unduly famous reference in his letters is in the one to Tonson (*No.* 4), where he asks him to procure a copy of Palladio: this does not mean that he was not already familiar with Palladio, but that he wanted a copy with good reproductions of the plans. At all events, by the year 1702 he had sufficiently established his claim as a builder to be appointed comptroller, that is, subordinate Crown architect under Wren at the Board of Works, a position he held until the end of his life.

There can be no doubt but that he owed much of his advancement to the charm of his personality. Once accepted as a playwright, clearly in contact with Dryden, the way to the most exalted social circles would be open to him; for in those days the nobility regarded culture as an ornament, and even if they themselves knew little of these matters they vied with one another in being patrons of the arts. Possibly through Jacob Tonson, his closest lifelong friend, he soon became a member of the Kit-Cat

Club, of which Tonson was the founder, where he would bask in the society of the great Whig lords, who held the country, and every lucrative post, in the palms of their hands. It is significant that the first letter of Vanbrugh's we possess is a delightfully amusing one to the Earl of Manchester, for whom he afterwards built Kimbolton. In another one we find him laughingly desiring Tonson to procure some superb mathematical instruments for Lord Halifax, for decoration rather than for use. (*No.* 4.) We have already noted that he was early employed by Lord Carlisle to build his country house for him, and we soon find him at work for Kneller upon Whitton Hall. Shortly afterwards he was engaged upon the theatre in the Haymarket, and at about this time (1704–1705), as far as can be determined, chiefly by Swift's satire upon it, he erected the famous little "goose-pie" house in Whitehall, his London *pied-à-terre*, which was only destroyed at the beginning of this century, when it was known as the "pill box," to make way for the present War Office.

One would think that with architecture, playwriting and theatre management, apart from social amusements such as are indicated by membership of the Kit-Cat (and others suggested by his single poem), Vanbrugh would have had his time and energies fully occupied. Yet to these professions he added another, which, properly pursued, might have absorbed his life, namely, that of heraldry: nor does he appear to have taken his duties lightly. The whole business, however, was highly scandalous. The Earl of Carlisle, who was well satisfied with the progress Castle Howard was making, was acting Earl-Marshal, and thought that a lucrative post would be the very thing with which to reward the architect, especially as it would cost the Earl-Marshal nothing. He proposed to make Vanbrugh Clarencieux King-at-Arms, a post which had just become vacant. The trifling difficulty of the place not being available to anyone who was not already a herald, was to be got over by reviving the obsolete office of Carlisle Herald, to which Vanbrugh was to be inducted as a preliminary.

As was only to be expected, the proposal aroused considerable opposition in the College of Heralds, for the man who was about to occupy one of their best posts was not only an intruder, but had seen fit to ridicule their craft in a stage play called *Æsop*. There was a kind of insurrection, headed by Gregory King, afterwards Senior Pursuivant, a man of some fifty years of age, who had himself expected to become Clarencieux, since he was a skilful herald who had studied under Sir William Dugdale, an excellent statistician who was to be highly praised by Macaulay, and a good surveyor. He laid out Soho Square, long called King Square after him, while the name Greek Street may be derived from his own name Gregory. But the opposition was unavailing, and on the 21st of June, 1703, Vanbrugh became Carlisle Herald, to his own vast amusement, judging by the spirited account of the ceremony he wrote to Tonson. (*Letter No.* 4.) But he was not yet Clarencieux, and King, not despairing, applied for the post for himself, only to be snubbed by the Earl of Carlisle. Thereupon he persuaded some of the heralds to join with him in a "memorable petition" concerning this usurpation of their rights (*Add. MSS.* 9011, *f.* 346), which led to the case being heard in council. But the council was likely to be on the Earl-Marshal's side, and indeed decided against the petitioners without a dissentient voice; so that on 29 March, 1704, Vanbrugh became Clarencieux King-at-Arms. "Now," Swift said, "Van will be able to *build houses*." In 1706 he temporarily occupied the position of Garter King-at-Arms, went over with Addison in the train of Lord Halifax to present the Garter to the future King George I, and drove about Hanover in a coach and six. (*Beltz.*) It was also,

no doubt, due to his position in the College that in 1705 he had been appointed one of the commissioners to settle the debts of William III, for associated with him in this task was his erstwhile enemy Gregory King.

Yet it must not be forgotten that Vanbrugh's business was now primarily that of an architect, that, as the Tory author of *Faction Display'd* (Shippen?) remarked:

> *Van's* Bawdy, Plotless Plays were once our Boast,
> But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.

From the year 1705 till almost the end of his life it was Blenheim which occupied most of his energies and his time, this building beginning for him with all the flourish of high hopes, to end in quarrels, distress and insult. That history does not lie within the province of this Introduction, but it must be remembered that this was the main factor in his life during those great and splendid years of Whig ascendancy, before the power of the Marlborough faction was broken, and the Treaty of Utrecht put an end to so many ambitions. Yet though we may say that Vanbrugh's most flourishing period was between the laying of the foundation-stone at Blenheim in June, 1705, and the stoppage of the works in June, 1712, it must constantly be borne in mind that he was never out of debt, because, until the end of his life, at any rate until 1720, he was still owed money on account of the properties of the Opera House. (*See Letters No.* 113 and 115.) Nor did his career as an architect run altogether smooth. His entry into this realm was regarded with jealousy by some and incredulity by others, and his activities seemed to Swift subject for ridicule, which Vanbrugh took rather ill. (*Journal to Stella*, Nov. 7, 1710.) As Blenheim rose from its foundations many visitors went to see it, and though many admired, many—but it is only fair to say that most of them were Tories—saw fit to scoff. There was that sour old last-ditcher Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, who wrote: "I never was in it before. It is grand, but a sad, irregular, confused piece of work. The architect (if a blockhead may deserve that name) was Vanbrug . . . the house, in which we have nothing convenient, most of the rooms being small, pitifull, dark things, as if designed for panders, w—s, cl—e—st—s, p—p—ts and other things of that nature. By this we sufficiently see the genius of Vanbrugg." (*Diary.*) Lord Berkeley of Stratton was hardly more complimentary: "It looks like a great college with a church in the middle, for the hall looks like one, and the pillars soe crowded that half the number would have had a more pleasing effect, but after all the apartments below and the offices are very fine. Above stairs they have nothing but lodging rooms, enough to lodge an army." The garden was "only a piece of flat ground, very disagreeable." The famous bridge was very well, but "now it is built, the business is to make a river, for at present you might without straining your self jump over it." (*Wentworth Papers.*) Dr. Abel Evans, that "poor dog and furious madman," wrote:

> ". . . 'tis very fine
> But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
> I find, by all you have been telling,
> That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."

Though these are later criticisms, in the middle of Vanbrugh's career the opinion began to get about that his houses were too magnificent to be comfortable, for in one of his letters (*No.* 45) we find him refuting that kind of ignorant statement. Thus

all was not plain sailing and triumph, and about 1710, when Lady Marlborough's position at Court had become shaky, the skies began to darken. In 1711 his mother died, and in the next year the work at Blenheim was stopped by the Queen's orders.

In January, 1713, the Duke of Marlborough being abroad, in a situation approaching that of exile, Vanbrugh was ill-advised enough to write a letter to the Mayor of Woodstock (*No.* 42) in which he referred to "the continual plague and bitter persecution he [the Duke] has most barbarously been followed with for two years past." The letter came to the Queen's notice, and it infuriated her: she insisted upon Vanbrugh being ousted from the Board of Works, the dismissal to take effect from the 15th of April. *The Post-Boy*, secure in the Tory reaction, commented that he had "met with the chastisement he deserves for," though it was really only a generous gesture on Vanbrugh's part, not a criticism of his sovereign, for at that time he almost idolised the Duke. Moreover, the Queen carried her rancour further, now in the matter of the Herald's College. For at the end of 1710, the elder Anstis had asked the Queen to sanction the reversion to him of the place of Garter, when it should become vacant. Vanbrugh, of course, hoped for the post, and Gregory King now at last expected to become Clarencieux in his stead. King therefore addressed a remonstrance to Harley, pointing out that "As to the Heralds in general, there being only two places of Garter and Clarenceux of tolerable profit, what a discouragement must it be to learning and industry in our faculty to have those places always filled up with strangers, when some of the society have spent the prime of their days and a number of years in qualifying themselves for those employments, beside the consequence to the public to have the heads of a society ignorant of their faculty, and a coadjutor himself to want a coadjutor." (*Add. MSS.* 4253, 15, 2 *Jan.*, 1710–11.) This seems to have taken effect, for Vanbrugh was promised the place of Garter, to the joy of the College, who hated Anstis, for he had said they were "a parcel of fools and knaves," and that when he became Garter he would "make them all stink." But now the Queen said she had done with Vanbrugh, and passed the reversion to Anstis. (*Letter No.* 48.) Thus in 1714 the position was that Vanbrugh had no place in the Board of Works, and would never become Surveyor-General; he was without hope of ever becoming Garter King; and the great work of his life was at a standstill.

But on August the 1st the Queen died, the Marlboroughs came back to England, and the disgusted Hearne noted that "The first knight that King George made is one Vanbrugh, a silly fellow, who is the architect of Woodstock." On 15 June, 1715, he was restored to his post as comptroller; in 1716 he was appointed assistant architect at Greenwich Hospital at an extra salary of £200 a year (though a little later he threw up his post as surveyor at Blenheim): it was even proposed to displace Wren in his favour, but Sir John was too generous and too loyal to consider the question for a moment. (*See Letter No.* 113.) Others were not to be so scrupulous as he.

It is from shortly before this period that his friendship with the famous Duke of Newcastle must date. When Vanbrugh first knew him he was plain Mr. Holles, then he became Lord Clare, then Lord Pelham, and not long afterwards, the Duke of Newcastle. While he was Lord Clare, Vanbrugh sold him a house near Esher, perhaps part of the old Carleton estates, and began to rebuild it for him as Claremont, designing a magnificent garden to surround it. The young man, according to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was "very silly and good-natured, and easily persuaded to anything": and since he was a rich Whig, Lady Marlborough considered he would

make a very suitable match for her granddaughter, the Lady Harriet Godolphin. She thought she would broach the matter through Vanbrugh, who thus added to his function of architect to the house of Marlborough, that of matchmaker. He performed his duties tactfully and gracefully, with a certain guile, and not without setbacks, for the young man was at first something too idealistic, and then for plunging into marriage at all costs. Vanbrugh was in the end successful, and his account of the negotiations, which is all we know of them, are amongst the most amusing of his letters. (*Nos.* 49, 70, 72, 75.) But just as this transaction was drawing to a close, the Duchess was finally getting tired of Vanbrugh as an architect; and indeed it seems as though she were only waiting for the marriage to be arranged to get rid of him, which she did ungracefully enough, being careful, however, to turn the matter so that it would seem that he, and not she, had broken off architectural relations. No man with the least sense of dignity could have remained, for in the new reign Vanbrugh had worked at Blenheim not as a servant of the Government, but as an employee of the Marlboroughs. Still, if the marriage, which eventually took place, did nothing to help him with the termagant Atossa, it earned him the sincere and lasting friendship and patronage of the Duke of Newcastle, a patronage worth having, for he before very long became Lord Chamberlain.

But the period of fair weather which greeted Vanbrugh on the instalment of the new dynasty did not last very long. George I did not trust him, thought him extravagant as an architect, and could not or would not understand his accounts. (*Letters Nos.* 82, 93.) Thus when Wren was shamefully discharged from his post, instead of Vanbrugh succeeding, the place was given to a dilettante outsider called Benson; and though this fellow, a cracked Miltono-maniac, only held the place for a year, being thoroughly incompetent, he was followed by Sir John Hewet. Vanbrugh took the blow manfully, but it was a severe one to his prestige, and to his pride; and if he did not complain, he delivered himself of some hearty grumbles while he declared himself ready to stand even more misfortune. (*See Letters Nos.* 101, 105.) Nor was this the worst. Garter King was dead, and Anstis, who had the reversion, was in prison on a charge of complicity in the rebellion of '15. For the time being Vanbrugh performed the office of Garter, and carried out the degradation of the Duke of Ormond on the 26th of July, 1716, of which Beltz gives a picturesque account in his *Memorials of the Order of the Garter*. But as soon as Anstis came out of prison, for he was acquitted, he claimed the post. Vanbrugh fought it, on the ground that the Queen could not appoint Garter, Charles II having relinquished the right. Anstis took his stand on the ground that Charles had not relinquished the right, only waived it in a particular instance, and the "Windsor point," as Vanbrugh called it, was decided in favour of waiving, so Vanbrugh lost the chance. (*Letter No.* 80.) It made no difference to Gregory King, for he had died in 1712.

The world at this date, that is about 1718, cannot have worn very rosy colours for Vanbrugh. Blenheim, the darling work of his life, was taken out of his hands, and advancement was blocked both at the Board of Works and at the Herald's College. The Opera, which he had so carefully nurtured in its early days, was indeed flourishing, but it brought no profit to him. His powerful friends were many, but they did not seem to occupy themselves much with him (though in this year he was busy at Stowe and Audley End), and he was still in debt, for the Marlboroughs and the theatre patentees owed him money he was never likely to get. The Kit-Cat Club had broken up, and

society was occupied by upstarts who cared nothing for the old order, and had forgotten the old poets in favour of some fashionable scribblers called Pope and Gay. Tonson was his great comfort, but he was often abroad, and it was melancholy to have to write to him of the death of old friends. Also he was being involved in a law-suit brought by some builders at Blenheim against the Duke. At last, even to the man who had seen in wedlock only a cause of infinite quarrelling, marriage seemed the only resource. It was a delicate step for a scoffer to take, but at last, informing his friends with extreme caution, and as many safeguards against ridicule as possible (*Letters Nos.* 100, 101), he took what he was fond of describing as " the great leap in the dark." On 14 January, 1719, he married Henrietta Yarburgh, a young woman of twenty-six, the daughter of Colonel James Yarburgh, who was a godson of James II, and had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. Her grandmother was a Blagge, sister to the Duchess of Newcastle's grandmother. She is probably not the Mrs. Yarburgh mentioned in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's famous sprightly letter of 1710 or 1713, describing the " York lovers (strange monsters . . .) " with Vanbrugh who " sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him."* The marriage proved a very happy one, " by a kind of Messissipy good fortune," proof even against the jeers of that impenitent jiber Jacob Tonson, and seems greatly to have enriched his latter years. They had a daughter born prematurely (*see Letter No.* 105), but when Vanbrugh died he was " two boys strong in the nursery," one of whom scarcely survived him, the other being killed at Tournay in 1745. Vanbrugh's affection for this son can be judged by a letter he wrote to his godfather Lord Carlisle (*No.* 140).

His letters to Tonson at this date are among the most charming in the language, showing him happy, still full of a zest for life, though not in harbour. For the behaviour of the outside world was such as to make him need all the domestic comfort he could get: fate was still to harass him over Blenheim. The case brought by the builders Strong against the Duke of Marlborough was fought by the Duke through all the possible stages of appeal, the business culminating in 1721 with a hearing in the House of Lords fixed for the 23rd of May, in which it looked as though the Duke, or rather Duchess, for the Duke was now too ill to take much part in his affairs, tried to turn the responsibility on to Vanbrugh. This being part of the history of Blenheim it will not be discussed here, except to mention that this was the occasion of his writing the *Justification of what he Depos'd at the Duke of Marlborough's Late Tryal*, surely the most amusing legal document ever penned. Vanbrugh issued happily out of it, but not without a deal of trouble. Indeed he had troubles of all sorts, some with the Duke of Newcastle, as is attested by that superb upbraiding letter to the erring young patron (*No.* 132); from 1719, trouble with the King, who wished to turn him out of his post at the Office of Works (*Letter No.* 82); trouble with the theatrical patentees (*Letter No.* 115); and in 1723 trouble with his health, which forced him to swig the waters at Scarborough with the Earl of Carlisle (*Letter No.* 144). He appears to have had some difficulty in making both ends meet, for he was hard at work building: but at least he did eventually get some money out of the Duchess of Marlborough, with the help of Walpole, " in spite of the huzzy's teeth." (*Letter No.* 167.) This was all the more gratifying, as a short time before he had gone through a most humiliating

* For a discussion of this controversial point I must refer the reader to Appendix II of my *Essays in Biography*.

experience at her hands. Wishing to show Blenheim to a party from Castle Howard, he had gone down there with his wife, only to be refused admittance to the masterpiece that he had made. His outburst on the subject is well known (*Letter No.* 164) and the story is famous in the annals of ill-grace, though Vanbrugh cannot be acquitted of a lack of tact, even of an error in taste, in trying to see it. Yet one cannot but sympathise: he must so much have wanted to see the place in its finished state, so much wished to show it to his wife. And even if the final laugh was on his side when he got the money, it was a sad ending to great hopes.

The last fact in his life which is of any importance is that in 1725 he sold his tabard for £2,000, which must have made him feel more secure, this being the one real gain of his life, for he had paid nothing for it. (*Letter No.* 167.) But, as we see from his letters, he was always busied in behalf of his friends, such as Hawkesmore, or trying to obtain benefits for people who were out of luck, such as Steele. Even people unknown to him seem to have used him as intermediary to the great and powerful. Only he appears to have got nothing, for the "something lasting" which the Duke of Marlborough had once held out to him as an alternative to a salary was woefully lacking, unless an idle title were to be accounted such. The Duke had indeed fallen from the pedestal he once occupied in Vanbrugh's mind, as we see from his comments on his will (*Letter No.* 138). However, he got a little of his own back on the Duchess, for when she in her turn, in 1724, brought an action against the workmen, Vanbrugh's able statement of the case completely routed her. Still, however much of a comedy the whole business may seem to us, it must have been more than a little bitter to Vanbrugh.

The end came with a quinzy in his house at Greenwich on the 26th of March, 1726, before his courage and his good-humour showed any sign of failing. To the last he remained the generous, strong man-of-the-world, as well as a virile artist. Neither in his latest architecture, nor in his posthumous play, nor in the spirit of his letters and the drive and skill of his *Justification* is there any falling off. The last portrait he had painted, that by Richardson, shows him as a magnificent, almost leonine, figure. Puritans may abhor his plays, but no one can fail to admire the man. He must inspire any reader of his letters with affection, and the editor has thought it best to leave his correspondence to speak for his character, as well as for the latter part of his life, rather than attempt to display him in a manner that may be impertinent, and must be supererogatory. No one reveals himself more than Vanbrugh does in his plays and in his letters: the latter are no doctored effusions, but spring straight from his sturdy nature. Now that they have been gathered together by my collaborator, it is certain that they will take, if not a high, at least a very cherished place in that humane branch of writing, in which our language cannot be too rich.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS IN VANBRUGH'S LIFE

1664. Born in the parish of St. Nicholas Acons, London.
Christened 24th January.
Educated at Chester High School.

1683 (?). Goes to France.

1686. Commissioned in the Earl of Huntingdon's Regiment of Foot; (afterwards the 13th Foot, and East Somerset Regiment). Commission dated 30th January. Left the regiment in August.

1689. Becomes an Ensign in the 14th Foot. Commission dated 28th February.

1690. Put into prison at Calais; transferred to Vincennes in 1691 and

1692. Confined in the Bastille. Released in November.
Appointed Auditor of the Southern Division of Lancaster.

1696. Becomes Captain in Berkeley's Marine Regiment. Commission dated 31st January.
The Relapse acted at Drury Lane in December. Published in the same month with date 1697.

1697. *Æsop* I acted at Drury Lane (or perhaps late December).
Part II about March. Both published in the same year.
The Provok'd Wife acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields about April.

1698. *A Short Vindication of The Relapse and The Provok'd Wife from Immorality and Profaneness.* 8th June.

1699. Plans for *Castle Howard* probably approved in this year.

1700. *The Pilgrim* acted at Drury Lane. *c.* 29th April.

1701. *The False Friend* acted at Drury Lane. January.
Foundation-stone of *Castle Howard* laid.

1702. Becomes a Captain in the Earl of Huntingdon's new regiment. Commission dated 10th March.
Made Comptroller of the Board of Works. June.

1703. *The Country House* acted at Drury Lane. January.
Made Carlisle Herald. 21st June.
Builds for Kneller at Whitton Hall.

1704. Becomes Clarencieux King-at-Arms. 29th March.
Squire Trelooby acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields. 30th March.

1705. *Queen's Theatre*, Haymarket, opens. 9th April.
Appointed Surveyor of *Blenheim* by warrant, 9th June, and the foundation-stone laid on the 18th.

Appointed one of the Commissioners to settle King William's debts.
The Confederacy acted, Haymarket. 30th October.
The *Goose-Pie House* probably built at about this time.
The Mistake acted at the Haymarket. 27th December.

1706. Goes in the capacity of *Garter King-at-Arms* to Hanover, to invest the future King George I.
Rents his theatrical interests to MacSwiney.

1707. *The Cuckold in Conceit* (no copy of which is known) acted at the Haymarket. 22nd March.
Begins to restore *Kimbolton*.

1708. Buys out MacSwiney in February.
Sells MacSwiney his theatrical interests in May.

1710. Rebuilds *Claremont*.

1711. Assists in building the *Clarendon Buildings* at Oxford.

1712. Work at Blenheim stopped. 1st June.

1713. Suspended from his post as Comptroller. 15th April.
King's Weston completed.

1714. Knighted. September.
Castle Howard main building completed.

1715. Reappointed to Board of Works. 15th June.
Blenheim continued with.

1716. Begins *Eastbury*.
Appointed architect to *Greenwich Hospital*. 17th August.
Resigns his post as surveyor of Blenheim. November.

1717. *Oulton Hall* built.
Bastille House probably built at this date.
Builds *Floors*, near Kelso.

1719. Marries Henrietta Yarborough. 14th January.
Lays out gardens at *Stowe*.

1721. The "Case" about Blenheim begins.
Justification of What he Depos'd in the Duke of Marlborough's late Tryal.
Seaton Delaval built.

1722. Builds *Grimsthorpe*.

1724. The "Case" settled.

1725. Sells his tabard.

1726. Dies. 26th March.

1728. *A Journey to London* published.
The Provok'd Husband acted at Drury Lane. 10th January.

LIST OF EDITIONS

The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger.

1697, 4° (actually December, 1696). 1698, 4°. 1708, 4°. 1709, (?). 1711, 12mo. 1727, 8°. 1765, 12mo (Dublin). 1770, 8°.

Collections.

Bell's British Theatre, 1776, 1797.
Mrs. Inchbald's Modern Theatre, 1811.
Dibdin's London Theatre, 1815.
Oxberry's New English Drama, 1818.

Adaptations.

Lee's *A Man of Quality*. 1776, 8°.
Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough*. 1781 (Dublin), 12mo.
Translation (adapted). Die Verwechselung, oder Wenn-wird man mich verheuraten? Ein Lustspiel.... Aus dem Französischen [of Voltaire or Sticcoti] überzetzt [by J. B. von Landes]. 1764, 8°.

Æsop.

Part I. 1697, 4°.
Part II. 1697, 4°.
Parts I and II. 1697, 4°. 1702, 4°. 1711, 8°. 1725, 12mo (Dublin). 1735, 12mo. 1763 (Dublin), 12mo.

The Provok'd Wife.

1697, 4°. 1698, 4°. 1709, 8°. 1710, 8°. 1743, 12mo (Dublin, with the new scenes). 1753, 12mo. 1770, 8° (with the new scenes slightly altered). 1778, 8°. 1924, 16mo (with the old scenes).

Collections.

A Collection of the Best English Plays, 1711.
British Theatre, 1776, 1777, 1797.
New English Theatre, 1776.
Modern Theatre, 1808.
British Drama, 1824, 1864.
Modern British Drama, 1824.
London Stage, 1824.
Dick's Standard Plays, 1883.

Translation.

La Femme Poussée à Bout, by Saint-Evremond. Amsterdam, 1726, 12mo with the old scenes. (Mélange Curieux, Tome I.)

A Short Vindication.

1698, 8°. In Ward's Edition, 1893.

The Pilgrim.

1700, 4°. 1735, 8°. 1745 (Dublin), 12mo. 1788, 12mo.

The False Friend.

1702, 4°.

Adaptation.

Friendship à la Mode, 1766, 8° (Dublin).

The Country House.

1715, 8°. As *La Maison Rustique: / or, the / Country House,* 1740, 12mo. 1762 (Dublin), 12mo.

Collections.

A Collection of Plays, 1719, 8°. (This is identical with the edition of 1715.)

The Confederacy.

1705, 4°. 1751, 12mo. 1762, 12mo (Dublin).

Collections.

London Stage, 1824.
British Drama, 1864.
Standard Plays, 1883.

As *The City Wive's Confederacy*, in Collections:

British Theatre, 1776, 1797.
New English Theatre, 1776, 1779, 1792.
Modern British Drama, 1811, 1824.
Dibdin's London Theatre, 1815.
New English Drama, 1818.

The Mistake.

1706, 4°. 1726 (Dublin), 12mo.

Collections.

British Theatre, 1776, 1797.
British Drama, 1811, 1864.
Lacy's Acting Edition, 1852.
Lubbock's Plays from Molière, 1893.

Adaptation.

Lovers' Quarrels, or Like Master like Man, by Thomas King, Dublin. 1770, 12mo.
London Stage, 1824.
Vanbrugh's *Lovers' Quarrels*, Standard Plays, 1883.

The Justification of What he Depos'd, etc.

1721, large 4°.

A Journey to London.

1728, 8°. 1730, 12mo. 1735, 12mo.

The Provok'd Husband.

1728, 8°. 1728, 8° and 12mo (Dublin). 1729, 8° 1730, 12mo. 1735, 12mo. 1741, 12mo. 1748, 12mo (Dublin). 1753, 12mo.

1804, 12mo (Dublin: marked with the variations in the manager's book at the Theatre Royal). 1808, 8°.

Collections.

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British Drama, 1811, 1824, 1864.
London Theatre, 1815.
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Standard Plays, 1883.

Translations.

Der erzürnte Eheman und der Landjunker in seiner natürlichen Gestalt, Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1753. Above the text, as opposed to the title-page, is printed: Der aufgebrachte Ehmann oder eine Reise nach Londen. *Le Mari Poussé à Bout.* London and Lausanne, 1761 and 1783, 8°.

Collected Editions.

1719, 2 vols., 8°. Lacks *The Country House* and, of course, *A Journey to London.*
1730, 2 vols., 8°. Lacks *The Country House.*
1734, 2 vols., 12mo. Lacks *The Country House.*
1735, 2 vols., 8°.
1759, ditto.
1765, ditto, Dublin.
1776, 2 vols., 8°.
Leigh Hunt's Edition, 1840, 1849 and 1853. Lacks *The Provok'd Husband.*
Ward, 1893, 2 vols., 4°. Lacks *The Provok'd Husband.*
Swaen, 1896, Mermaid Edition. Contains *The Relapse, The Provok d Wife, The Confederacy, A Journey to London.*
None of the above editions contain *The Pilgrim.*

Translation.

Drey Lustspiele aus dem Englischen des Ritters Vanbrügh. Basel and Frankfort, 1764; contains:

Der gereizte Ehemann.
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Die Tugend in Gefahr.

Note.—The reader is warned that the descriptions 8° and 12mo are often taken from catalogues: this means that 8° is not reliable, as though the size may correspond to the description, the folding of the paper may not.

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THE

RELAPSE

OR

Virtue in Danger

Being the Sequel of

The Fool in Fashion

A

COMEDY

ACTED AT

The *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury Lane*

Source

THIS play has no definite origin, save that of being a sequel to *The Fool in Fashion*. Many parallels of scene and character could be drawn, but they would not be much to the purpose, as Vanbrugh does not seem to have worked upon any definite model. Sir Tunbelly Clumsey perhaps comes from Etherege's Sir Joslin Jolly, in *She Wou'd if She Cou'd* (1668); but such genealogies are a trifle too easily made to be of much value.

Text

THIS text, though based on that of 1697 (so dated), is really a blend of this with that of 1698. Except where especially noted, the only variations between them are in punctuation, capitals, and occasionally in spelling. Where 1698 has seemed better (it is much more carefully edited) it has been freely used; and where the spelling is more modern it has sometimes been adopted, as *Ladies* for *Ladys*, where confusion might arise, and *you'll* for *you'l*. Where two spellings of a word have been indifferently used, e.g. allarm or alarm; vertue or virtue, the most common one has been adopted. Reference has also been made to the edition of 1708, and to the collected editions of 1719 and 1730.

With regard to capitals, where the two texts have agreed no change has been made, though their use is by no means consistent. For instance, the noun *business* is very rarely *Business*. Whatever method there was, was by now disappearing: by 1720 everything was hypostasized, while in 1776 there are hardly any capitals at all. In 1697 (Q1) and 1698 (Q2) the tendency—it cannot be called a rule—seems to have been to give the capital only to objects " you could touch or see," e.g. *Table*, *Candle*, *Body*, *Watch*, but not to abstract nouns, such as *hours*, *malice*, *freedom*, *trick*. Thus *Forty Pounds*, but *half an hour*. Adjectives have the capital where they might be part of a proper name, as for instance *Old Rogue*, *Comely Woman;* but a *fat Living*. Where the two texts vary, the one which supports this slender hypothesis has been adopted; because if something has to be chosen, it is better to have some system than none at all. In nearly every case this has been to agree with Q1. It did not seem possible to formulate any useful rule with respect to verbs, so Q1 has been strictly followed.

In the matter of punctuation, Q1 has been preferred wherever possible, though that of Q2, being better, it has often been adopted. All later ones have been rejected, with a very few exceptions, even though logically more plausible. The colon still has almost the value of a full stop, but with regard to other punctuation it is important to remember that the phrases are stopped for stage speech and action. It is tempting to think that the actors in those days had some literary sense, and paid attention to stops, especially to dashes, which probably meant pauses, gestures, or movements. Many of the commas are illogical, often they appear to be missing, but in each instance there seems room for a pause in the one case and a need for haste in the other. That the stops were rhetorical can plainly be inferred from the use of the query mark: this may also be true to some extent in the case of capital letters, especially where verbs are concerned. Thus no attempt has been made to " improve " the punctuation except where noted.

Theatrical History

THE RELAPSE was first acted at Drury Lane in December, 1696. As the sequel to Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* it must have been looked forward to with some eagerness, although its author was entirely unknown as a writer. Its evident success makes Vanbrugh's phrase " abortive brat " something too modest. Cibber, who had acted the same character—he had not then been raised to the peerage, and was still Sir Novelty Fashion—in his own play, was chosen by Vanbrugh to act Lord Foppington in this. Though not an absolutely first-rate actor, of the rank of Betterton or Garrick, being poorly served by his voice, he had imagination and study (though Johnson thought him ignorant of the principles of his art), and if not very original, was always learning what he could from others. According to Spence he was his own Sir Fopling Flutter to the life, and that his present part suited him is testified by the applause he got. The cast was a fairly brilliant one. The part of Young Fashion was played by a woman, Mrs. Kent, a not unusual thing in those days (see Explanatory Notes), and the gay irresponsible Haynes played Serringe. The notoriously licentious Powell, who acted Worthy, nearly disgraced himself through over-indulgence in Nantz-Brandy, as described at the end of the preface. The biggest name in the cast after Cibber's is that of Doggett, who, tired of the feathers and frippery of tragedy, had come over from Betterton's company to act the part of Lory: he was noted for his playing of Alderman Fondlewife and Ben, but this Lory was too airy a character for him, and " suited so ill with Doggett's dry and closely-natural manner of acting, that upon the second day he desired it might be disposed of to another, which the author complying with, gave it to Pinkethman, who tho' in other lights much his inferior, yet this part he seemed better to become." Verbruggen, who played Loveless, always " had the words perfect at one view, and nature directed them into voice and action, in which he was always pleasing." Though not very inspired, he was a solid actor, one of the rare sort that can be " vociferous without bellowing." Bullock added to his fame in the part of Sir Tunbelly Clumsey. For Gildon he was " the best comedian that has trod the stage since Nokes and Leigh," while Davies called him " an actor of much glee and vivacity."

Mrs. Verbruggen, the former Mrs. Mountfort, whose husband had been murdered, played the star part of Berinthia. She was an actress who confined herself chiefly to comedy, and was a great favourite in men's parts, especially as Bays in *The Rehearsal.* She had surpassed herself as the creator of Melantha in *Marriage à la Mode*, but whatever part she played she threw herself into it regardless of how her interpretation might detract from her charms. She could transform " her whole being, body, shape, voice, language, look and features, into almost another animal." Her elocution was " round, distinct, voluble and various," and " nothing, tho' ever so barren, if within the bounds of nature, could be flat in her hands." Mrs. Rogers was a competent but prudish actress, who would only act virtuous parts, thus, supposing her to be open to temptation, Amanda must have fitted her like a glove. Miss Cross, who played Hoyden, was, as the " Miss " implies, a very young girl, who appears to have been frightened from the

stage by Collier's diatribe until she was more mature. The play was received " with mighty applause," for " however imperfect in the conduct, by the mere force of its agreeable wit, [it] ran away with the hearts of its hearers."

It held the stage successfully for over fifty years, being played nearly every one of them, sometimes at more than one theatre. It was revived at Drury Lane on 13 November, 1702, 26 February and 22 September, 1705, and at Dorset Gardens 28 October, 1706, with Pinkethman in his old part. In 1708, Verbruggen being dead, Wilks played Loveless at Drury Lane on 26 January, 1708, most of the other actors being the original ones. Bickerstaffe took Young Fashion in 1709, and Mrs. Oldfield appeared as Berinthia in 1710 at the Haymarket. On 9 October, 1710, it was acted for Powell's benefit at Pinkethman's theatre at Greenwich, and the same year at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Knight as Berinthia and Mrs. Bignall as Hoyden.

In 1715 it appeared more than once at Drury Lane, being advertised the first time as " not acted 4 years," with Walker as Young Fashion and Leigh as Sir Tunbelly, with Cibber, Wilks, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bignall in their old parts. From now on until 1753 there is scarcely a gap. In 1721 Wilks junior began to play Young Fashion, a part he held for some years, Mrs. Oldfield still playing Berinthia, and in 1724 Theophilus Cibber began to appear in the play as Lory to begin with, but on 25 October, 1725, he appeared at Drury Lane as Lord Foppington, Serringe being taken by Norris, with his odd little formal figure and squeaking voice.

In 1730, on 11 April, Mrs. Oldfield appeared as Berinthia for the last time, since she died in that year; so the part passed to Mrs. Thurmond the next season, for whose benefit *The Relapse* was played at Goodman's Fields, with Giffard as Loveless, his wife as Amanda, and Delane as Worthy on 30 March, 1733. A fortnight or so earlier it had been acted at Drury Lane for the benefit of Mrs. Horton, who played Berinthia, to the Foppington of T. Cibber, who appears from all accounts to have been a mediocre, unattractive actor. However, he played the part again on 3 November, this time at the Haymarket. The year before Amanda had been played by Mrs. Cibber, that is Cibber's daughter, not the famous Mrs. Cibber, *née* Arne, for she did not marry Theophilus until 1734. The present Amanda was " a rising genius," but she died in January, 1733.

In 1734 the play was again acted at three theatres: in March at Drury Lane with T. Cibber in his usual part, Miller as the Shoemaker, Shepherd as Sir Tunbelly, a part he had played as early as 1719, and Mrs. Clarke as Hoyden, a favourite part of hers. This was on 22 April, and on 15 May it was played at Goodman's Fields, while on 3 June it was acted for the benefit of many lesser actors at Covent Garden. In these years Milward distinguished himself as Loveless, for " he was said to deliver the dialogue of genteel comedy in a very pleasing manner."

In 1736 Kitty Clive took over the part of Hoyden, a character she played for many years, as for instance at the performance at Drury Lane, 2 March, 1738, given for the benefit of Mrs. Giffard, who acted Berinthia, to the Foppington of T. Cibber, the Lory of Macklin, and the Sir Tunbelly of Harper. It was played again at Drury Lane on 5 May for the benefit of Mrs. Pritchard, who acted Berinthia, while Macklin took Foppington, handing over his old part to Woodward. Between these two performances it was acted at Covent Garden for the benefit of Shepherd, the accomplished Sir Tunbelly, and Neale, who played Lord Foppington, with Ryan in the part of Loveless, and Mrs. Horton in that of Berinthia.

The Drury Lane performances of 1740 (there was one at Goodman's Fields as well, with Yates as Lory and Miss Hippisley as Hoyden) showed some changes in the cast between the spring and autumn seasons. First we have Woodward as Foppington, with Macklin as Lory—it was for Woodward's benefit—and then we have Macklin as Foppington, Woodward as Lory, with Mrs. Pritchard and Kitty Clive in their old parts of Berinthia and Hoyden. The original Coupler, Johnson, who must have acted the part in many of these performances, died in the next year. He "used to fix his large sparkling blue eyes on the person to whom he was talking, and was never known to have wandered from the stage to any part of the theatre." (Davies.) He

With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the Comic scene. (Lloyd.)

"At the desire of several persons of quality" it was acted at Covent Garden on 4 January, 1742. It was played three times that month, and again on 24 April, with Woodward as Foppington, Ryan as Loveless, Bridgewater as Worthy, Chapman as Lory, while Hippisley played Coupler. Mrs. Horton was Berinthia and Mrs. Wright was Hoyden. This was Garrick's first season in London, and he acted Foppington at Goodman's Fields on 16 March and 26 April. He does not seem to have liked the play, any more than Quin, whose name never appears in it.

This and the next few years are interesting as showing the entry of several new actors and the permanent taking over of parts by old actors. Woodward,

endow'd with various pow'rs of face
Great master in the science of grimace,

played sometimes Young Fashion, but more often Foppington; Yates took to Serringe, Shuter playing it in 1747, and Peg Woffington to Berinthia. Kitty Clive continued to play Hoyden, though it was also played by Miss Hippisley and Miss Minors, Varole was acted by Blakes, while Foote sometimes played Lord Foppington both at the Haymarket and at Drury Lane. Taswell became fond of the part of Sir Tunbelly, and Amanda was played by Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Davies,

on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife!

It was revived at Drury Lane on 8 November, 1753, with a good cast, Woodward playing Lord Foppington; Havard, Loveless; Blakes, Young Fashion; Palmer, Worthy; Yates, Lory; and Mrs. Clive, Hoyden. Though now beginning to wane in popularity, it was performed by a brilliant cast at Drury Lane on 1 November, 1758, with Foote as Lord Foppington, Palmer as Worthy, Yates as Lory, Taswell as Coupler, while the ladies were Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive as Berinthia and Hoyden. Havard, who

"all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates and rages, triumphs and complains,"

played Loveless. On 25 April, 1763, Covent Garden advertised it as "not acted 10 years," Woodward playing Lord Foppington; Smith, Loveless; Mrs. Vincent, Amanda; with Mrs. Pitt in a favourite part of hers, the nurse. It was replayed the next year with Ross as Worthy and Shuter as Serringe.

On 20 March, 1770, the same theatre advertised it as "not acted 5 years," and presented a very strong cast, with Woodward, Smith, Shuter, Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Pitt in their old parts, while Dyer was Young Fashion; Quick, "self-important, busy, strutting," was Coupler; and Mrs. Bellamy was Amanda.

Woodward and Mrs. Pitt at least kept their old parts when Lee's adaptation *A Man of Quality* was acted at Covent Garden on 30 April, 1776, but when Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough* was acted at Drury Lane on 24 February, 1777, the changes were many. Dodd played Lord Foppington, Moody played Sir Tunbelly, Baddeley, Lory. We meet a name familiar in *The Relapse* in that of Palmer, who replaced Reddish as Young Fashion after the first night. Mrs. Yates played Berinthia, while Hoyden was played by the future creator of Lady Teazle, Mrs. Abington, who was a great favourite with the public, to whom she was known as "Nosegay Nan." "When," Johnson remarked to an impertinent young man who teased him with going to her benefit, "when the public cares a thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to your benefit too."

This adaptation, which was frequently acted for some years, seems to have killed the original play, for it was not acted again in its old form until 26 October, 1846, at the Olympic, with Lacy and Mrs. Lacy as Foppington and Hoyden and Leigh Murray as Loveless. Some performances were also given at the Strand in 1850. Yet another adaptation must be recorded, that of Robert Buchanan, whose *Miss Tomboy* was acted at the Vaudeville on 20 March, 1890. *A Man of Quality* seems to have survived its original, for it was revived at the Gaiety, 7 May, 1870, with Alfred Wigan as Foppington and Nellie Farren as Miss Hoyden.

To A

LADY

More *Cruel* than *Fair*

By *Mr. VANBROOK*

WHY d'ye with such Disdain refuse
An humble Lover's Plea?
Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to chuse,
You ought to value me.

Ungrateful Mistress of a Heart,
Which I so freely gave;
Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart;
I soon resign'd your Slave.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,
'Till you a Tyrant grew,
And seem'd regardless of my Pain,
As Nature seem'd of you.

When thousands with unerring Eyes
Your beauty wou'd decry,
What Graces did my Love devise,
To give their Truths the Lie.

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms,
In you my Heav'n I plac'd,
Proposing Pleasures in your Arms,
Which none but I cou'd taste.

For me t'admire, at such a rate,
So damn'd a Face, will prove
You have as little Cause to hate,
As I had Cause to Love.

[From the Fifth Part of *Dryden's Miscellany*. Tonson. 1704]

THE PREFACE

TO go about to excuse half the Defects this Abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long useless Preface, when 'tis, I doubt, sufficiently sower'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a Repenting Sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but length; and in that, I hope, the severest Critique will be pleas'd to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure attone for every thing, when the World shall know it is so great, I am even to this Day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some part of the Town is pleas'd to Compliment me with)—Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find 'em out. If there was any obscene Expressions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a Sylable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that head; and yet I believe with a steady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her Closet, will find it so innocent, she'll think it no Affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them, (with all manner of Deference,) I intirely refer my Cause, and I'm confident they'll justify me, against those Pretenders to good-Manners, who at the same time have so little respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a Bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put 'em out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough, to make 'em my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones I mean, with screw'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them; for they are Friends to no body. They love nothing, but their Altars and Themselves: they have too much Zeal to have any Charity; they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine; and are as quarrelsome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink: so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flat plod Shooes, a little Band, greazy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being Forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-Dog I beg his Pardon with all my heart, which I hope I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this publick Recantation. I do therefore for his satisfaction, acknowledge I lyd, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen

them forc'd t'it more than once; but next time I'll speak with more Caution and Truth and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honeſt Gentleman of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great Risque, than to divert (if possible) some part of their Spleen, in spite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the firſt night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Miſtress's Health in *Nants* Brandy, from six in the Morning, to the time he wadled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toaſted himself up, to such a pitch of Vigor, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am since (with all due Reſpect to Mrs. *Rogers*) very sorry she scap't; for I am confident a certain Lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the Play, for the barrenness of the conclusion, wou'd then have allowed it, a very natural Close.

FIRST PROLOGUE

Spoken by Miss *Cross*.

LADYS, this Play in too much haſte was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit;
'Twas Got, Conceiv'd, and Born in six Weeks space,
And Wit, you know, 's as slow in growth——as Grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taſte;
I doubt 'twill prove our Author bred too faſt:
For mark 'em well, who with the Muses Marry,
They rarely do Conceive, but they Miscarry.
'Tis the hard Fate of those who are big with Rhime,
Still to be brought to Bed before their time.
Of our late Poets, Nature few has made,
The greateſt part——are only so by Trade.
Still want of something, brings the scribling Fit;
For want of Money, some of 'em have Writ,
And others do't, you see—for want of Wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to Write,
So out they lug in reſty Nature's Spite,
As some of you spruce Beaux *do—when you Fight.*
Yet let the ebb of Wit be ne'r so low,
Some glimpse of it, a Man may hope to shew,
Upon a theme, so ample——as a Beau.
So, howsoe're true Courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face here to-day,
But's bold as Cæsar*—to attack a Play.*
Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,
To do the thing with more Heroick Grace,
'Tis six to Four y' attack the ſtrongeſt place.
You are such Hotspurs, in this kind of venture,
Where there's no Breach, juſt there you needs muſt enter.
But be adviſ'd.
E'n give the Hero and the Critique o'er,
For Nature sent you on another score;—
She formed her Beau, *for nothing but her Whore.*

PROLOGUE
ON THE THIRD DAY

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen.*

APOLOGIES for Plays, Experience shews,
Are things almoſt as useleſs—as the Beaux.
What e'er we say (like them) we neither move,
Your Friendſhip, Pity, Anger, nor your Love;
'Tis Intereſt turns the Globe: Let us but find
The way to please you, and you'll soon be kind:
But to expect, you'd for our sakes approve,
Is juſt as tho' you for their sakes shou'd love;
And that, we do confeſs, we think a Taſk,
Which (tho' they may impoſe) we never ought to ask.

This is an Age, where all things we improve,
But moſt of all, the Art of making Love.
In former days, Women were only won
By Merit, Truth, and conſtant Service done,
But Lovers now are much more expert grown.
They seldom wait, t'approach, by tedious Form,
They'r for Diſpatch, for taking you by Storm;
Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,
Fierce their Attacks, and boundleſs their Deſires.
Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage
To shew you Beaux, *come crowding on the Stage,*
Who with so little pains have always sped,
They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.
How have I shook, and trembling ſtood with awe,
When here, behind the Scenes, I've seen 'em draw
—— A Comb, that dead-doing Weapon to the Heart,
And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.
When I have seen 'em sally on the Stage,
Dreſt to the War, and ready to engage.
I've mourned your Deſtiny—yet more their Fate,
To think, that after Victories so great,
It shou'd so often prove, their hard miſhap,
To sneak into a Lane—and get a Clap.

But hush; they'r here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'em to you Ladies to admire.
They'll shew you Twenty Thousand Arts and Graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft Grimaces,
Their Snuff-box, aukward Bows—and ugly Faces.
In short, they'r after all, so much your Friends,
That leſt the Play shou'd fail, the Author ends,
They have resolv'd to make you some amends.
Between each Act, (perform'd by niceſt Rules,)
They'll treat you—with an interlude of Fools.
Of which, that you may have the deeper Sense,
The Entertainment's——at their own Expence.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Novelty Fashion*, newly created Lord *Foppington*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Young *Fashion*, his Brother,	Mrs. *Kent*.
Loveless, Husband to *Amanda*,	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Worthy, a Gentleman of the Town,	Mr. *Powell*.
Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*, a Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Sir *John Friendly*, his Neighbour,	Mr. *Mills*.
Coupler, a Matchmaker,	Mr. *Johnson*.
Bull, Chaplain to Sir *Tunbelly*,	Mr. *Simson*.
Serringe, a Surgeon,	Mr. *Haynes*.
Lory, Servant to Young *Fashion*,	Mr. *Dogget*.
Shoemaker, Taylor, Periwig-maker, *&c.*	

WOMEN.

Amanda, Wife to *Loveless*,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Berinthia, her Cousin, a young Widow,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Miss *Hoyden*, a Great Fortune, Daughter to Sir *Tunbelly*,	Mrs. *Cross*.
Nurse, her Gouvernant,	Mrs. *Powell*.

THE RELAPSE OR VIRTUE in DANGER

Being the Sequel of

THE FOOL IN FASHION

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*A Room in* Loveless's *Country House.*]

Enter Loveless, *reading.*

HOW true is that Philosophy, which says
Our Heaven is seated in our Minds!
Through all the Roving Pleasures of my Youth,
(Where Nights and Days seem all consum'd in Joy,
Where the false Face of Luxury
Display'd such Charms,
As might have shaken the most holy Hermit,
And made him totter at his Altar;)
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here . . . in this little soft Retreat,
My thoughts unbent from all the Cares of Life,
Content with Fortune,
Eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependance,
From Envy free, Ambition under foot,
The raging Flame of wild destructive Lust
Reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful Love,
My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. *meeting her kindly.* How does the happy Cause of my Content, my dear *Amanda?*

You find me musing on my happy State,
And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Those grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive
With more Delight than I do:
Wou'd I cou'd share with it as well
The Dispensations of its Bliss,
That I might search its choiceſt Favours out,
And shower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lov. The largeſt Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant
To Things it has decreed shall crawl on Earth,
Are in the Gift of Women form'd like you.
Perhaps, when Time shall be no more,
When the aspiring Soul shall take its flight,
And drop this pond'rous Lump of Clay behind it,
It may have Appetites we know not of,
And pleasures as refin'd as its Desires . . .
But till that Day of Knowledge shall inſtruct me,
The utmoſt Blessing that my Thought can reach,
[*Taking her in his Arms*] Is folded in my Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Aman. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well said, *Amanda*—let it be for ever——
Wou'd Heaven grant that——

Aman. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in Black Mortality,
And the dark Curtain of Eternal Night
At laſt muſt drop between us.

Lov. It muſt: that mournful separation we muſt see.
A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taſte,
When Lovers are to swallow it.

Aman. Perhaps, that Pain may only be my Lot,
You possibly may be exempted from it.
Men find out softer ways to quench their Fires.

Lov. Can you then doubt my Conſtancy, *Amanda?*
You'll find 'tis built upon a ſteady Basis——
The Rock of Reason now supports my Love,
On which it ſtands so fix'd,
The rudeſt Hurricane of wild Desire
Would, like the Breath of a soft slumbring Babe,
Pass by, and never shake it.

Aman. Yet ſtill 'tis safer to avoid the Storm;
The ſtrongeſt Vessels, if they put to Sea,

May possibly be loſt.
Wou'd I cou'd keep you here, in this calm Port, for ever!
Forgive the Weakness of a Woman,
I am uneasie at your going to ſtay so long in Town,
I know its false insinuating Pleasures;
I know the Force of its Delusions;
I know the Strength of its Attacks;
I know the weak Defence of Nature;
I know you are a Man—and I . . . a Wife.
Lov. You know then all that needs to give you Reſt,
For Wife's the ſtrongeſt Claim that you can urge.
When you would plead your Title to my Heart,
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,
Banish your Fears, for they are Traytors to your Peace;
Beware of 'em, they are insinuating busie Things
That Gossip to and fro, and do a World of Mischief
Where they come: But you shall soon be Miſtress of 'em all,
I'll aid you with such Arms for their Deſtruction,
They never shall erect their Heads again.
You know the Business is indispensable, that obliges
Me to go for *London;* and you have no Reason, that I
Know of, to believe I'm glad of the Occasion;
For my honeſt Conscience is my Witness,
I have found a due Succession of such Charms
In my Retirement here with you;
I have never thrown one Roving Thought that way;
But since, againſt my Will, I'm dragg'd once more
To that uneasie Theatre of Noise;
I am resolv'd to make such use on't,
As shall convince you, 'tis an old caſt Miſtress,
Who has been so lavish of her Favours,
She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,
And has not one Allurement left to move me.
Aman. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown so weak,
Her Arrows (at this diſtance) cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em ſtrength;
The Dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the beſt of Armour to a dangerous Trial.
Lov. That Trial paſt, and y'are at Ease for ever;
When you have seen the Helmet prov'd,
You'll apprehend no more, for him that wears it:
Therefore to put a laſting Period to your Fears,
I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation.

I'll give you an Essay of all my Virtues;
My former boon Companions of the Bottle
Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine:
I'll take my Place amongſt 'em,
They shall hem me in,
Sing Praises to their God, and drink his Glory:
Turn wild Enthusiaſts for his sake,
And Beaſts to do him Honour,
Whilſt I a ſtubborn Atheiſt,
Sullenly look on,
Without one Reverend Glass to his Divinity:
That for my Temperance,
Then for my Conſtancy——

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Lov. Indeed the Danger's small.

Aman. And yet my Fears are great.

Lov. Why are you so timorous?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My Courage shou'd disperse your apprehensions.

Aman. My Apprehensions should allarm your Courage.

Lov. Fy, Fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to diſtruſt me.

Aman. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

Lov. Your Love then is not founded as it ought,
For if you can believe 'tis possible
I shou'd again relapse to my paſt Follies;
I muſt appear to you a thing,
Of such an undigeſted composition,
That but to think of me with Inclination,
Wou'd be a Weakness in your Taſte,
Your Virtue scarce cou'd answer.

Aman. 'Twou'd be a Weakness in my Tongue;
My Prudence cou'd not answer,
If I shou'd press you farther with my Fears;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,
A little time shall shew you they were groundless;
This Winter shall be the Fiery-Trial of my Virtue;
Which when it once has paſt,
You'll be convinc'd, 'twas of no false Allay,
There all your Cares will end——

Aman. Pray Heaven they may. [*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*

SCENE [II], *Whitehall.*

Enter Young Fashion, Lory, *and* Waterman.

Y. Fash. COme, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmantle.

Lory. Faith Sir, I think the Waterman had as good take the Portmantle, and pay himself.

Y. Fash. Why sure there's something left in't!

Lory. But a solitary old Waſtcoat, upon my Honour, Sir.

Y. Fash. Why, what's become of the Blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at *Gravesend*, the Reckoning came to Thirty Shillings, and your Privy Purse was worth but two Half-Crowns.

Y. Fash. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray, Maſter, will you please to dispatch me?

Y. Fash. Ay, here a——Canſt thou change me a Guinea?

Lory. [*aside.*] Good.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Maſter; ha, ha, your Honor's pleas'd to Compliment.

Y. Fash. I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

Lory. [*aside*] ——Hum, hum.

Y. Fash. What doſt thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why Maſter, so far againſt Wind and Tide, is richly worth Half a Piece.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable Fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy Honeſty,
I care not if I leave my Portmantle with thee,
Till I send thee thy Money.

Wat. Ha! God bleſs your Honour; I shou'd be as willing to truſt you, Maſter, but that you are, as a Man may say, a ſtranger to me, and these are nimble Times.
There are a great many Sharpers ſtirring.

[*Taking up the Portmantle.*

Well, Maſter, when your Worship sends the Money, your Portmantle shall be forthcoming; My Name's *Tugg*, my Wife keeps a Brandy-Shop in *Drab-Alley* at *Wapping*.

Y. Fash. Very well; I'll send for't to Morrow. [*Exit Wat.*

Lory. So—Now Sir, I hope you'll own your self a Happy Man,
You have outliv'd all your Cares.

Y. Fash. How so, Sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. Fash. Yes Sirrah, I have my self and you to take care of ſtill.

Lory. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Y. Fash. Why if thou canſt tell me where to apply my self, I have at present so little Money and so much Humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

Lory. Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir *Novelty*, your Elder Brother.

Y. Fash. Damn my Elder Brother.

Lory. With all my Heart, but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

Y. Fash. My Annuity? 'Sdeath he's such a Dog, he wou'd not give his Powder Puff to redeem my Soul.

Lory. Look you, Sir, you muſt wheedle him, or you muſt ſtarve.

Y. Fash. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor ſtarve.

Lory. Why? what will you do then?

Y. Fash. I'll go into the Army.

Lory. You can't take the Oaths; you are a *Jacobite.*

Y. Fash. Thou may'ſt as well say I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheiſt.

Lory. Sir, I ask your Pardon, I find I did not know the ſtrength of your Conscience, so well as I did the weakness of your Purse.

Y. Fash. Methinks, Sir, a Person of your Experience should have known that the ſtrength of the Conscience proceeds from the weakness of the Purse.

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider, that the Army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a Person of your Generosity (at leaſt, as Rents now are paid): I shall see you ſtand in damnable need of some Auxiliary Guineas, for your *Menu Plaisirs;* I will therefore turn Fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your Brother.

Y. Fash. Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Y. Fash. Why, how wou'dſt have me treat him?

Lory. Like a Trout, tickle him.

Y. Fash. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you ſtarve?

Y. Fash. Yes——

Lory. I can't; Good by t'ye Sir— [*Going.*

Y. Fash. Stay, thou wilt diſtract me. What wou'dſt thou have me to say to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his Favourites, speak to his

Periwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his Snuff-Box, and when you are well with them,——desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds.
I'll engage you prosper.

Y. Fash. 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? O Fortune—Fortune—thou art a Bitch by Gad——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE [III], *A Dressing-Room.*

Enter Lord Foppington *in his Night-Gown.*

Lord Fop. PAGE—— [*Enter Page.*

Page. Sir.

Lord Fop. Sir, Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Fop. O, you can pronounce the Word then, I thought it would have choak'd you——D'ye hear?

Page. My Lord.

Lord Fop. Call *La Verole*, I wou'd Dress—— [*Exit Page.*

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a Man of Quality——Strike me dumb——My Lord——Your Lordship——My Lord *Foppington*—— *Ah! c'eſt quelque Chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte——*

Why the Ladies were ready to pewke at me, whilſt I had nothing but Sir *Navelty* to recommend me to 'em——Sure whilſt I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous Fellow——Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd well given——ſtap my Vitals——

Enter La Verole.

Me Lord, de Shoomaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de Semſtress, de Barber, be all ready, if your Lordship please to be dress.

Lord Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Ver. Hey, Messieurs, Entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

Lord Fop. So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew your selves Maſters in your Professions.

Tayl. I think I may presume to say, Sir——

La Ver. My Lord——You Clawn you.

Tayl. Why, is he made a Lord——My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon my Lord; I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own,

I have brought your Lordship as accomplisht a Suit of Cloaths, as ever Peer of *England* trode the Stage in, my Lord: Will your Lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Fop. Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, that I may see my self before and behind; for I love to see my self all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his Cloaths, enter* Young Fashion *and* Lory.

Y. Fash. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got so many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, these People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladies.

Y. Fash. Good God, to what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a Lac't Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em——

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Periwigmakers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

Y. Fash. Thou sayst true; for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-Maid, and by that time these Fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a Countess.

But now for my Reception, I'll ingage it shall be as cold a one, as a Courtier's to his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promise.

Lord Fop. to his Taylor] Death and Eternal Tartures, Sir, I say the Packet's too high by a Foot.

Tayl. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordship's Pocket-Handkerchief.

Lord Fop. Rat my Pocket-Handkerchief! Have not I a Page to carry it? you may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpose for it: But I will not have mine come so near my Face.

Tayl. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's Fancy.

Y. Fash. to Lory] His Lordship; *Lory*, did you observe that?

Lo. Yes Sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now I hope you'll have a little more Respect for him.

Y. Fash. Respect! Damn him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the first Rate: But let's accost him——

To Lord Fop.] Brother, I'm your Humble Servant

Lord Fop. O Lard *Tam*, I did not expect you in *England;* Brother, I am glad to see you——

Turning to his Taylor.] Look you Sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous Packet; therefore pray get me another Suit with all manner of Expedition, for this is my Eternal Aversion. Mrs. *Callicoe*, are not you of my Mind?

Semp. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low——

Lord Fop. You are positively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no part of the Body but the Knee.

Semp. I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your Steenkirk.

Lord Fop. In love with it, ſtap my Vitals; Bring your Bill, you shall be paid to Marrow—

Semp. I humbly thank your Honour— [*Exit Semp.*

Lord Fop. Hark thee, Shooe-maker, these Shooes an t ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shooe. My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

Lord Fop. They hurt me juſt below the Inſtep.

Shooe. [*feeling his Foot.*] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Fop. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shooe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

Lord Fop. Why wilt thou undertake to perswade me I cannot feel?

Shooe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that Shooe does not hurt you;

I think I underſtand my Trade——

Lord Fop. Now by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makeſt good Shooes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shooe. My Lord, I have workt for half the People of Quality in Town, these Twenty Years; and 'twere very hard I should not know when a Shooe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Fop. Well, prithee begone about thy Business. [*Exit Shooe.*

[*To the Hosier.*] Mr. *Mend-Legs*, a Word with you; the Calves of the Stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's——

Mend. My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of those Things as I am, I have ſtudy'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a Crawn-piece less——

[*Aside*] If the Town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue. [*Exit Mend-Legs.*

To the Periwig-maker.] Come, Mr. *Foretop*, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Marning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defie any Prince in *Europe* t'-out-do; I have made you a Periwig so long, and so full of Hair, it will serve you for a Hat and Cloak in all Weathers.

Lord Fop. Then thou haſt made me thy Friend to Eternity; Come, comb it out.

Y. Fash. Well, *Lory*, What doſt think on't? A very friendly Reception from a Brother after 3 Years absence!

Lory. Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault, we seldom care for those that don't

love what we love; if you would creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures— Here have you stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one Thing that belongs to him.

Y. Fash. Nor never shall, whilst they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lory. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Y. Fash. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

Lord Fop. Gad's Curse; Mr. *Foretop*, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full Periwig?

Fore. Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cram'd 20 Ounces of Hair into it.

Lord Fop. What it may be by Weight, Sir, I shall not dispute; but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs of a side.

Fore. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! why, as Gad shall judge me, your Honour's Side-Face is reduc'd to the tip of your Nose.

Lord Fop. My Side-Face may be in Eclipse for aught I know; but I'm sure, my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

Fore. Heaven bless my Eye-sight——[*Rubbing his Eyes.*] Sure I look through the wrong end of the Perspective, for by my Faith, an't please your Honour, the broadest place I see in your Face, does not seem to me to be two Inches diameter.

Lord Fop. If it did, it wou'd be just two Inches too broad; Far a Periwig to a Man, shou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing shou'd be seen but his Eyes——

Fore. My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

Lord Fop. Passitively, yes.

Fore. Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

Lord Fop. Noh: I'll wear it to-day, thô it shew such a manstrous pair of Cheeks: Stap my Vitals, I shall be taken for a Trumpeter. [*Exit* Fore.

Y. Fash. Now your People of Business are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

Lord Fop. Faith, *Tam;* I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately; my Lady *Teaser's* Case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey, *Page*, is the Coach at the Door?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. You'll excuse me, Brother. [*Going.*

Y. Fash. Shall you be back at Dinner?

Lord Fop. As Gad shall jidge me, I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur House at *Lackets.*

Y. Fash. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

Lord Fop. That I'm afraid mayn't be so praper; far the Lards I commonly eat with, are a People of a nice Conversation, and you know, *Tam*,

your Education has been a little at large; but if you'll ſtay here, you'll find a Family-Dinner. Hey Fellow! what is there for Dinner? There's Beef; I suppose my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam*, I'm glad to see thee in *England*, ſtap my Vitals. [*Exit, with his Equipage.*

Y. Faſh. Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almoſt have given him a knock o' th' Pate my self.

Y. Faſh. 'Tis enough; I will now ſhew thee the Excess of my Passion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Deſtruction.

Lory. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but joyn in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

Y. Faſh. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive ſtill! Why, how now, Match-maker, art thou here ſtill to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten!

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin,
One Winter will send you to the Devil.
What Miſchief brings you home again?
Ha! You young Laſcivious Rogue, you;
Let me put my Hand into your Boſom, Sirrah.

Y. Faſh. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

Coup. Nay, prithee now don't be ſo coy.

Y. Faſh. Keep your Hands to your ſelf, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Noſe off.

Coup. Haſt thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought home a Fool at laſt? By my Conſcience, the Young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'll know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm ſtill a Friend to thy Perſon, thô I have a Contempt of thy Underſtanding; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condition, that I may ſee whether thou ſtand'ſt in need of my Aſſiſtance, for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Y. Faſh. I ſtand in need of any Body's Aſſiſtance, that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Riſque of being hang'd for him.

Coup. Igad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almoſt as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

Y. Faſh. Sayeſt thou ſo, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

Coup. Pox o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah; I ſhall have a ſubſtantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

Y. Fash. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take Possession as soon as thou wilt.

Coup. Say'ſt thou so, my *Hepheſtion?* Why then thus lies the Scene: But hold, who's that? if we are heard we are undone.

Y. Fash. What have you forgot *Lory?*

Coup. Who, truſty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lory. At your service, Sir.

Coup. Give me thy Hand, Old Boy; I'gad I did not know thee again, but I remember thy Honeſty, thô I did not thy Face; I think thou had'ſt like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Maſter.

Lory. Sir, I was very near once having that Honour.

Coup. Well, Live and Hope, don't be diſcourag'd; Eat with him, and Drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at laſt, as well as anothers.

To Y. Fash.] Well, Sir, you muſt know I have done you the kindness to make up a Match for your Brother.

Y. Fash. Sir, I am very much beholding to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet, the Lady is a great Heiress; Fifteen hundred Pound a year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a Fortnight——Now you muſt know, Stripling (with Reſpect to your Mother) your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

Y. Fash. Good.

Coup. He has given me a Bond of a Thousand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Money upon the Day of Marriage, which I underſtand by a Friend, he ne'er designs to pay me; if therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and secure me Five thousand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Y. Fash. I'gad, if thou can'ſt bring this about, I'll have thy Statue caſt in Brass.

But don't you doat, you old Pandor you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful Parts shall judge of: This plump Partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the Country, Fifty Miles off, with her Honoured Parents, in a lonely old House which nobody comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees Company at home: To prevent all Misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors, the Parson of the Parish teaches her to play on the Base-Viol, the Clerk to sing, her Nurse to dress, and her Father to dance: In short, no body can give you admittance there but I, nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your Brother.

Y. Fash. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee.

Thy Brother's Face, not one of the Family ever saw; the whole Business has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go through my Hands: The

laſt that was writ to Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordship would be down in a Fortnight to Consummate.

Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the Romantick Pleasure of surprizing your Miſtriss; fall desperately in Love, as soon as you see her; make that your Plea for Marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you shall send me a swinging Purse of Gold, you Dog you.

Y. Fash. I'gad, Old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Bosom now——

Coup. Ah, you young hot luſty Thief, let me Muzzle you—— [*Kissing.* Sirrah, let me Muzzle you.

Y. Fash. P'sha, the Old Letcher—— [*Aside.*

Coup. Well, I'll warrant thou haſt not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one may see it in thy Face——

Y. Fash. Not a Souse, by *Jupiter.*

Coup. Muſt I advance then—Well Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in half an Hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll Sign and Seal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have given thee some farther Inſtructions, thou sha't hoyſt Sail and begone——[*Kissing*]——T'other Buss, and so adieu.

Y. Fash. U'm, P'sha.

Coup. Ah, you young warm Dog you; what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't. [*Exit Coupler.*

Y. Fash. So *Lory.* Providence thou se'eſt at laſt, takes care of Men of Merit; we are in a fair way to be great People.

Lo. Ay Sir, if the Devil don't ſtep between the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do.

Y. Fash. Why Faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my Fortune, and I'gad I'm almoſt afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I shou'd tell thee how, thou'dſt wonder at me.

Lo. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

Y. Fash. How doſt know?

Lo. Because, Sir, I have wondred at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. Fash. No; what wou'dſt thou say, if a Qualm of Conscience should spoil my design?

Lo. I wou'd eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. Fash. Why faith *Lory*, thô I am a young Rake-hell, and have plaid many a Roguish trick; this is so full grown a Cheat, I find I muſt take pains to come up to't, I have Scruples———

Lo. They are ſtrong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray Sir, make your Will.

Y. Fash. No, my Conscience shan't ſtarve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this Project.

I'll try my Brother to the bottom, I'll speak to him with the temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons (thô they press him home) shall yet be cloath'd with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his Sight; if he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me, (thô with a moderate aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him how I can——do for him, much more than what I ask, he'd do for me: This one Conclusive Tryal of him I resolve to make——

Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot,
If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not,
I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

[*London. A Room in* Loveless's *Lodgings.*]

Enter Loveless *and* Amanda.

Lov. HOW do you like these Lodgings, my Dear? For my part, I am so well pleas'd with 'em, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

Aman. I am satisfy'd with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O, a little of the noise and bussle of the World, sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat: We shall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing Prospect will be my chiefest Entertainment, whilst (much against my Will) I am oblig'd to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of 'em are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one wou'd wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes.

Yet some there are we may speak kindlier of: There are Delights, (of which a private Life is destitute) which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one; and truly, (with some small Allowances) the Plays, I think, may be esteem'd another.

Aman. The Plays, I must confess, have some small Charms, and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose obscene encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

Lov. But till that Reformation can be made, I wou'd not leave the whol'some Corn, for some intruding Tares that grow amongſt it. Doubtless, the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of prevailing Force.—— Laſt Night there happen'd one that mov'd me ſtrangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a foolish thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous shou'd I tell it you, thô without a cauſe Heaven knows.

Aman. I ſhall begin to think I have Cauſe, if you perſiſt in making it a ſecret.

Lov. I'll then convince you, you have none, by making it no longer ſo. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the Addition of a *Relapſe;* which ſtruck me ſo, I put a ſuddain ſtop to a moſt harmleſs Entertainment, which till then, diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the workmanſhip of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that ſat ſome diſtance from me, ſhe was ſo exquiſitely handſome.

Aman. So exquiſitely handſome!

Lov. Why do you repeat my words, my Dear?

Aman. Becauſe you ſeem'd to ſpeak 'em with ſuch pleaſure, I thought I might oblige you with their Eccho.

Lov. Then you are allarmed, *Amanda?*

Aman. It is my Duty to be ſo, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out.

I do confeſs I gaz'd upon her; nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly? That's with deſire.

Lov. No, I deſir'd her not; I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of truſting to ſuch nice Diſtinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for obſerving in the Play, That he who ſeem'd to repreſent me there, was by an Accident like this, unwarily ſurpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangl'd Slave, and brought a Train of miſchiefs on his Head; I ſnatcht my Eyes away: they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew abſolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were Inquiſitive? Had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too; I ſhou'd have ask'd her Name, and where ſhe liv'd, (yet ſtill without Deſign:)— Who was ſhe, pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's Sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no Cause?

Lov. None certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda;* For turn the Case, and let it be your Story: shou'd you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome Man, shou'd I grow jealous, because you had Eyes?

Aman. But shou'd I tell you, he were exquisitely so: That I had gaz'd on him with Admiration: That I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, shou'd you not think 'twere possible I might go one step farther, and enquire his Name?

Lov. [*aside*] She has Reason on her side: I have talk'd too much: But I must turn it off another way.

[*To Aman.*] Will you then make no difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modesty restrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You shou'd not therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her Advantage.

Aman. Those flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the trouble of farther Excuses, if you please this Business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia.*

Aman. O dear! 'tis a Relation I have not seen this five Years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

To Lov.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Lov. [*aside*] Ha! By Heavens the very Woman.

Ber. [*saluting Aman.*] Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm over-joy'd to see you. [*To Lov.*] Mr. *Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. [*saluting Ber.*] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. [*to Aman.*] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Complements of her Friends upon it.

Lov. If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, (and deserve to be,) the happiest Pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord *Foppington!*—I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir *Novelty;* he has bought a Barony in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been pass'd eight-and-forty Hours, and he has already sent How-do-ye's to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

Lov. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [*Ex. Ser.*] Sure this Addition of Quality, must have so improv'd this Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an Hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you shou'd never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your Contempt. Pity those whom Nature abuses, but never those who abuse Nature.

Ber. Besides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chief Diversions, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

Aman. I cou'd never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its diversions, for the sake of their being Crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think, had little else to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you speak with so much warmth againſt it.

Aman. I muſt confess I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many ſtronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Lov. You have done well to engage a Second, my Dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an account for your Country-Principles.

Enter Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. [*to Lov.*] Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Lov. I wish you Joy, my Lord.

Lord Fop. O Lard, Sir———Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

Lord Fop. O Heavens, Madam——

Lov. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wives.

Lord Fop. [*saluting her.*] The beautifull'ſt Race of People upon Earth: Rat me. Dear *Loveleſs*, I am overjoy'd to see you have braught your Family to Tawn again; I am, ſtap my Vitals—— [*Aside.*] Far I design to lye with your Wife. [*To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, Madam, haw has your Ladyship been able to subsiſt thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Fop. Why, that's the Fatigue I speak of, Madam: For 'tis impoſſible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me, the greateſt Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately, Madam———But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordship read without thinking?

Lord Fop. O Lard——Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion—Madam?

Aman. Well, I muſt own I think Books the beſt Entertainment in the World.

Lord Fop. I am so much of your Ladyship's Mind, Madam; that I have a private Gallery (where I walk sometimes) is furnish'd with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have guilded 'em, and rang'd 'em, so prettily, before Gad, it is the moſt entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the Inside of a Book shou'd recommend it moſt to us.

Lord Fop. That, I muſt confeſs, I am nat altogether ſo fand of. Far to mind the inside of a Book, is to entertain ones self with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding may be much diverted with the Natural Sprauts of his own. But to say the truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the Four and Twenty Hours, that 'twere Ten Thousand pities he shou'd consume his time in that. Far example, Madam, my Life; my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides thro' such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wiſeſt of our Anceſtors never had the leaſt Conception of any of 'em.

I rise, Madam, about Ten a-Clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worſt thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man muſt endeavour to look wholesome, leſt he makes so nauseous a Figure in the Side-bax, the Ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten o'clock I say I rise. Naw if I find 'tis a good Day, I resalve to take a Turn in the Park, and see the fine Women; so huddle on my Cloaths, and get dress'd by One. If it be naſty Weather, I take a Turn in the Chocolate-hause; where, as you walk, Madam, you have the prettieſt Proſpect in the World; you have Looking-glasses all round you——But I'm afraid I tire the Company.

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

Lord Fop. Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket's*, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, ſtap my Vitals, they shall compose you a Dish, no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to fifty Shillings.

Between eating my Dinner, (and washing my Mauth, Ladies) I spend my time, till I go to the Play; where, till Nine a-Clack, I entertain my self with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of one Hour more in leading them aut. So there's Twelve of the Four-and-Twenty pretty well over.

The other Twelve, Madam, are dispos'd of in Two Articles: In the firſt Four, I toaſt my self drunk, and in t'other Eight I sleep my self sober again. Thus, Ladies, you see my Life is an eternal raund O of Delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed!

Aman. But, my Lord, you *Beaux* spend a great deal of your Time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of them yet.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] Soh, she wou'd enquire into my Amours—— That's Jealousie—— She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, Madam——as to time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency: Far your Lady-

ship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion far above half an Hour at a time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a langer View, than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Lov. But your Lordship now is become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

Lord Fop. Sir——as to weighty Affairs——I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burthen to my Body.

Lov. O, but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

Lord Fop. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my Appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

Lord Fop. Not, Sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of yourself on *Sundays;* for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your hands.

Lord Fop. Why, Faith, Madam——*Sunday*——is a vile day, I must confess. I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That the Players may work upon it, as well as the Hackney Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us——But then again, they begin so abominable early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence?

Lord Fop. Oh, St. *James*'s, Madam——There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

Lord Fop. Why, Faith, Madam——I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an Account of the Ladies, at least.

Lord Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated—— There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. These sit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettiest Company in the World, stap my Vitals. [*To Aman.*] Mayn't we hope for the Honour to see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers, or the Sermon, or——

Lord Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at Church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Ladyship to your Coach there. [*Aside*] Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say to her——'Tis a vast

Pleasure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Husband's Face——I have a good mind to pursue my Conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—I'gad, I'll do't, and that in so Cavallier a manner, she shall be surpriz'd at it——Ladies, I'll take my Leave; I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my Visit.

Aman. Your Lordship's too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] That now was as much as if she had said——Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of Apprehension. [*To Aman.*] O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. [*To Lov.*] *Ned*, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my Lord; I'm too fashionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

Lord Fop. [*to* Aman. *squeezing her Hand*] I am in love with you to Desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [*giving him a Box o' th' Ear.*] Then thus I return your Passion; An impudent Fool!

Lord Fop. Gad's Curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hey; what the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir? Nay then—

[*They draw and fight. The Women run shrieking for Help.*

Aman. Ah! What has my Folly done? Help; Murder, help: Part 'em for Heaven's sake.

Lord Fop. [*falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.*] Ah——quite thro' the Body——Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. [*running to him.*] I hope I han't kill'd the Fool however——Bear him up! Where's your Wound?

Lord Fop. Just thro' the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

Lord Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This Mischief you may thank your self for.

Lord Fop. I may so——Love's the Devil indeed, *Ned.*

Enter Serringe *and Servant.*

Serv. Here's Mr. *Serringe*, Sir, was just going by the Door.

Lord Fop. He's the welcom'st Man alive.

Ser. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray, Gentlemen stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you never see a Man run thro' the Body before? Pray stand by.

Lord Fop. Ah, Mr. *Serringe*——I'm a dead Man.

Ser. A dead Man, and I by——I shou'd laugh to see that, I'gad.

Lov. Prithee don't stand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Ser. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this Hour, Sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Ser. Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run thro' the Guts, I tell thee.

Ser. Wou'd he were run thro' the Heart, I shou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd?——Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his Wound.*] Oons, what a Gash is here?—— Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and Six Horses into your Body.

Lord Fop. Ho——

Ser. Why, what the Devil, have you run the Gentleman thro' with a Sythe—— [*Aside.*] A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his Wound.

Ser. Then you shall dress it, Sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

Ser. Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

Lord Fop. Surgeon.

Ser. Well, Sir.

Lord Fop. Is there any Hopes?

Ser. Hopes?——I can't tell—— What are you willing to give for your Cure?

Lord Fop. Five hundred Paunds with Pleasure.

Ser. Why then, perhaps there may be Hopes. But we must avoid farther Delay. Here; help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that's the properest place [*Aside.*] to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly——there, in with him.

[*They put him into a Chair.*

Lord Fop. Dear *Loveless*——Adieu. If I die——I forgive thee; and if I live——I hope thou'lt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd—— I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any farther, so you may be at rest, Sir.

Lord Fop. Thou art a generous Fellow, strike me Dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent Wife, stap my Vitals.

Ser. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by; carry him off. [*Ex.* Serv. *with* Lord Fop.

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your pardon for my Indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. O! there's no harm done: You serv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet Resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O no matter; never trouble your-self about that.

Ber. For Heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only squeez'd me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd me a Coxcomb's Heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a Quarrel cou'd ensue. But the Fool so surpriz'd me with his Insolence, I was not Mistress of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare swear, he thinks you had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you so readily.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Save you, save you, good People; I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded Peer carrying off: For Heav'ns sake, what was the matter?

Lov. O a Trifle: He wou'd have lain with my Wife before my Face, so she oblig'd him with a Box o'the Ear, and I run him thro' the Body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his Quality more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Passport to every Woman's Heart, below the Degree of a Peeress.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him: I hope there's no Danger of his Life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the Hands of a Roguish Surgeon, I perceive designs to frighten a little Money out of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to Night, if he pleases.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther Mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the Place I spoke to you of t'other Day.

Lov. With all my Heart. [*Aside.*] Tho' I cou'd wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Gods! How beautiful she is.——But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and must not covet more. [*To Wor.*] Come, Sir, when you please.

Wor. Ladies, your Servant.

Aman. Mr. *Loveless*, pray one Word with you before you go.

Lov. to *Wor.*] I'll overtake you, Sir; What wou'd my Dear?

Aman. Only a Woman's foolish Question,
How do you like my Couzen here?

Lov. Jealous already, *Amanda?*

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another Reason.

Lov. Aside.] Whate'er her Reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To Aman.*] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm satisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours. [*kissing her.*] [*Exit* Lov.

Aman. [*aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to perswade her to come and live with me. [*To Ber.*] Now dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: for I do assure you I am enough your Friend, to intereſt myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such Proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no Secrets to truſt you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durſt repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so Young and Beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O Twenty; but not one secret one amongſt 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another Mind: For by this means a Lady may (with the Expence of a few Coquet Glances,) lead twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secrecie, she wou'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight.

Aman. There's something indeed in That to satisfie the Vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men find their Account in it.

Ber. Their Entertainment, I muſt confess, is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do (with their Eyes) say the violent'ſt things to me——But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the Reason of that?

Ber. One Reason is, They don't know how to go farther. They have had so little Practice, they don't underſtand the Trade. But besides their Ignorance, you muſt know there is not one of my half score Lovers but what follows half a score Miſtresses. Now their Affections being divided amongſt so many, are not ſtrong enough for any one to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they seem to have a Torrent of Love to dispose of.

Ber. They have so: But 'tis like the Rivers of a Modern Philosopher, (whose Works, tho' a Woman, I have read) it sets out with a violent Stream, splits in a thousand Branches, and is all loſt in the Sands.

Aman. But do you think this River of Love runs all its Course without doing any Mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing.

Ber. O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any Bodies Ground that has the least Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmost Atchievement of those dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—the Beaux.

Aman. But prithee, *Berinthia*, instruct me a little farther, for I am so great a Novice, I'm almost asham'd on't. My Husband's leaving me whilst I was Young and Fond, threw me into that Depth of Discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: Not (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me: my Love and Principles are too well fix'd. The Practick Part of all unlawful Love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of all the Virtuous Women in the Town turns upon that and new Cloaths.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those Shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Ber. O no, *Amanda*; there are a sort of Men make dreadful Work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd The Beaux Antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs.

These have Brains: The Beau has none.

These are in Love with their Mistress: The Beau with himself.

They take care of her Reputation: He's industrious to destroy it.

They are decent: He's a Fop.

They are sound: He's rotten.

They are Men: He's an Ass.

Aman. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy?*

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the other, I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favourites are sauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the Roast in the Closet.

Aman. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! What a difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty!* [*Taking her Hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret, Couzen. 'Tis not that Fool alone has talked to me of Love. *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has don't in vain: Not all his Charms

or Art have power to shake me. My Love, my Duty, and my Vertue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not ſtart at his Proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds; That Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at leaſt its Shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monſter gaping at your Ruine, when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other; the Danger wou'd not quite so much allarm you.

Aman. Fy, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed allarm me, cou'd you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No, he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But shou'd he Abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho' I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extreamly urgent with me to root him thence, and caſt him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, some body shou'd run the risque of being that thing they call—a Husband.

Aman. O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken againſt a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance, which of all Vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweeteſt—ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. [*aside.*] Alack a day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to perswade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is———and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to Night.

Ber. To Night?

Aman. Yes, to Night.

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, *Amanda?* Why then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in Love with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Case.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at leaſt.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I shou'd do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I?——Then after all, I did love him, *Amanda*—as a Nun does Penance.

Aman. Why did not you refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, asunder;
He lov'd the Country, I the Town.
He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.
He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.
He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle.
We were dull Company at Table, worse A-bed.
Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.
And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithſtanding all these Jars, did not his Death at laſt—extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my present Pangs were so very violent, but the After-pains were intollerable. I was forc'd to wear a beaſtly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse; which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep your self so as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a Woman, and form my Resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in Love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you rest?

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda;* you have led a Country Life: But if you'll consult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, you shou'd never take a Lease of a House you can hire for a Quarter's Warning. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. [Scene I.]

[*A Room in* Lord Foppington's *House.*]

Enter Lord Foppington *and Servant.*

Lord Fop. HEY, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Serv. Will your Lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the Weather?

Lord Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the Ladies; tho' give me my Cloak, however; for in that Side-box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one side, and the intollerable Warmth of the Masks on t'other, a Man gets so many Heats and Colds, 'twou'd destroy the Canstitution of a Harse.

Ser. [*putting on his Cloak.*] I wish your Lordship wou'd please to keep House a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

Lord Fop. My Wound!——I wou'd not be in Eclipse another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter Young Fashion.

Y. Fash. Brother, your Servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

Lord Fop. So well, that I have arder'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great Danger of Death this baut, *Tam.*

Y. Fash. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Fop. aside.] That I believe's a Lye.
Prithee, *Tam*, tell me one thing: Did not your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run thro' the Bady?

Y. Fash. Why do you think it shou'd?

Lord Fop. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shat thro' the Head.

Y. Fash. It then did very ill.

Lord Fop. Prithee, why so?

Y. Fash. Because he us'd you very well.

Lord Fop. Well?—naw ſtrike me dumb, he ſtarv'd me. He has let me want a Thausand Women for want of a Thausand Paund.

Y. Fash. Then he hind'red you from making a great many ill Bargains; for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

Lord Fop. If I were a younger Brother, I shou'd think so too.

Y. Fash. Why, is it possible you can value a Woman that's to be bought.

Lord Fop. Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

Y. Fash. Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

Lord Fop. Look you, *Tam*, of all things that belang to a Woman, I have an Aversion to her Heart; far when once a Woman has given you her Heart——you can never get rid of the reſt of her Body.

Y. Fash. This is ſtrange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

Lord Fop. Why, my Heart in my Amours——is like my Heart aut of my Amours: *à la glace.*

My Bady, *Tam*, is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilſt the Finger runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that ſtill beats the same time.

Y. Fash. Then you are seldom much in Love?

Lord Fop. Never, Stap my Vitals.

Y. Fash. Why then did you make all this Buſtle about *Amanda?*

Lord Fop. Because she was a Woman of an Insolent Vertue, and I thought myself piqu'd in Honour to debauch her.

Y. Fash. Very well.

[*Aside.*] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spending of Five Thousand Pounds a Year. But now for my business with him.

[*To Lord Fop.*] Brother, tho' I know to talk of business (especially of Money) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies; my Necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Fop. The greatness of your Necessities, *Tam*, is the worſt Argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, ſtrike me dumb, it has the worſt beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelve-month.

Y. Fash. I'm very sorry you think so.

Lord Fop. I do believe thau art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; far 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeez'd with pressing thro' the Crawd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Cloaths.

Y. Fash. Why then (that I may not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a Word is this.

The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forced to Mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to aſſiſt me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy, but to go take a Purse.

Lord Fop. Why, Faith, *Tam*——to give you my Sense of the thing, I do think taking a Purse the beſt Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken——you are reliev'd t'other.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I shou'd give you Five Hundred Paunds?

Y. Fash. I do not ask it as a due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

Lord Fop. Thau art willing to receive it any haw, ſtrike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give Money in, Taxes are so great, Repairs so exorbitant, Tenants such Rogues, and Periwigs so dear, that the Devil take me, I'm reduc'd to that extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one Article of sweet Pawder, till I have braught it dawn to Five Guineas a Manth. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can spare you Five Hundred Paunds?

Y. Fash. If you can't, I muſt ſtarve, that's all. [*Aside.*] Damn him.

Lord Fop. All I can say is, you should have been a better Husband.

Y. Fash. 'Oons, if you can't live upon Five Thousand a Year, how do you think I shou'd do't upon Two Hundred?

Lord Fop. Don't be in a Passion, *Tam*; far Passion is the moſt unbecoming thing in the World——to the Face.

Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you Melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horse does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. Fash. Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

Lord Fop. That is nat all, *Tam.*

Y. Fash. Why, what is there else?

Lord Fop. [*looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.*]———Ask the Ladies.

Y. Fash. Why, thou Essence Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any Advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

Lord Fop. I do——stap my Vitals.

Y. Fash. Now, by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

Lord Fop. Sir——I am praud of being at the Head of so prevailing a Party.

Y. Fash. Will nothing then provoke thee?——Draw Coward.

Lord Fop. Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolishest Plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your Paverty makes your Life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip thro' my Lungs into my Estate, or to get yourself run thro' the Guts, to put an end to your Pain: But I will disappoint you in both your Designs; far with the Temper of a Philasapher, and the Discretion of a Statesman——I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard. [*Exit* Lord Fop.

Y. Fash. Soh. Farewel, Snuff-Box.
And now, Conscience, I defie thee.
Lory.

Enter Lory.

Lo. Sir.

Y. Fash. Here's rare News, *Lory*: his Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable fright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Y. Fash. Be at peace; it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horses ready quickly, and bring 'em to old *Coupler*'s, without a moment's delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the Fortune.

Y. Fash. I am; away; fly, *Lory.*

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE II, *a Garden.*

Enter Loveless *and Servant.*

Lov. IS my Wife within?
Ser. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half hour.
Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet some business to be done,
Before *Amanda*'s Heart and mine must rest:
Else, why amongst those Legions of her Sex,
Which throng the World,
Shou'd she pick out for her Companion
The only one on Earth,
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing?
Undoing was't, I said?——Who shall undo her?
Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
Did she not rescue me, a grov'ling Slave,
When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vilest Drudgery?
Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
Nay more:
When by my Follies sunk
To a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar,
Did she not lift me up to envied Fortune?
Give me her self, and all that she possest?
Without a Thought of more Return,
Than what a poor repenting Heart might make her,
Han't she done this? And if she has,
Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?
To love her!—Why, do I not love her then?
By Earth and Heaven I do.
Nay, I have Demonstration that I do:
For I would sacrifice my Life to serve her.
Yet hold:——If laying down my Life
Be Demonstration of my Love,
What is't I feel in favour of *Berinthia?*
For shou'd she be in danger, methinks I cou'd incline
To risque it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.
How then subsists my Proof?——
——O, I have found it out.
What I would do for one, is demonstration of my Love;

And if I'd do as much for t'other: it there is Demonſtration of my Friendſhip——Ay——it muſt be so. I find I'm very much her Friend.

—Yet let me ask myself one puzzling Queſtion more:

Whence springs this mighty Friendship all at once? For our Acquaintance is of a later Date.

Now Friendship's said to be a Plant of tedious Growth; its Root compos'd of tender Fibres, nice in their Taſte, cautious in spreading, check'd with the leaſt Corruption in the Soil; long e'er it take, and longer ſtill e'er it appear to do so: whilſt mine is in a moment shot so high, and fix'd so faſt, it seems beyond the Power of Storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too faſt. [*Muſing.*

Enter Berinthia.

—Ha, she here!—Nay, then take heed my Heart, for there are Dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill?

Lov. I was debating, Madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all People had been acquainted with their own Bodies, tho' few People know their own Minds.

Lov. What if the Diſtemper, I ſuſpect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why, then I'll undertake to prescribe you a Cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at leaſt then allow me to be a Physician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: For I have reason to believe, shou'd I put myself into your hands, you wou'd increase my Diſtemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reasons from the Colledge not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often Eaſe, Sir.

Lov. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what risque do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my Diſtemper to my Wife.

Ber. And so lose all my Practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burſt me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Lov. That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By Man, then.

Lov. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these:

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play,
A randome Glance you threw, at first allarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my Eyes from whence the Danger came:
I gaz'd upon you, till you shot again,
And then my Fears came on me.
My Heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My Blood grew thin, my Pulse beat quick,
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of Nature
Shook with Apprehension.
'Tis true, some small Recruits of Resolution
My Manhood brought to my Assistance,
And by their Help I made a Stand a while,
But found at last your Arrows flew so thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me;
So left the Field,
And fled for shelter to *Amanda*'s Arms.
What think you of these Symptoms, pray?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.
But what Relief pray did your Wife afford you?

Lov. Why, instantly she let me Blood; which for the present much asswag'd my Flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and rag'd with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 'tis so encreas'd, that in a moment if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to Ashes. [*Taking hold of her Hand.*

Ber. [*breaking from him.*] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we shall all be infected.

Lov. [*catching her in his Arms, and kissing her.*] Then we'll dye together, my Charming Angel.

Ber. O Ged——the Devil's in you.
Lard, let me go, here's some body coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady's come home, and desires to speak with you: She's in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Serv.*

To Ber. But before I go, one Glass of Nectar more to Drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. [*kissing her.*] In Matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Ha! What's here? my old Mistress, and so close, I'faith! I wou'd not spoil her sport for the Universe. [*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged———Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit* Loveless *running.*] with all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil in Hell may take me, if ever ———I was better pleas'd in my Life——This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*] Well, I am condemn'd; but thanks to Heaven I feel myself each Moment more and more prepar'd for my Execution—Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have the least fear of Dying. No, I find, let the——Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will suffer with more Resolution than a Woman. Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet: But I confess I long to have another. Pray Heaven it end as the first did tho', that we may both grow weary at a time; for 'tis a Melancholy thing for Lovers to outlive one another.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. aside.] This Discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her Interest. [*To* Ber.] Your Servant, Madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a Colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the Weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave Roguing, I see that.

Wor. [*putting his Finger to his Nose.*] You'll never leave———I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me; it's the same thing.

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put

you in mind, That after what has paſt 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Loveless*, which I have discover'd; and I am fond of his Wife——

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your Discovery to be true: What do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess————I wou'd swear 'twere false, if I thought you were Fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almoſt in Love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one short Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore, if you find 'twou'd tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply myself to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wise enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that she mayn't see who is her Husband's Miſtress.

Ber. [*aside.*] He has reason: The Hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper Politician in these Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the moſt easie, safe, and pleasant Situation for your own Amour, is the House in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any sort of Suspicion. That the way to do that, is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making yourself her Confident. And the way to bring her to Intrigue, is to make her jealous of her Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four pass the Winter very pleasantly.

Ber. Well, I could be glad to have no body's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity——

Wor. Right! as you say, where there is a necessity, a Chriſtian is bound to help his Neighbour. So good *Berinthia*, lose no time, but let us begin the Dance as faſt as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in tune, pray, Sir. Your Lady's Strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too haſtily. But if you'll have patience to screw them to their pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Musick too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her Constitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her fondness to her Husband, the Fortress of her Vertue wou'd not be so impregnable as the fancies.

Wor. What? she runs, I'll warrant you, into that common Mistake of Fond Wives, who conclude themselves Vertuous, because they can refuse a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a Woman to assume the Name of Vertuous, till she has heartily hated her Husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else. Whom if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her Vertue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Post. What Opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd wish; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult Bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh Anchor, and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu. [*Exit* Wor.

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a business have I undertaken? I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refus'd him. Besides, Faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure in carrying on another Bodies Intriegue, as one's own. This at least is certain, it exercises almost all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman. For there's employment for Hypocrisie, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Mischief, and Lying.

Enter Amanda, *her Woman following her.*

Wom. If you please, Madam, only to say, whither you'll have me to buy 'em or not?

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do: Prithee leave me.

Wom. I have done. [*Exit Wom.*

Ber. What in the Name of *Jove*'s the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, *Berinthia*, I'm almoſt mad, I'm plagu'd to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you wish your self a Widow by and by.

Aman. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am; A base ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been Ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been Ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! Is jealousie then nothing?

Ber. It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your Case.

Aman. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Let Blood in the Fond Vein: Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That would not ſtop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Caſtles in the Air, and Fume, and Fret, and grow Thin and Lean, and Pale and Ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having, is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did but ſuſpect him.

Ber. Think so? I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know.

Ber. Don't press me then to name Names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise Woman's dying of the Pip; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew upon occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the beſt of 'em.

Aman. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't ſtand trifling any longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and your Love and your Vertue, and I know not what. But resolve to hold up your Head, get a Tiptoe, and look over 'em all; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a Pickering elsewhere.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively, he fell in Love at the Play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly thing, neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Hey ho.

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Aman. Oh my Heart.

Ber. [*aside.*] Only the Pangs of Nature; she's in Labour of her Love; Heaven send her a quick Delivery, I'm sure she has a good Midwife.

Aman. I'm very ill, I must go to my Chamber.
Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to Bed, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt*, Amanda *leaning upon* Berinthia.

SCENE [III], *A Country-House.*

Enter Young Fashion *and* Lory.

Y. Fash. SO, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks, the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah*'s Ark, as if the chief part on't were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

Y. Fash. Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heiress, I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door. [Lory *knocks two or three times.*] What the Devil, have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

Lo. Igad, Sir, this will prove some Inchanted Castle; we shall have the Gyant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Y. Fash. Hush; they come.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Breeding?

Within. Ay, but two Words to a Bargain: *Tummas*, is the Blunderbus prim'd?

Y. Fash. Oons, give 'em good Words, *Lory*; we shall be shot here a Fortune catching.

Lo. Igad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'ye call 'um.—

[*Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus*] Weall, naw what's yare business?

Y. Fash. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly?* Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunbelly* pleases.

Y. Fash. But will you do me the Favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunbelly* if he pleases to be waited upon. And, do'st hear? call to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss *Hoyden* before the Geats open.

Y. Fash. D'ye hear that, *Lory?*

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that Old Rogue *Coupler* han't sent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom.

Y. Fash. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See; the Door opens.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *with his Servants, Arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Sythes,* &c.

Lo. [*running behind his Master.*] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men.

Y. Fash. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruine us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir; 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing. [*aside.*] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horse-Pond.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me?

Y. Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey.*

Sir Tun. Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*, whither you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not asham'd of my Name—nor my Face neither.

Y. Fash. Sir, you have no Cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no Cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come into my House; and when I know your Name—'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

Y. Fash. [*giving him a Letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Passport.

Sir Tun. Cod's my life I ask your Lordship's Pardon Ten Thousand times. [*To his Servants.*] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch Coal Fire in the great Parlour; set all the Turkey-work Chairs in their places; get the great Brass Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Sockets full of Laurel, run. [*Turning to* Young Fash.] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon. [*To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, bid her let Miss *Hoyden* loose again, and if it was not shifting Day, let her put on a clean Tucker, quick. [*Exeunt Servants confusedly. To* Young Fash.] I hope your Honour will excuse the disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordship's great Quality every day; pray where are your Coaches and Servants, my Lord?

Y. Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Poſt, with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much honour, it was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and Danger, I proteſt it was; but my Daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it——*Hoyden* has Charms.

Y. Fash. Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common Fame has done her Juſtice.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am Common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord——my Girl's young, *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I muſt say for her, what she wants in Art, she has by Nature; what she wants in Experience, she has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Conſtitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray my Lord, walk in.

Y. Fash. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *A Room in the same.*]

Miss Hoyden sola.

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me: It's well I have a Husband a coming, or Icod, I'd marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the Gate, but presently I muſt be lockt up; and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run loose about the House all the day long, she can; 'tis very well.

Nurse *without, opening the Door.*

Miss *Hoyden*, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss *Hoyden.*

Enter Nurse.

Miss. Well, what do you make such a Noise for, ha? What do you din a Bodies Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come will din your Ears for you.

Miss. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I muſt be lock'd up like the Ale-Cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank before you are Ripe.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your Head about that; I'm as Ripe as you, tho' not so Mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to-night.

Miss. My Lord? Why is my Husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

Miss. [*hugging Nurse.*] O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

Nurse. Ah the poor Thing, see how it melts; it's as full of good Nature as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miss. But, my dear *Nurse*, don't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss. O Lord! I'll go and put on my Lac'd Smock, tho' I am whipt till the Blood run down my Heels for't. [*Exit running.*

Nurse. Eh———the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted. [*Exit after her.*

[SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.*]

Enter Sir Tunbelly *and* Young Fashion. *A Servant with Wine.*

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am proud of the Honour to see your Lordship within my Doors; and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a Cup of Sack Wine.

Y. Fash. Sir, to your Daughter's Health. [*Drinks.*

Sir Tun. Ah poor Girl, she'll be scar'd out of her Wits on her Wedding Night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Britches.

Y. Fash. Sir, I don't doubt she has a Vertuous Education, which with the rest of her Merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you wou'd dispense with the Canonical Hour, and let it be this very Night.

Sir Tun. O not so soon neither; that's shooting my Girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we'll Sign and Seal to Night if you please; and this Day seven-night——let the Jade look to her Quarters.

Y. Fash. This Day Sennight——Why, what do you take me for a Ghost, Sir?

'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Flesh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a Week without your Daughter—Than I can live a Month with her. [*Aside.*

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you my Hero, young Men are hot I know,

but they don't boyl over at that rate, neither; besides, my Wenches Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

Y. Fash. O, no matter, Sir, I'll take her in her Shift. [*Aside.*] A Pox of this Old Fellow, he'll delay the business till my damn'd Star finds me out, and discovers me.

To *Sir* Tun.] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill save Money.

Sir Tun. Money——Save Money when *Hoyden*'s to be married? Udswoons I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho' I go to Grass with the King of *Assyria* for't; and such a Dinner it shall be, as is not to be Cook'd in the Poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho' you may be sharp set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, she stays your Stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[*A Room in* Sir Tunbelly Clumsey's *Country House.*]

Enter Miss Hoyden *and* Nurse.

Nurse. WELL *Miss*, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miss. O Lord, *Nurse*, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain my self.

Nurse. O, but you must have a care of being too fond, for Men now a days hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him? Why do you think I love him, *Nurse?* ICod, I would not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once Married to him——No ——that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both *Nurse*, ICod, I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not a coming to you; now if I were sure you wou'd behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss. That's my best Nurse, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once; and if I don't shew my Breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice Married, and die a Maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my Parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit* Nurse.

Sola.

These old Women are so wise when they get a poor Girl in their

Clutches; but e'er it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter Young Fashion.

Y. Fash. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of Importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a Civil Answer.

Y. Fash. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my Father in any thing, but eating of green Gooseberries.

Y. Fash. So good a Daughter must needs be an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient 'till you are mine; and hope you will so far consider the violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happiness so long as your Father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is it?

Y. Fash. Madam, a thousand year——a whole Week.

Miss. A week——why, I shall be an old Woman by that time.

Y. Fash. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater Misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why I thought 'twas to be to morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure Nurse told me so.

Y. Fash. And it shall be to morrow Morning still, if you'll consent?

Miss. If I'll consent? Why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband?

Y. Fash. That's when we are Married; 'till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing; I'll obey you now, and when we are Married, you shall obey me.

Y. Fash. With all my heart, but I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a preaching to her, by his good will.

Y. Fash. Why then my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to perswade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to perswade her to any thing.

Y. Fash. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholesom, Comely Woman——and give her Half a Crown.

Y. Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that she'd Marry you herself: I'll run and call her. [*Exit* Miss.

Young Fashion solus.

So, Matters go swimmingly; this is a rare Girl, I'faith; I shall have a fine time on't with her at *London;* I'm much mistaken, if she don't prove a *March* Hare all the year round. What a scamp'ring Chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! Hey to the Park and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; she'll shew 'em sport I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an Estate will afford me a separate Maintenance.

Enter Miss *and* Nurse.

Y. Fash. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse; I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknowledgement for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her Husband.

Nurse. [*aside.*] Gold by makings, your Honour's goodness is too great; alas, all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good Milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck't it——Eh, God's Blessing on the sweet Face on't; how it us'd to hang at this poor Tett, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[Miss *to* Nurse, *taking her angrily aside.*

Pray one word with you; prithee Nurse don't stand ripping up Old Stories, to make one asham'd before one's Love; do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he, cares for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggle-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.

[To *Y. Fash.*] I hope your Honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

Y. Fash. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good Housewifery is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miss. Pray Sir, are the young Ladies good Housewives at *London* Town? Do they darn their own Linnen?

Y. Fash. O no, they study how to spend Money, not to save it.

Miss. I'Cod, I don't know but that may be better Sport than t'other, ha, Nurse.

Y. Fash. Well, you shall have your Choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I?——then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can.

To *Nurse.*] His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be Married to Morrow.

Nurse. To Morrow, my dear Madam?

Y. Fash. Yes, to Morrow sweet Nurse; privately; young Folks you know are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us ſtay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being Sign'd, and Seal'd, and Agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practiſing a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better aſſurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I muſt confeſs ſtolen Pleaſures are ſweet; but if you ſhou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be wedd?

Miss. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice my Child?

Miss. ICod, I don't care how often I'm Married, not I.

Y. Fash. Pray Nurse don't you be againſt your young Lady's good; for by this means ſhe'll have the pleaſure of two Wedding-Days.

Miss to Nurse ſoftly.] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurse.

Nurse. Well, I'm ſuch a tender-hearted Fool, I find I can refuſe nothing; ſo you ſhall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miss. Shall I?

[*Aside.*] O Lord, I cou'd leap over the Moon.

Y. Fash. Dear Nurse, this goodneſs of yours ſhan't go unrewarded; but now you muſt employ your power with Mr. *Bull* the Chaplain, that he may do us his Friendly Office too, and then we ſhall all be happy; do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him——or he ſhall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss. My Lord, ſhe has had him upon the hip this ſeven year.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to hear it; however, to ſtrengthen your intereſt with him, you may let him know I have ſeveral fat Livings in my Gift, and that the firſt that falls ſhall be in your diſpoſal.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him Marry more Folks than one, I'll promiſe him.

Miss. Faith do Nurse, make him marry you too, I'm ſure he'll do't for a fat Living; for he loves Eating more than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him ſay, a fat Living was the beſt Meat in the World.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Caſſock, I will ſo.

Y. Fash. Well Nurse, whilſt you go and ſettle Matters with him, your Lady and I will go take a walk in the Garden.

Nurse. I'll do your Honour's buſineſs in the catching up of a Garter. [*Exit Nurse.*

Y. Fash. [*Giving her his Hand.*] Come, Madam, dare you venture your ſelf alone with me?

Miss. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Loveless's Lodgings.*]

Enter Amanda *and* Berinthia.

A SONG.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming Cynthia *cry'd;*
Take heed, for Love has Piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain Reply'd.
Once free and blest as you are now,
I trifl'd with his Charms;
I pointed at his Little Bow,
And sported with his Arms:
Till urg'd too far, Revenge he crys,
A Fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its passage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,
To strive I quickly found,
Was only to encrease the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can Cure.
And That (grant Heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burthen for another's sake,
Who ill Rewards its Care.

Aman. Well, now *Berinthia*, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to Eccho the Sighs and Groans of a dying Lover.

Aman. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact, you may take it which way you like best; but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when

a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jeſt, and then she takes him in earneſt.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jeſt and earneſt in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for more Reasons than I'll brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I muſt tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account?

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit ſtill and hear you commended for two hours together, without one Complement to my self; now don't you think a Woman has a blessed time of that?

Aman. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the Pleasure lay of being prais'd by the Men: but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal Aversion to, Mr. *Worthy:* he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke so learnedly upon every Point, one might see the Spirit of the Church was in him; if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extasie to have heard how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Nose, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and so forth. Thus he Preach'd for an hour, but when he came to use an Application, he observ'd that all these without a Gallant were nothing——Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in practice.

Aman. Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, cou'd have the leaſt concern for such a plain unpolisht thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Aman. Indeed that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glass. But to shew you I have some good Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to perswade me I am in Love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perswade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you wou'd commend him for.

Ber. O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him however.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Psha———Well, 'tis a foolish undertaking for Women in these kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another——Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why then I understand my Trade so well, that when ever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Psha; but that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That tho' 'tis possible he may have had Women with as good Faces as your Ladyship's (no Discredit to it neither) yet you must know your cautious Behaviour, with that reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's wound; he mortally hates a Coquett; he says 'tis impossible to love where we cannot esteem; and that no Woman can be esteem'd by a Man who has sense, if she makes her self cheap in the Eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear bought, is Meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies——In short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may set a price upon her self, and that by under-selling the Market, they ruin the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well that, since I never intend to have a Gallant for my self, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he shou'd be the Man.

Enter Worthy.

Bless me! he's here; pray Heaven he did not hear me.

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your Thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of Night, Ladies; I hope if I am troublesome, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Loveless* is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to Night; for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to sup with some Company, he doubted would keep him out 'till three or four a Clock in the Morning, and desir'd I would let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him; but my Fellow's a Blunder-head; so lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my Duty to deliver the message my self.

Aman. I'm very sorry he shou'd give you that trouble, Sir. But———

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Aman. Cousin, you know you command my House.

Wor. to *Ber.* And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gamester.

Ber. O you play well enough to lose your Money, and that's all the Ladies require; so without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room, and call for the Cards.

Aman. With all my heart. [*Exit.* Wor. *leading* Aman.

Ber. sola. Well, how this Business will end, Heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way——as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney. [*Exit* Berinthia.

SCENE [III], *Berinthia's* Chamber.

Enter Loveless *cautiously in the dark.*

Lov. SO, thus far all's well I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think nobody has perceiv'd me steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home 'till four a Clock; so if *Berinthia* comes to Bed by eleven, I shall have a Chace of five Hours; let me see, where shall I hide myself? Under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other; her Closet's a better place, and I have a Master Key will open it; I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most like to prove her critical Minute, for then the Devil will be there to assist me.

[*He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.*

Enter Berinthia *with a Candle in her Hand.*

Ber. Well, sure I am the best Natur'd Woman in the World. I that love Cards so well (there is but one thing upon Earth I love better) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends——*à Tate à Tate;* however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I set 'em to; at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with my self? I don't know how in the World to pass my time; wou'd *Loveless* were here to badiner a little; well, he's a Charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him; what if I shou'd sit down and think of him till I fall asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? O, but then if I shou'd dream we were married, I shou'd be frightned out of my Wits. [*Seeing a Book.*] What's this Book? I think I had best go read. O Splenatique! it's a Sermon: well, I'll go into my Closet, and read the *Plotting Sisters.* [*She opens the Closet, sees* Loveless, *and shrieks out.*] O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost.

Enter Loveless *running to her.*

Lov. Peace, my Dear, it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again, here's some body coming. [*Loveless retires.*

Enter her Maid.

Maid. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almost frighted out of my Wits, I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up against it; you may be gone again, I am the fearful'st Fool.— [*Exit Maid.*

Re-enter Loveless.

Lov. Is the Coaſt clear?

Ber. The Coaſt clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Lov. I am very well pleas'd with my trick thus far, and shall be so 'till I have play'd it out, if it ben't your fault; where's my Wife?

Ber. At Cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy*.

Lov. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. Are you so? some Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare truſt mine—Besides, I know he's in love in another place, and he's not one of those who Court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasie he is at being engag'd with us, but 'twas my malice. I fancy'd he was to meet his Miſtress some where else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says *Amanda* to my ſtaying abroad so late?

Ber. Why she's as much out of Humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon throw up the Cards; [*Offering to pull her into her Closet*] Therefore, my Dear Charming Angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that wou'd make you blush worse than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lov. Faith I can't tell that, but if I do, it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the Dark with you for all the World.

Lov. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candles.*

Ber. O Lord! are you mad? What shall I do for Light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

Lov. Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moonshine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lov. Then you muſt be carryed. [*Carrying her.*

Ber. Help, help, I'm Ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I shall never be able to bear it. [*Very softly.*

SCENE [IV], Sir *Tunbelly's* House.

Enter Miss Hoyden, *Nurse*, Young Fashion, *and* Bull.

Y. Fash. THIS quick dispatch of yours, Mr. *Bull*, I take so kindly, it shall give you a claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I most humbly thank your Honours; and I hope, since it has been my Lot to join you in the Holy Bands of Wedlock, you will so well Cultivate the Soil which I have crav'd a Blessing on, that your Children may swarm about you like Bees about a Honey Comb.

Miss. I Cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I say; ha, Nurse?

Enter Lory *taking his Master hastily aside.*

Lo. One Word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Y. Fash. What the Devil's the matter?

Lo. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd, and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hour's Purchase: Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses, twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth Fourscore Pound, and a Periwig down to his Knees; so judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

Y. Fash. Death and Furies, 'tis impossible!

Lo. Fiends and Spectres, Sir, 'tis true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the House yet?

Lo. No, they are Capitulating with him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss *Hoyden*, and has Cock'd the Blunderbuss at him; your Brother swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he had a good mind to break off the Match; but they have given the Word for Sir *Tunbelly*, so I doubt all will come out presently. Pray Sir resolve what you'll do this Moment, for I Gad they'll maul you.

Y. Fash. Stay a little. [*To Miss.*] My Dear, here's a troublesome Business my Man tells me of; but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an Impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the Brazen-fac'd Varlet, it's well we are Married, or may be we might never a been so.

Y. Fash. [*aside.*] I Gad, like enough: Prithee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbelly*, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord—— [*Exit* Bull.

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Y. Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm Marry'd.

Y. Fash. Yes, pray my Dear do, 'till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt Miss and Nurse.*

Y. Fash. O! here's Sir *Tunbelly* coming. [*To Lo.*] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.

Y. Fash. Not a Word, all's safe: But Sir *Tunbelly* don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Business out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, Chap. *and* Servants *Arm'd.*

Y. Fash. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an Undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him I'll warrant him.

Y. Fash. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him disguis'd like Servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogues, enough; but I'll soon raise the *Posse* upon 'em.

Y. Fash. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suspicion; and as soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuss to disperse his Crew, and so commit him to Gaol.

Sir Tun. I Gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a very great General; but shall we kill any of 'em or not?

Y. Fash. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em; I'll warrant the Regiment scours when the Colonel's a Prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along my Boys, and let your Courage be great—— for your Danger is but small. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [V], *The Gate.*

Enter Lord Foppington *and Followers.*

Lord Fop. A Pax of these Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Moat-side like a Willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, Fellow—Prithee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thy self, to tell me whether

thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach and be gone.

Por. Here's my Master himself now at hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *and Servants.*

Sir Tun. My most noble Lord, I crave your pardon for making your Honour wait so long; but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit no body, without my knowledge, for fear of some attempt upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

Lord Fop. Much Caution, I must confess, is a Sign of great Wisdom: But, Stap my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter,—— he, hem——

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some Brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the way.

Lord Fop. Sir, I follow you with Pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord* Foppington's *Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against* La Verole.

Servants within. Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie-die, qu'est ce que veut dire ça?

Sir Tun. [*within.*] ——Fire, Porter.

Porter fires.——Have among ye, my Masters.

La Var. Ah je suis mort—— [*The servants all run off.*

Port. Not one Soldier left, by the Mass.

[SCENE VI.]

SCENE *changes to the Hall.*

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *the* Chaplain *and Servants, with Lord* Foppington *Disarm'd.*

Sir Tun. COme, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah? Here's an Impudent Rogue for you; Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

Lord Fop. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come give an account of yourself, what's your Name, where do you live? Do you pay Scott and Lott? Are you a *Williamite*, or a *Jacobite?* Come.

Lord Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you Rascal you.

Lord Fop. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow; stap my Vitals——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for Joking with Deputy-Lieutenants, we'st know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

Lord Fop. A Warrant——what the Devil is't thou would'st be at, Old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two double Fists beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

Lord Fop. And why would'st thou spoil my Face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your Design to Rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

Lord Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter——Now I do begin to believe I am a-Bed and a-sleep, and that all this is but a Dream——If it be, 'twill be an agreeable surprize enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent Company of a Nasty Country Justice, find my self, perhaps, in the Arms of a Woman of Quality [*To Sir* Tun.]——Prithee, Old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, 'till I know what it is.

Lord Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord *Foppington* to come down and Marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I; and my Lord *Foppington* is come down, and shall Marry my Daughter before she's a Day older.

Lord Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad——here bind him Hand and Foot.

[*They bind him down.*

Lord Fop. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jeast begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad——Bread and Water, a Dark Room, and a Whip; may bring him to his Senses again.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] I Gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miss *and* Nurse. [Miss *going up to him.*]

Miss. Is this he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of sweets! Pray, Father, let him be dragg'd through the Horse-Pond.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] This must be my Wife by her Natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him, hang him?

Sir Tun. That, at leaſt, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] Madam la Gouvernante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me, to be one of the moſt extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miss. He's juſt coming, Sir.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] My Lord——What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young Fashion *and* Lory.

Seeing him.] Stap by Vitals, *Tam*, now the Dream's out.

Y. Fash. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

Y. Fash. I find by his Dress, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miss. O gimmeni! Is this a Beau? let me see him again——ha! I find a Beau's no such an ugly thing neither.

Y. Fash. I Gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to Gaol.

[*To Lord Fop.*] Sir, tho' your Undertaking shews you are a Person of no extraordinary Modeſty, I suppose you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me?

Lord Fop. Strike me dumb, *Tam*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurse. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain *Thomas*.

Bull. The business is, he wou'd feign himself Mad, to avoid going to Gaol.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] That muſt be the Chaplain, by his Unfolding of Myſteries.

Sir Tun. Come, is the Warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the Pen, I'll sign it——So, now Conſtable away with him.

Lord Fop. Hold one Moment——Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O ho, it's my Lord with him now; see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, leſt he bite your Ear off.

Lord Fop. I am not altogether so Hungry, as your Ladyship is pleased to imagine.

[*To* Young Fash.] Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's paſt, and accept of the Five Thousand Pounds I offer; thou may'ſt live in extream Splendour with it; ſtap my Vitals.

Y. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Miſtress; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y. Fash. Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a Pox to him: Lead on, Conſtable.

Lord Fop. One word more, and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate, after thou art Condemn'd; but speak once for all.

Lord Fop. Why then once for all; I have at laſt luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who I believe cannot live far from this place, (if he were here) would satisfy you, I am *Navelty*, Baron of *Foppington*, with five thousand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there, a Rascal not worth a Groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honeſt Gentleman you are so well acquainted with. *To Y. Fash.*] Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

Lord Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly.*

Sir Tun. So; he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but laſt Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* ſtill, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for Sir *John* immediately: Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to ſtep over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and in the mean while you had beſt secure this Sharper in the *Gate-House.*

Conſt. An't please your Worship, he may chance to give us the Slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

Lord Fop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Cloaths.

Sir Tun. O when you have Married my Daughter, her Eſtate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

Lord Fop. A Dirty Country Juſtice is a barbarous Magiſtrate; ſtap my Vitals—— [*Exit Conſtable with Lord* Foppington.

Y. Fash. [*aside.*] I gad I muſt prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will grow soon too hot to hold me.

To Sir Tun.] Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir *John* upon this impertinent Fellow's desire: I'll send and call the Messenger back——

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I met Sir *John* just lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

Y. Fash. [*aside.*] The Devil it does: *Lory*, you see how things are, here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our Brains beat out; for my Brother will be sure to Swear he don't know me; therefore run into the Stable, take the two first Horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the Back Door, and we'll away immediately.

Lo. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

Y. Fash. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken possession, I shall know how to treat with 'em well enough, if once I am out of their Reach: Away, I'll steal after thee. [*Exit* Lory, *his Master follows him out at one Door, as Sir* John *enters at t'other.*

Enter Sir John.

Sir Tun. Sir *John*, you are the welcom'st Man alive; I had just sent a Messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion ——we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. How so?

Sir Tun. Why you must know——a finical sort of a tawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing I suppose, that the Match was concluded between my Lord *Foppington*, and my Girl *Hoyden*, comes impudently to the Gate, with a whole pack of Rogues in Liveries, and wou'd have pass'd upon me for his Lordship; but what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his Guards, takes him by the Throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, dispatches a Warrant, and Commits him Prisoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir John. So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he set out from *London* the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir Tun. Why now to shew you how many Lies People raise in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Post, with only one Servant, and is now in the House with me; but you don't know the Cream of the Jest yet; this same Rogue (that lies yonder Neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and said if you were here, you'd justify him to be Lord *Foppington*, and I know not what.

Sir John. Pray will you let me see him?

Sir Tun. Ay, that you shall presently——here, fetch the Prisoner.
[*Exit Servant.*

Sir John. I wish there ben't some mistake in this business, where's my Lord? I know him very well.

Sir Tun. He was here just now; see for him, Doctor, tell him Sir *John* is here to wait upon him. [*Ex. Chaplain.*

Sir John. I hope, Sir *Tunbelly*, the young Lady is not Married yet.

Sir Tun. No, things won't be ready this week; but why do you say you hope she is not Married?

Sir John. Some foolish fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordship is just rid out to take the Air.

Sir Tun. To take the Air! Is that his *London* Breeding to go to take the Air, when Gentlemen come to visit him?

Sir John. 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden Qualm perhaps.

Enter Constable, &c. *with Lord* Foppington.

Lord Fop. Stap my Vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir John. [*running to him.*] My dear Lord *Foppington!*

Lord Fop. Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the Critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir John. Why, I little thought I shou'd have found you in Fetters.

Lord Fop. Why truly the World must do me the justice to confess I do use to appear a little more *dégagé:* But this Old Gentleman, not liking the freedom of my Air, has been pleased to Skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

Sir Tun. Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true Lord *Foppington* at last?

Lord Fop. Why what do you see in his Face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a Person of a worse *Taille* than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves: my Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by Signs; but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back——Away, I say, a Dog oons——I'll cut off his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head——and——what shall I do more?

Sir John. He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

Lord Fop. He does deserve to be *chartré*, stap my Vitals.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

Lord Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. *Hoyden*, come hither, *Hoyden*.

Lord Fop. *Hoyden* is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. The prettieſt Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My Lord——here's my Girl, she's yours, she has a wholesom Body, and a Vertuous Mind; she's a Woman compleat, both in Flesh and in Spirit; she has a Bag of Mill'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year ſtitch'd faſt to her Tail, so go thy ways, *Hoyden*.

Lord Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man, I bleſs Heaven, and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will like a good Chriſtian at *Chriſtmas*, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving; come, my Noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready, if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison Paſty. [*Exit Sir* Tun.

Lord Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your Ladyship do me the favour of your Little Finger, Madam?

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little business with my Nurse.

Lord Fop. Your Ladyship's moſt humble Servant; come, Sir *John*, the Ladies have *des affaires*. [*Exeunt* Lord Fop. *and Sir* John.

Miss. So, Nurse, we are finely brought to bed, what shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah dear Miss, we are all undone; Mr. *Bull*, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [*Crying.*

Bull. A lack a day, but it's paſt my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry?

Miss. Well, I have often thought old folks Fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way my self to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady what's that?

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's paſt, I'll e'en marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miss. Why you had three, good Nurse, you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not all together, sweet Child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't.

Nurse. O but 'tis a Sin—Sweeting.

Bull. Nay, that's my business to speak to, Nurse; I do confess, to take two Husbands for the satisfaction of the Flesh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy; but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Physick; besides, to prevent a Parent's Wrath, is to

avoid the Sin of Disobedience; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is froward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miss shou'd Marry again, she may be sav'd.

Miss. I Cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the Story. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE [I] *London.*

Enter Coupler, Young Fashion, *and* Lory.

Coup. WELL, and so Sir *John* coming in——

Y. Fash. And so Sir *John* coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on Horseback as fast as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Reer of me; what has happen'd since, Heav'n knows.

Coup. I gad, Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

Y. Fash. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

Y. Fash. The Devil I am? By who?

Coup. By your Brother.

Y. Fash. My Brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has lain with your Wife.

Y. Fash. Hell and Furies, what dost thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I speak no Parable.

Y. Fash. Plainly! Thou dost not speak common sense, I cannot understand one Word thou say'st.

Coup. You will do soon, Youngster. In short, you left your Wife a Widow, and she Married again.

Y. Fash. It's a Lye.

Coup. ———I cod, if I were a young Fellow, I'd break your Head, Sirrah.

Y. Fash. Dear Dad, don't be angry, for I'm as mad as *Tom* of *Bedlam*.

Coup. When I had fitted you with a Wife, you shou'd have kept her.

Y. Fash. But is it possible the young Strumpet cou'd play me such a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir———can play twenty tricks.

Y. Fash. But prithee instruct me a little farther; whence comes thy Intelligence!

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter; there, you may read it.

[*Young* Fashion *reads.*

Dear Coupler,

Pulling off his Hat, I *Have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil, that Rascal* Tam, *having ſtole the Letter thou hadſt formerly writ for me to bring to* Sir Tunbelly, *form'd a damnable design upon my Miſtress, and was in a fair way of success when I arriv'd. But after having ſuffer'd some Indignities, (in which I have all daub'd my Embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I would have qualified him for the* Seraglio, *ſtap my Vitals.*

The Danger I have thus narrowly 'scap'd, has made me fortifie myself againſt further attempts, by ent'ring immediately into an Association with the young Lady, by which we engage to ſtand by one another, as long as we both shall live.

In short, the Papers are Seal'd, and the Contract is Sign'd, so the business of the Lawyer is Achevé, *but I defer the divine part of the thing 'till I arrive at* London; *not being willing to consummate in any other Bed but my own.*

Poſtscript,

'Tis passible I may be in Tawne as soon as this Letter, far I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disardering my Coach-Harses.

So, here's rare work, I faith!

Lo. I gad, Miss *Hoyden* has lay'd about her bravely.

Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part as well, as if she had been born and bred in St. *James*'s Parish.

Y. Faſh. ———That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lo. And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

Y. Faſh. And then that drunken Sot *Lory*, Sir, that cou'd not keep himself sober, to be a Witness to the Marriage.

Lo. Sir——with reſpect——I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

Y. Faſh. Hold your prating, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head; dear *Coupler*, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done, 'till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

Y. Faſh. Bride and Bridegroom! Death and Furies! I can't bear that thou shouldſt call 'em so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call 'em, Dog and Cat?

Y. Faſh. Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of them in no Language, we'll leave them for the Nurse and the Chaplain.

Y. Fash. The Devil and the Witch.

Coup. When they come to Town——

Lo. We shall have stormy weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues, Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I say when they come, we must find what stuff they are made of, whether the Church Man be chiefly compos'd of the Flesh, or the Spirit; I presume the former———For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three Pound of Beef to the reading one Chapter——This gives him Carnal Desires, he wants Money, Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we must Invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Sugar, a Purse of Gold, and a Plump Sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he speaks Truth like an Oracle.

Y. Fash. Thou art a profound Statesman I allow it; but how shall we gain the Nurse?

Coup. O never fear the Nurse, if once you have got the Priest, for the Devil always rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the Matter at this time, that I know of; so let us go and enquire, if there's any news of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow; if thou hadst behav'd thyself as thou shou'st have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [II], Berinthia's *Apartment.*

Enter her Maid, passing the Stage, follow'd by Worthy.

Wor. HEM, Mrs. *Abigall*, is your Mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit* Ab.

Worthy Solus.

One lift more I must perfwade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd and a handsome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a Witch. Lewdness looks Heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cause; but when a Hag is Advocate, she thinks it comes from the Devil. An old Woman has something so terrible in her looks, that whilst

she is perswading your Mistress to forget she has a Soul, she stares Hell and Damnation full in her Face.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Well, Sir, what News bring you?

Wor. No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to Cuckold her Husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be more than a God speed or your Charity won't be worth a Farthing.

Ber. Why, han't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The Lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Vertue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Vertue; it's some Relicks of lawful Love: she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain; for the Breach must be wider, before I dare storm the Town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a Mine? I have a Thought just now come into my Head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That wou'd be a Thought, indeed.

Ber.——Faith, I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord *Foppington*'s to Night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and makes a Ball, with an Entertainment of Musick. Now you must know, my Undoer here, *Loveless*, says he must needs meet me about some private business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain knowledge, her Husband has a Rendezvous with his Mistress this Afternoon; and that if she'll give me her Word, she'll be satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman, I'll direct her to a place, where she shall see 'em meet.

Now, Friend; this I fancy may help you to a Critical Minute. For home she must go again to dress. You (with your good-breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit enflam'd against her Husband for his Treason, and her Flesh in a heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conscience in ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive——Ah, poor *Amanda*.

Wor. kneeling. Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee?

Ber. Thou Minister of Darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*———How shall I requite you———

Ber. O ne'er trouble yourself about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays it self. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou best of Women. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Amanda, *meeting* Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of. Tho', I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Mystery: You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands, as Barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; cram them with sweet-Meats 'till they spoil their Stomachs.

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible, he ever should have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you shou'd consider, that in matters of Love, Men's Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true: But they have soon din'd.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more, than Mens Inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have 'em, as soon as we saw 'em; kist 'em to pieces, as soon as we got 'em; then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw 'em naked, and so threw 'em away.

Aman. But do you think all Men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no Proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his Mistress.

Aman. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

Aman. Why do you think he shou'd be more Constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by Favour; he likes you best.

Aman. Suppose he does? That's no Demonstration he wou'd be Constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it: For you must know after all, *Amanda*, the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their Temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away. But possibly, through the whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her; now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (tho' that seldom happens you'll say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her. Either she likes some body else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes no body so well as her: Still something or other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander about, from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and 's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer; that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. *Loveless* does so.

Ber. What does Mr. *Loveless* do?

Aman. Why, he runs after something for variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'd lay my Life, if I cou'd look into his Heart, he thinks I deserve to be prefer'd to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither; a Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my Jealousie.

Ber. All the Men of Sense about Town, say she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof——all the Women about Town, say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you're convinc'd?

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to beſtow any thing more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry!——[*Aside*] I can't bear this. *To Aman.* Don't you think she's a Woman to be fobb'd off so. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer you should be thus grosly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the leaſt part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour, somewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedness, *White-Hall.* And if you'll give me your Word that you'll be content with seeing her mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Headcloaths off, I'll ſtep immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you word where abouts you may ſtand to see 'em meet. My Friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, leſt you do it awkardly and spoil all. I'll come home to you again as soon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an account, in what corner of the House, the Scene of their Lewdness lies.

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*; He's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I shall never reſt 'till I know the worſt of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get your self ready then. Put on some of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders. [*Calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly.

Serv. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. 'Tis well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go; tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward, (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous firſt; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my height; and very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as ſtraight as I am. But we lose time, come away.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *Young Fashion's Lodgings.*]

Enter Young Fashion, *meeting* Lory.

Y. Fash. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lo. Sir, I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

Y. Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lo. Not a jott, Sir; he Divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

Y. Fash. Will he bring Nurse with him?

Lo. Yes.

Y. Fash. That's well; where's *Coupler?*

Lo. He's half way up the Stairs taking breath; he must play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter Coupler.

Y. Fash. O here he is. Well, old Phthysick, the Doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor——I'm quite out of Wind [*To Lo.* Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah——[*sits down*] [*To Y. Fash.*] Why the Plague can'st not thou lodge upon the ground Floor?

Y. Fash. Because I love to lye as near Heaven as I can.

Coup. Prithee let Heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

Y. Fash. That's impossible. I have too much ill luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest Fellow in the Universe.

Y. Fash. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of Fat-goose Living.

Y. Fash. If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred Pound a-year, and the Presentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove thyself a lawful Husband to Miss *Hoyden.*

Y. Fash. Say'st thou so, my Protector? then I Cad I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

Coup. The Nurse and the Doctor?

Y. Fash. The same: The Devil himself won't have Interest enough to make 'em withstand it.

Coup. That we shall see presently: Here they come.

Enter Nurse *and* Chaplain: *They ſtart back, ſeeing* Young Fashion.

Nurse. Ah Goodness, *Roger*, we are betray'd.

Y. Fash. [*laying hold on 'em.*] Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you ſafe. Come to your Tryals immediately: I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There ſits your Judge.——

Both kneeling. Pray, Sir, have compaſſion on us.

Nurse. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your pity; I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument indeed.

Bull. I hope, Sir, my Character will be conſider'd; I am Heaven's Ambaſſador.

Coup. [*To Bull.*] Are not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. Sir, (with reſpect to my Function) I do wear a Gown.

Coup. Did not you Marry this Vigorous young Fellow to a plump young Buxom Wench?

Nurse. [*to Bull.*] Don't confeſs, *Roger*, unleſs you are hard put to it, indeed.

Coup. Come, out with't—Now is he chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

Bull. Sir,——I cannot poſitively ſay——I ſay, Sir——poſitively I cannot ſay——

Coup. Come, no Equivocations; no Roman Turns upon us. Conſider thou ſtandeſt upon Proteſtant Ground, which will ſlip from under thee like a *Tyburn* Cart; for in this Country, we have always ten Hangmen for one Jeſuit.

Bull. [*to Y. Fash.*] Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to ſpeak one word in private with Nurſe.

Y. Fash. Thou art always for doing ſomething in private with Nurſe.

Coup. But pray let his Betters be ſerv'd before him for once. I would do ſomething in private with her my ſelf: *Lory*, take care of this Reverend Gown-man in the next Room a little. Retire Prieſt. [*Exit* Lo. *with* Bull.]

Now, Virgin, I muſt put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be poſſible to make you ſpeak truth?

Nurse. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis poſſible thou may'ſt be a Stranger to it.

Y. Fash. Come, Nurſe, you and I were better Friends when we ſaw one another laſt; and I ſtill believe you are a very good Woman in the Bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always deſign'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis poſſible in the end, ſhe might have found her ſelf happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

Nurse. Brother! Why is your Worſhip then his Lordſhip's Brother?

Y. Fash. I am, which you should have known, if I durſt have ſtaid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take Horse a little in haſte, you know.

Nurse. You were, indeed, Sir, poor young Man, how he was bound to scaure for't. Now won't your Worship be angry, if I confess the Truth to you; when I found you were a Cheat (with reſpect be it spoken) I verily believ'd Miss had got some pitiful Skip-Jack Varlet or other to her Husband; or I had ne'er let her think of Marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conscience all this while, Woman? Did not that ſtair you in the Face with huge Saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Fore-head? Did not you think you shou'd be damn'd for such a Sin? Ha?

Y. Fash. Well said, Divinity, press that home upon her.

Nurse. Why, in good truly Sir, I had some fearful thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to consent, 'till Mr. *Bull* said it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd secure my Soul, for a Tythe Pigg.

Y. Fash. There was a Rogue for you.

Coup. And he shall thrive accordingly: He shall have a good Living. Come, honeſt *Nurse*, I see you have Butter in your Compound; you can melt. Some Compassion you can have of this handsome young Fellow.

Nurse. I have indeed, Sir.

Y. Fash. Why, then I'll tell you, what you shall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen; and that it muſt be in the disposal of him, who has the disposal of Miss. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll present him to it, upon Condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurse. Naw the Blessing of the Lord follow your good Worship both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears; I'll soon bring his Nose to the Grind-ſtone.

Coup. [*aside.*] Well said, old White-leather. Hey; bring in the Prisoner there.

Enter Lory *with* Bull.

Coup. Come, advance, holy Man: Here's your Duck does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time: But she has a Proposal to make to you, in the face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurse*, speak for your self; you are of Age.

Nurse. Roger, are not you a wicked Man, *Roger*, to set your Strength againſt a weak Woman, and perswade her it was no Sin to conceal Miss's Nuptials? My Conscience flies in my Face for it, thou Prieſt of *Baal*; and I find by woful Experience, thy Absolution is not worth an old Cassock. Therefore I am resolv'd to Confess the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worship overflows with his Mercy, and his Bounty: He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our sins, but designs thou

sha't squat thee down in *Fat-goose* Living; and, which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife of thy Bosom.

Y. Fash. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me; I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worship's goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing, seems a Point of Conscience: And Conscience is a tender Babe. If I shou'd bind myself, for the sake of this Living, to Marry Nurse, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Symony.

Coup. [*rising up.*] If it were Sacriledge, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more Words, good Doctor. But with the [*giving* Nurse *to him.*] Parish——here——take the Parsonage House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some delapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is warpt; the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, White wash and Playster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good People: Come, my Turtle Doves, let us go help this poor Pidgeon to his Wand'ring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a Cooing together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Loveless's Lodgings.*

Enter Amanda, *in a Scarf*, &c. *as just returned, her Woman following her.*

Aman. Prithee what care I who has been here.

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Aman. My Lady *Fiddle*, and my Lady *Faddle*. What do'st stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women; when they are well seam'd with the Small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces——There are more Cocquets about this Town.

Wom. Madam, I suppose they only came to return your Ladiship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Aman. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the Middle on't! Be gone; leave me. [*Exit Wom.*

Amanda *sola.*

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood. The base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain——

Good Gods—What slippery Stuff are Men compos'd of?
Sure, the Account of their Creation's false,
And 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of.
But why am I thus angry?
This poor Relapse shou'd only move my Scorn.
'Tis true, the roving Flights of his unfinisht Youth,
Had ſtrong Excuses, from the Plea of Nature;
Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck,
And slipt him to unlimited Desire.
If therefore he went wrong,
He had a Claim to my forgiveness, and I did him right.
But since the Years of Manhood Rein him in,
And Reason well digeſted into Thought,
Has pointed out the Course he ought to run;
If now he ſtrays,
'Twou'd be as weak and mean in me to pardon,
As it has been in him t' offend.
But hold:
'Tis an ill Cause indeed, where nothing's to be said for't.
My Beauty possibly is in the Wain:
Perhaps Sixteen has greater Charms for him:
Yes, there's the Secret: But let him know,
My Quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,
I ſtill have Darts, and I can shoot 'em too;
They're not so blunt, but they can enter ſtill;
The Want's not in my Power, but in my Will.
Vertue's his Friend, or, through another's Heart,
I yet cou'd find the way, to make his smart.

[*Going off, she meets* Worthy.

Ha! he here? Protect me, Heav'n, for this looks Ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd, Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be diſturbs you; I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the pain, till I were able to remove the Cause.

Aman. I hope e'er long it will remove it self. At leaſt, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durſt ask, Where 'tis the Thorn torments you?
Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive.
'Tis only with desire to give you ease.

Aman. Alas! 'tis in a tender Part. It can't be drawn without a world of pain: Yet out it muſt;
For it begins to feſter in my Heart.

Wor. If 'tis the Sting of unrequited Love, remove it instantly:
I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Aman. You'll find the undertaking difficult:
The Surgeon, who already has attempted it,
Has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler Hand
——If you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe'er the Hand may be,
There still is Terrour in the Operation.

Wor. Some few Preparatives would make it easie, cou'd I perswade you to apply 'em. Make Home Reflections, Madam, on your slighted Love: Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and slight your God, if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for those who come in Flames: Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Feaver raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants; see how he glows, how he consumes: Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on Love.

[*Sighing*]———Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliss in softer Usage.

Aman. But where's that Usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes; lay all its Secrets open to your View; and then, you'll see 'twas sound.

Aman. With just such honest Words as these, the worst of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all Revenge can do; his fault is such, the extent and stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice: You'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Justice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wretch's Neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What Proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Aman. There is on Earth, but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Aman. It is: And one that wou'd so thoroughly convince me, I shou'd be apt to rate your Heart so high; I possibly might purchas't with a part of mine.

Wor. Then, Heav'n, thou art my Friend, and I am blest; for if 'tis

in my Power, my Will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be: What is it will convince you of my Love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if, from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant.——You pause upon it, Sir——I doubt, on such hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any Terms is worth it: 'Twas not on that I paus'd. But I was thinking [*drawing nearer to her*] whether some things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which Men may take without offence. [*Taking her Hand.*] Your Hand, I fancy may be of the number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Aman. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have Strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess——O forgive me!

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost.

Wor. Stand Neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you.

Aman. Then, save me, Vertue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Aman. I will; and Conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my aid, [*breaking from him*] and thus I gain the Day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their Attack; [*seizing her again.*] And thus I wrest it from you. Nay struggle not; for all 's in vain: Or Death or victory; I am determin'd.

Aman. And so am I. [*rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven's sake———

Aman. [*Going*] Nay then, farewell.

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her Cloaths.*] O stay, and see the Magick Force of Love: Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easie; but sin no more 's a Task too hard for Mortals.

Aman. Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use, but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pondrous things.

Aman. Whate'er they are; there is a Weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, so soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the Reins in the wild

Hand of Nature, who, like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and sets the World on Flame. Yet ſtill the Sovereignty is in the Mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains for my Eſteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart,
Perhaps 'tis dear: But spight of all your Art,
You'll find on cheaper terms, we ne'er shall part.

[*Exit* Amanda.

Worthy, solus.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and sh'as dispens'd some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of Love, or (to diſſect that specious term) the vile, the gross desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a moment turn'd to Adoration. The Coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis, methinks the Food of Angels I require; how long this influence may laſt, Heaven knows. But in this moment of my purity, I cou'd on her own terms, accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman; I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much encreas'd, since thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Vertue is a graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Counsels scan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep reserves of Man,
They'd wear it on, that that of Love might laſt,
For when they throw off one, we soon the other caſt.
Their Sympathy is such———
The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly;
They live together, and together die. [*Exit.*

[SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Foppington's House.*]

Enter Miss *and* Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lord's own Brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your Lawful Husband.

Miss. I Cod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him: for between you and I, *Nurse*, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy moſt, Nurse?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, Madam, your firſt Husband is the prettier Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's Shapes, *Nurse.*

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a Body may say, he is but a Slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you Remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Washy?*

Nurse. As like as two Twin-Brothers.

Miss. I Cod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith, I'm tir'd of him.

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good ſtand to your firſt Bargain.

Miss. O but, *Nurse*, we han't consider'd the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I muſt leave my Lady too; and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes Miſtress——Miſtress——Miſtress what? What's this Man's Name, I have Married, Nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire *Fashion.*

Miss. 'Squire *Fashion* is it?——Well 'Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, *Nurse?*

Nurse. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miss. I Cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know.

Nurse. Birlady, and that's as good as the beſt of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, Faith; for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladyship at every word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, *Nurse*, But hark you me; one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Money to throw about, *Nurse.*

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feaſt: Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the Younger Brother, as with the Elder. For tho' these Lords have a power of Wealth indeed; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a Murrain to 'em, whilſt poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half Crown to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, Nurse. For this I muſt [*snapping her Fingers*] say for my Lord, and a——for him. He's as free as an open House at *Chriſtmas.* For this very Morning, he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, Nurse, if he gives me two hundred a Year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my deareſt, he deceives thee faully, and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These *Londoners* have got a Gibberidge with 'em, wou'd confound a Gypsey. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varsal World, down to their very Shoe-tyes: Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'um, are forc't to find them out of their Pin-money too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye?——Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folk at 's heels. I Cod, Nurse, these *London* Ladies will laugh 'till they crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But, d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the Business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Loveless, Worthy, Amanda, *and* Berinthia.

Lord Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To* Lov.] *Loveless*——That's my Wife; prithee do me the favour to salute her: and do'ſt hear, [*aside to him.*] if thau haſt a mind to try thy Fartune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, ſtap my Vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the leaſt Inclination for yours. [*All salute Miss.*

Lord Fop [*aside.*] I'd give a thausand Paund he wou'd make Love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not. [*viewing him.*]—He's a very beaſtly Fellow in my Opinion.

Miss. [*aside.*] What a Power of fine Men there are in this *London?* He that kiſt me firſt, is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always?

Enter Sir Tun. *with Musicians, Dancers,* &c.

Sir Tun. Come; come in, good People, come in; come, tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles.

To the Hautboys.] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come ſtrike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's *Wedding-day*;
And therefore we keep Holy-day,
And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench, I'Faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her; shee'll breed like a tame Rabbet.

Miss. [*aside*] I'Cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper.

Sir Tun. [*to L*[ov]. *and* W[or].] Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*saluting* Aman. *and* Ber.] Ladies by your leave. Ha———They bill like Turtles. Udsookers, they set my old Blood a-fire; I shall cuckold some body before Morning.

Lord Fop. [*to Sir Tun.*] Sir, you being Maſter of the Entertainment, will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, Sir,——I'm the happieſt Man on this side the *Ganges.*

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*To Sir* Tun.] I said, Sir, it wou'd be convenient to ask the Company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit?——with all my heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen: Come, sit down, sit down; a Pox of Ceremony, take your Places. [*They sit, and the Mask begins.*

Dialogue between *Cupid* and *Hymen.*

Cupid. 1.

THOU Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Contest,
Thou source of all Discord, thou period to rest;
Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage can see,
That the Aim of their Life, is still pointed to thee.

Hymen. 2.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,
To grow fond of a Change, to what ever it be,
And I'll tell thee why those wou'd be bound, who are free.

Chorus.

For change, we're for change, to what ever it be,
We are neither contented with Freedom, nor Thee.
Constancy's an empty sound.
Heaven, and Earth, and all go round,
All the Works of Nature move,
And the Joys of Life and Love
Are in Variety.

Cupid. 3.

Were Love the Reward of a pains-taking Life,
Had a Husband the art to be fond of his Wife,
Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
These very hard Times, to be true to her Lord;
Some specious account might be given of those
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose.

4.

But since 'tis the Fate, of a Man and his Wife,
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife:
Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may Create her,
He's morally sure, he shall heartily hate her;
I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
And the volleys of Love on the Herd to discharge.

Hymen. 5.

Some colour of Reason thy Council might bear,
Cou'd a Man have no more, than his Wife to his share:
Or were I a Monarch, so cruelly juſt,
To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Truſt;
But I have not pretended, for many Years paſt,
By marrying of People, to make 'em grow chaſt.

6.

I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
Thou'lt find I'm the ſtrength and support of thy Throne;
For hadſt thou but Eyes, thou wouldſt quickly perceive it,
How smoothly the Dart
Slips into the Heart
Of a Woman that's Wed,
Whilſt the shivering Maid
Stands trembling and wishing, but dare not receive it.

Chorus.

For Change, &c.

The Mask ended, enter Young Fash. Coupler, *and* Bull.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine, I'faith, this is something like a Wedding; now if Supper were but ready, I'd say a short Grace; and if I had such a Bed-fellow as *Hoyden* to night——I'd say as short Prayers.

Seeing Y. Fash. How now——what have we got here? a Ghoſt? Nay, it muſt be so, for his Flesh and Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me. [*To him.*] Ah, Rogue——

Lord Fop. Stap my Vitals, *Tam* again.

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his Throat? Or shall I?

Lord Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. Prithee, *Tam*, be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here?

Y. Fash. 'Tis with your Bride.

Lord Fop. Thau art the impudent'ſt Fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the Warld, ſtrike me speechless.

Y. Fash. Why you know my Modeſty wou'd have ſtarv'd me, I sent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

Lord Fop. And doſt thau expect by an excess of assurance to extart a maintenance fram me?

Y. Fash. [*taking Miss by the Hand.*] I do intend to extort your Miſtress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

Lord Fop. I ever thaught *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fartune, and naw his Fate's decided. Prithee *Loveless* doſt knaw of ever a Mad Doctor hard by?

Y. Faſh. There's one at your Elbow will cure you presently.

To Bull. Prithee Doctor take him in hand quickly.

Lord Fop. Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand.

Y. Faſh. His Wife! Look you there, now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's Mad.

Lord Fop. Naw is it nat passible far me to penetrate what species of fally it is thou art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

Lord Fop. No, pray Sir hold, we'll deſtray him presently accarding to Law.

Y. Faſh. [*To* Bull.] Nay, then advance Doctor; come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the queſtions I shall ask; Did not you Marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her face?

Bull. Since the Truth muſt out, I did.

Y. Faſh. Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak——I was.

Y. Faſh. [*to Miss.*] Madam, am not I your lawful Husband?

Miss. Truly I can't tell, but you Married me firſt.

Y. Faſh. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd?

Sir Tun. [*offering to ſtrike him, is held by* Lov. *and* Wor.] Oons and Thunder, you Lie.

Lord Fop. Pray Sir be calm, the Battle is in disarder, but requires more Canduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray Dactar one word with you.

To Bull *aside.*] Look you, Sir, tho' I will not presume to Calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the description you give us of Hell, yet since there is at leaſt a passibility, you may have a Pitchfark thruſt in your back-side, methinks, it shou'd not be worth your while to risque your Saul in the next Warld, for the sake of a beggarly yaunger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no worldly Ends, I speak the Truth, Heaven knows.

Lord Fop. Nay Prithee never engage Heaven in the Matter, far, by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a business for the Devil.

Y. Faſh. Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences; if you please, this young Lady is my Lawful Wife, and I'll juſtify it in

all the Courts of *England;* so your Lordship (who always had a passion for variety) may go seek a new Miſtress if you think fit.

Lord Fop. I am ſtruck dumb with his impudence and cannot paſſitively tell whether ever I ſhall speak again or nat.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business a little, I'll jerk the truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

Y. Fash. Look you, Old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within call, have Swords by their sides, above four foot long, therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law; here's honeſt *Coupler* shall be Foreman, and ask as many queſtions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether Nurse perſiſts in her Evidence? the Parson, I dare swear will never flinch from his.

Nurse. [*to Sir* Tun. *kneeling.*] I hope in Heaven your Worship will pardon me, I have serv'd you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd, your Worship, however, was deceiv'd as well as I, and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to Bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durſt you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor Thing beg'd, and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nurſt it both wet and dry, muſt have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Y. Fash. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Coup. Then, my young Folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. [*to Y. Fash.*] Come hither, Stripling, if it be true then that thou haſt Marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art?

Y. Fash. Sir, the beſt of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worſt of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer?——Why then that Noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Prieſt—— may all go and be damn'd together. [*Exit Sir* Tun.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] Now for my part, I think the wiſeſt thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the moſt becoming thing in the World to the face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an affront.

[*To* Y. Fash.] Dear *Tam*, since Things are thus fallen aut, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay. I do it *de bon Cœur*, ſtrike me dumb; you have

Marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayrs, Prudent in her Conduct, Constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Morality, split my Wind-pipe.

Y. Fash. Your Lordship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace if you please, I shall support mine with this Lady, and two Thousand Pound a year.

Taking Miss.] Come, Madam.

We once again you see are Man and Wife,
And now perhaps the Bargain's struck for Life;
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least you see you may have choice of Men:
Nay, shou'd the War at length such Havock make,
That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau—

Pointing to Lord Fop.] You'll find his Lordship ready to come to.
Lord Fop. Her Ladyship shall stap my Vitals, if I do.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE
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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Lord FOPPINGTON.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THese People have regal'd you here to-day
(In my Opinion) with a saucy Play;
In which the Author does presume to shew,
That Coxcomb, ab Origine*—was Beau.*
Truly I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp Chaſtisement ben't his Fate,
Gad's Curse it may in time deſtroy the State.
I hold no one its Friend, I muſt confess,
Who wou'd discauntenance you Men of Dress.
Far, give me leave t'observe good Cloaths are Things
Have ever been of great support to Kings;
All Treasons come fram Slovens, it is nat
Within the reach of gentle Beaux to plat;
They have no Gaul; no Spleen, no Teeth, no Stings,
Of all Gad's Creatures the moſt harmless Things.
Thro' all Recard, no Prince was ever slain
By one who had a Feather in his Brain.
They're Men of too refin'd an Education,
To squabble with a Court—for a vile dirty Nation.
I'm very pasitive, you never saw
A through Republican a finisht Beau.
Nor truly shall you very often see
A Jacobite *much better dreſt than he;*
In shart, through all the Courts that I have been in,
Your Men of Mischief—ſtill are in faul Linnen.
Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Jigg,
With a free Air, ar a well pawder'd Wigg?
Did ever Highway-man yet bid you ſtand,
With a sweet bawdy Snuff-bax in his Hand;
Ar do you ever find they ask your Purse
As men of breeding do?——Ladies Gad's Curse,
This Auther is a Dagg, and 'tis not fit
You shou'd allow him ev'n one grain of Wit.
To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is——he may be dam'd.

FINIS.

THE

PROVOK'D WIFE

A

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

New Theatre

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

Text

THE text is from the first quarto of 1697, collated with that of 1709, and those of the collected editions of 1719 and 1730, with occasional references to later editions. Where 1709 corrects the spelling, this has been adopted, e.g. "advise me" for "advice me," "room" for "roon." Other instances have been noted. A uniform spelling of "neice" and "ladyship" has been adopted, "niece" and "ladiship" occurring rarely.

Theatrical History

THE Provok'd Wife made its first appearance in Lincoln's Inn Fields in May, 1697, Vanbrugh, as the Epilogue states, giving his third and sixth night's profits to the players. This was the first of Vanbrugh's plays to be acted by the Betterton group, and its success not only amply made up for the partial failure of *Æsop*, but once for all made Vanbrugh's reputation as a playwright. Although he may have caught the idea of the marital quarrel scenes from *Marriage à la Mode*, his certainly became the pattern for his successors in the latter half of the eighteenth century in such plays as Murphy's *The Way to Keep Him* and even Colman's *The Jealous Wife*. The part of Belinda was taken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the Diana of the Stage," then at the height of her charm. Whether or not she was a great actress is doubtful, but her fascination was so great that in her presence the critic forgot to criticise (except, of course, Gildon) and could only admire, for indeed it was the fashion "among the gay and young to have a taste or *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle"; but she never responded, though tongues were not slow to say that she succumbed to the advances of Congreve, no further proof being adduced than that they once lived in the same street. Certain it is that Dryden thought her a great actress, Congreve the greatest of her age, and writers would always confide their best parts to her. Everyone is agreed that in the part of Millamant she was perfection itself, and quite inimitable; thus we can judge that in her hands the character of Belinda must have been ravishing.

The parts of Sir John and Lady Brute might have been written for Betterton and Mrs. Barry. Betterton is, probably, the greatest genius our stage has ever produced. Not handsome, small, and even a little crooked, he had a fine voice which he could use, and in making his gestures he rarely raised his hand above the elbow. His remarks on acting in *The Life of Thomas Betterton* ought to be closely studied by every actor and critic. He was an artist, moreover, who understood his parts so well that he could re-create them, and he did not care to curry public favour: "he never prostituted his power to the low ambition of a false applause," so when fire and force were not needed he withheld them. He aimed rather at keeping the audience hushed and quiet than to excite them to hand-clapping. He was an excellent judge of time, and of the proper lengths of a syllable. When Cibber came to act the part in 1726 (Betterton died in 1710) he copied it, according to Davies, "from Betterton, as far as a weak pipe and an expressive meagre countenance could bear any resemblance to the vigorous original." Partnered with him was the majestic Mrs. Barry, discovered by Rochester, beloved by Etherege, and who had broken "poor Otway's" heart. Those scenes where she so much gets the better of her husband in argument must have suited her excellently: her clear, incisive utterance against Betterton's terrific rumblings must have made her an admirable contrast.

Once an actor took the part of Sir John he was loath to relinquish it, thus we are not surprised to find Betterton appearing in it again in the first season of the Haymarket Theatre, when it was acted three times, the performance on 11 March, 1706,

being for Mrs. Bracegirdle's benefit. Some controversy has arisen as to the date on which the new scenes replaced the old. Genest says in 1706, on its productions at the Haymarket, no doubt on the ground that the play was advertised to be acted with alterations. Cibber, however, states that when in 1725 they were called upon to act it again at Drury Lane (it had for the few previous years appeared at Lincoln's Inn Fields), Vanbrugh "was prevail'd upon to substitute a new-written scene in the place of one, in the fourth act, where the wantonness of his wit and humour had (originally) made a rake talk like a rake in the borrow'd habit of a clergyman, to avoid which offence he clapt the same debauchee into the undress of a woman of quality. Now the character and profession of a fine lady, not being so indelibly sacred as that of a churchman; whatever follies he expos'd, kept him, at least, clear of prophaneness, and were now innocently ridiculous to the spectator." Cibber certainly ought to have known, as he acted Sir John in the revival on 11 January, 1726, but what then were the earlier alterations? Mr. Montague Summers believes them merely to have been trifling changes in the songs, but these have never appeared in print, unless the song printed in the note is of this early date, which seems unlikely. It is probable, or at any rate possible, that the change was made in 1706 for reasons described in the Introduction. If they were not altered up to 1726 there would be little reason to alter them at that date, though Cibber, as his Preface to *The Provok'd Husband* shows, was a trifle squeamish.

In 1716 it was performed with an almost new cast, Keen playing Sir John; J. Leigh Heartfree; Mrs. Cross Lady Fancyfull; and Mrs. Knight Lady Brute. In the next year Mrs. Spiller played Lady Fancyfull, but the first great change came when Quin entered the lists as Sir John at Lincoln's Inn Fields on 3 January, 1719. It was a favourite part of his for some twenty-three years. He excelled in comic parts, though he ran Garrick close in tragedy, and was even preferred to him in some parts, but

> In Brute he shone unequalled; all agree
> Garrick's not half so great a Brute as he

Churchill intending the allusion to refer to real life as well as to the stage. On this occasion Mrs. Spiller and Mrs. Knight were in their old parts. In 1720 Mrs. Cross again played Lady Fancyfull to Quin, Mrs. Seymour played Lady Brute, Bullock played Constant, "handsome Leigh" Heartfree, while Mademoiselle was played by Mrs. Egleton (then Mrs. Giffard), for whose benefit it was repeated in 1721. She was much admired as a comic actress, especially by the Duke of Argyll, and was a constant friend to actors and the bottle.

It continued to be played with much the same cast as a stock play at Lincoln's Inn Fields, occasional changes being made, as in 1724, when Mrs. Knight returned to the part of Lady Brute, Mrs. Cross playing Lady Fancyfull for her benefit. In 1726 it was acted at both theatres; at Drury Lane, as already mentioned, with Cibber as Sir John, Booth as Heartfree, the favourite Mrs. Oldfield as Lady Brute, Mrs. Booth as Belinda, and Mrs. Cibber the elder, always graceful, as Lady Fancyfull. The part must have suited Booth, who seems to have been an inveterate *jeune premier*, though he was then by no means young. How popular it was may be judged by the fact that it was performed eleven times that spring, at that theatre alone, while Quin was still playing it at Lincoln's Inn Fields on 19 March for his benefit, with Mrs. Younger

as Lady Fancyfull and Mrs. Bullock Belinda. Miller, who played Razor these years, could not read, and married so as to have someone ever at hand to teach him his parts. Walker, who played Constant, was the only actor the younger Rich had ever come across who could both sing and play tragedy.

In the autumn season of that year it was again played at Drury Lane, and on 15 September Booth appeared on the stage for the last time before his long illness; so when the play reappeared on 1 November, W. Mills took his part as Heartfree. Both theatres continued to vie with one another in producing it. When it was acted for Mrs. Thurmond's benefit at Drury Lane on 8 April, 1730, she only took a minor part, Mrs. Oldfield still playing Lady Brute and Mrs. Booth Belinda. At this performance Cibber's daughter made her first appearance on the stage, being allotted the part of Mademoiselle for her trial, which she evidently came through triumphantly. When it was played again for Mrs. Thurmond's benefit on 25 March, 1731, Mrs. Heron played Lady Brute in the place of Ann Oldfield, who was dead.

It went on being played annually by much the same casts, but in 1734, with the transference of Quin, it began to appear at Covent Garden as well, where in 1735 Bridgewater used to play Sir John; Ryan Heartfree; Chapman Razor, a part he had played at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1728; Mrs. Horton Lady Fancyfull; and Mrs. Bullock Belinda. For at the end of 1734 Quin was to be found once more at Drury Lane, and thus, when *The Provok'd Wife* was played there on 23 April, 1735, for the benefit of Mrs. Heron, who played Belinda, it was he who played Sir John, while T. Cibber, "Colley's unlovely offspring," Razor; Mrs. Clive Lady Fancyfull; and the lively Mrs. Clarke Mademoiselle. And when on 21 April, 1738, it was played for the benefit of Mrs. Clive, who took the part of Lady Fancyfull, it was Quin who played Sir John, to the Lady Brute of Mrs. Thurmond. This year the cast at Covent Garden was much as above, the difference being that on 23 January the "very beautiful" George Ann Bellamy, "full of sweet sensibility," appeared in the play for the first time. At Drury Lane on 21 April, 1738, it was played with a very strong cast for the benefit of Mrs. Bulkeley, who played Lady Brute, Quin was of course Sir John, Milward acted Constant; Mills Heartfree; and Macklin Razor. Mrs. Clive played Lady Fancyfull, Mrs. Mills Belinda, and Miss Brett Mademoiselle. In the autumn of that year we find Cibber back in his old part again, and Mrs. Vincent began to play Lady Fancyfull at Covent Garden. It was she who acted it at Bridgewater's benefit on 14 April, 1740, and in that spring Yates began to act Razor at Drury Lane, and at Covent Garden Mrs. Horton returned to the part of Lady Brute.

On 8 January, 1742, Macklin (who, though he had murdered a man in the scene room in 1735, had only been found guilty of manslaughter) played Sir John at Drury Lane, Kitty Clive acted in her old part, and Peg Woffington, like Mrs. Clive, an old member of the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, took the part of Lady Brute. Beard, the famous tenor, was Colonel Bully and sang the songs, while Mrs. Macklin was Mademoiselle. It was a brilliant cast, but a still more wonderful troupe, at least as regards the men, played the piece at Covent Garden on 3 November, Quin playing his usual part, Hale taking Constant, Ryan and Chapman Heartfree and Razor again, with Mrs. Vincent in her old part of Lady Fancyfull, and Mrs. Cibber, the famous one, wife to Theophilus, acting Lady Brute.

In the early part of 1744 we find old Cibber back in his old part at Drury Lane to the Lady Brute of Peg Woffington, Quin having returned to Covent Garden that

season, where he took Mrs. Clive to play Lady Fancyfull for him. But now Garrick was to enter the lists as Sir John, much to the disgust of Quin, who remarked that Garrick might "act Master Jacky Brute," but "By God, sir, 'tis impossible he should ever be Sir John Brute." However, it was to be the opinion of some that in playing the part Garrick, like Cibber, never forgot that Sir John was by birth a gentleman, whereas Quin was apt to do so, which lends an extra point to Churchill's couplet. Fuseli's portrait of Garrick as Sir John may be seen at the club which bears his name, and the part became such a favourite one with him that he acted it every year so long as he stayed on the stage, on an average of three or four times a year; thus the play could be seen every season not only until 1766, the date of his partial retirement, but till 1772. He first appeared in it at Drury Lane on 16 November, 1744, with Peg Woffington as Lady Brute; Mrs. Giffard Lady Fancyfull; and Delane as Heartfree. Theatre riots, owing to extra charges being made when pantomimes and farces were added, prevented the play being acted on the 19th. "A country gentleman was taken out of one of the upper Boxes, and carried before a magistrate; this step was soon known by the audience, and was the occasion of much mischief." It was, however, repeated on the 28th and 29th. It was performed again on 6 February, but Mrs. Woffington good-naturedly handed over her part to the rising Mrs. Cibber, contenting herself with that of Belinda. But on 20 April she was back in her old part, Macklin playing Brute owing to the illness of Garrick. And in the season 1746–47 it was played at both houses, Garrick playing Brute at Covent Garden, Macklin at Drury Lane.

In the autumn of 1747 the piece was once again acted at both houses, and on 10 and 11 November it was played at Drury Lane with an amazingly brilliant cast. Garrick was Brute; Havard Constant; Delane Heartfree again; Blakes Lord Rake; Lowe Colonel Bully. Yates was in his old part of Razor, while Shuter, notorious for gagging, was the tailor. Mrs. Clive kept to her old part of Lady Fancyfull, while Mrs. Woffington stuck to her previous generous exchange and played Belinda, allowing the part of Lady Brute to Mrs. Cibber. Mademoiselle was played by Mrs. Green (Miss Hippisley), who afterwards created Mrs. Malaprop.

In 1748 we find Quin back in his old part again, the revival taking place at Covent Garden on 21 September. Ryan played Heartfree, and Mrs. Woffington returned to her part of Lady Brute, Miss Morrison, "who acted inimitably," was Mademoiselle, Lady Fancyfull being played by Mrs. Giffard. But on 18 and 20 April of the next year, though played with the old parts for Ryan's benefit on 9 March, this last part was taken over by George Ann Bellamy. She was "natural, easy, chaste and impressive; as far as person, features, voice and conception went . . . she highly pleased and never offended." Towards the close of this season, when acting this part, she disappeared between the fourth and fifth acts: it was found that she had bolted in a coach with a certain Mr. Metham. Quin came before the curtain and apologised, saying that "she had left Heartfree, upon finding an admirer that was made on purpose for her."

At Covent Garden on 16 October, 1750, Macklin played Razor to Quin's Brute, with Mrs. Woffington as Lady Brute; but when replayed on 13 December she took Lady Fancyfull and Mrs. Cibber Lady Brute, parts which had been taken by Mrs. Giffard and Mrs. Horton respectively in the early part of 1748. Garrick in the meanwhile was still competing with Quin, acting it at this period anything from four to seven times each season.

It continued to be played every year, but it would be tedious to note all the performances. On 2 December, 1760, there was an admirable revival at Drury Lane, with Garrick as Brute; Palmer, who "topp'd the janty part" he had entered into ten years before, Heartfree; Yates in his old part of Razor; Lowe Colonel Bully; and Blakes Lord Rake. Mrs. Clive was Lady Fancyfull; Mrs. Pritchard Lady Brute; and Miss Pritchard Belinda. It was repeated for Lowe's benefit on 3 April, 1761. On 19 April, 1762, it was acted at Covent Garden, when Shuter got great applause as Sir John. "His chief excellence lies in old men," Wilkes wrote, "the setness and risible turn of his features diffuse a peculiar humour thro' all the parts he plays in low comedy." And Churchill:

> From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
> And thunder Shuter's praises,—he's so *droll.*

Beard played Colonel Bully to sing the songs, and Mrs. Vincent, as famous as Beard for singing, played Lady Fancyfull. On the 29th it was acted at Drury Lane before their Majesties, with Garrick as Sir John and Mrs. Cibber as Lady Brute. Though not very beautiful, she was a very moving actress. "Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no adornment . . . the harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look—in grief and tenderness, her eyes looked as though they swam in tears—in rage and despair they seemed to dart dashes of fire." One of the last times she acted the part before her death in 1766 was at Drury Lane, on 23 January, 1765, when King played Sir John, Havard Constant, and Lee Heartfree.

On 10 October, 1766, Garrick and Palmer appeared at Drury Lane in their old rôles of Brute and Heartfree, Mrs. Palmer playing Lady Brute, while Lady Fancyfull was played by Mrs. Abington. Her "manner was charmingly fascinating, and her speaking voice melodious. She had peculiar tricks in acting; one was turning her wrist, and seeming to stick a pin in the side of her waist." She had twice played Lady Fancyfull the previous year to Mrs. Cibber's Lady Brute, the first time "by command." Now Mrs. Cibber was dead she deserted Lady Fancyfull and took over her part, which she played for some years.

In the season 1768–69 Garrick acted Brute five times, so its popularity, at least with him as Brute, was still secure. In 1774, 1 January, Henderson played the part at Bath. Then at Drury Lane on 30 April, 1776, Garrick played Brute for the last time. Mrs. Abington went back to Lady Fancyfull for a while this season, but later handed it over to Mrs. King.

The next year, on 30 April, 1777, it was advertised for Covent Garden as "not acted 10 years," which begins to look like decay. Macklin once more played Sir John, Quick appeared as Razor, and Mrs. Bulkeley (Mrs. Barresford) as Lady Brute. And although Garrick had gone, King continued the Brute tradition at Drury Lane, acting it there on 27 April, 1778, to the Razor of Baddeley; and Miss Pope began to appear as Lady Fancyfull. It was also acted at the Haymarket that year on 2 September, with Digges as Sir John, R. Palmer as Razor, Miss Farren Lady Fancyfull. Bannister played Bully; Mrs. Greville played Lady Brute on this occasion, and Lamash Constant, but the next year these parts were taken by Mrs. Lloyd and Dimond. Digges had a "noble presence, a fine figure, large and manly."

At Covent Garden on 14 March, 1780, Henderson acted Sir John for his benefit, supported by Mrs. Bulkeley in her old part of Lady Brute. Mrs. Mattocks was Lady Fancyfull in this revival, which was a great success. Reinhold sang the songs, and at the end of the performance Henderson recited Garrick's ode on Shakespeare.

It was played again at Drury Lane on 17 May, 1786, when King, "whose acting left a taste on the palate, sharp and sweet like a quince," and who was soon to create Sir Peter Teazle, played Sir John; Elizabeth Farren Lady Brute; and Bannister junior Constant. Miss Pope played Lady Fancyfull once more, and Mrs. Wilson played Belinda. The piece was revived again on 25 and 28 October of the same year at Covent Garden, with Miss Pope in the same part, Mrs. Bates as Lady Brute, and Ryder in the part of Sir John. This was his first appearance from Ireland, but the accounts of him had raised hopes too high, and he did not come up to expectations. This performance was repeated the next year, when, on 9 February, Mrs. Abington acted Belinda. It was repeated at the beginning of the next season with Mrs. Pope as Lady Brute and Mrs. Morton as Mademoiselle.

Probably in 1797 it was acted in a shortened form at Brandenburgh House, with the Margravine of Anspach as Lady Brute, Mrs. Abington consenting to play Lady Fancyfull. But at all events it was acted on 8 August at the Haymarket, when Bannister junior was promoted to the part of Sir John; Jack Palmer, whom Lamb thought such a consummate genius, played Constant, and R. Palmer Razor. Charles Kemble played Heartfree, and Mrs. C. Kemble Lady Brute.

The last revival was that of the Stage Society at King's Hall, Covent Garden, on 12 January, 1919. Hubert Carter played Sir John Brute; Margaret Halstan Lady Brute; and Ethel Irving acted Lady Fancyfull. Baliol Holloway took Heartfree, and Lewis Casson Constant, while Mademoiselle was played by Mademoiselle Rambert (Mrs. Ashley Dukes).

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

SINCE 'tis the Intent and Business of the Stage,
To Copy out the Follies of the Age;
To hold to every Man a Faithful Glass,
And shew him of what Species he's an Ass:
I hope the next that teaches in the School,
Will shew our Author he's a scribbling Fool.
And that the Satyr may be sure to Bite,
Kind Heav'n! Inspire some venom'd Priest to Write,
And grant some Ugly Lady may Indite.
For I wou'd have him lash'd, by Heav'ns! I wou'd,
Till his presumption swam away in Blood.
Three Plays at once proclaim a Face of Brass,
No matter what they are! That's not the Case,
To write three Plays, ev'n that's to be an Ass.
But what I least forgive, he knows it too,
For to his Cost he lately has known you.
Experience shews, to many a Writer's smart,
You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had part;
So much of the old Serpent's Sting you have,
You Love to Damn, as Heav'n Delights to Save.
In Foreign Parts, let a bold Voluntiere,
For publick Good upon the Stage appear,
He meets ten thousand Smiles to Dissipate his Fear.
All tickle on, th' adventuring young Beginner,
And only scourge th' incorrigible Sinner;
They touch indeed his Faults, but with a hand
So gentle, that his Merit still may stand:
Kindly they Buoy the Follies of his Pen,
That he may shun 'em when he Writes again.
But 'tis not so, in this good natur'd Town,
All's one, an Ox, a Poet, or a Crown,
Old England's *play was always knocking Down.*

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

Conſtant.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Heartfree.	Mr. *Hudson.*
Sir *John Brute.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Treble, a Singing Maſter.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Razor, Vallet de Chambre to Sir *J. B.*	Mr. *Bowen.*
Juſtice of the Peace.	Mr. *Bright.*
Lord Rake, *Col. Bully* } Companions to Sir *J. B.*	

Lady *Brute.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Bellinda, her Neice.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Lady *Fancyfull.*	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Madamoiselle.	Mrs. *Willis.*

Cor[*net*] and *Pipe*, Servants to Lady *Fancy.*

THE PROVOK'D WIFE

ACT The First.

SCENE, *Sir* John Brute's *House.*

Enter Sir John, *solus.*

WHAT cloying Meat is Love——when Matrimony's the Sauce to it! Two Years Marriage has debaucht my five Senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taſte—methinks has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor; no Girl of her Bib; no Nun of doing Penance nor Old Maid of being Chaſt, as I am of being Married.

Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a Witty Lady, a virtuous Lady,—— and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's fighting. Wou'd my Courage come up but to a fourth part of my Ill Nature, I'd ſtand buff to her Relations, and thruſt her out of Doors.

But Marriage has sunk me down to such an Ebb of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho even to get rid of my Wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Do you Dine at home to-day, Sir *John?*

Sir John. Why, do you expect I should tell you, what I don't know my self?

Lady Brute. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir John. If thinking wrong were an excuse for Impertinence, Women might be juſtifi'd in moſt things they say or do.

Lady Brute. I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

Sir John. Sorrow for things paſt, is of as little Importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady Brute. My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir John. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again, for what I lik'd yeſterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to morrow.

Lady Brute. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

Sir John. Why then there wou'd have been more asking about it than the thing was worth.

Lady Brute. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir John. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

Lady Brute. What e'er my Talent is, I'm sure my Will has ever been to make you easie.

Sir John. If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

Lady Brute. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: You married me for Love.

Sir John. And you me for Money: So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

Lady Brute. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir John. A Parson.

Lady Brute. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir John. He has married me. [*Exit Sir* John.

Lady Brute, *sola.*

The Devil's in the Fellow I think——I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be; But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an Estate, a Woman must needs be happy; so my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneasie. But some comfort still; if one wou'd be reveng'd of him, these are good times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a separate maintenance too——The surly Puppy—yet he's a Fool for't: For hitherto he has been no Monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me. I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spight of all the attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Womans heart, in favour of a Tempting Lover.

Methinks so Noble a Defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with a better usage——Or who can tell.——Perhaps a good part of what I suffer from my Husband may be a Judgment upon me for my Cruelty to my Lover.——Lord, with what pleasure cou'd I indulge that thought, were there but a possibility of finding Arguments to make it good.——And how do I know but there may——Let me see——What opposes?—My Matrimonial Vow?——Why, what did I vow: I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband.

Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me.

But he han't kept his Word——

Why then I'm absolv'd from mine—ay, that seems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Husband and the Wife? O, but that Condition was not exprest—No matter, 'twas understood.

Well, by all I see, if I argue the matter a little longer with my self, I shan't find so many Bug-bears in the way, as I thought I shou'd. Lord what fine notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old foolish Philosophers. Virtue's its own reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that ——Virtue's an Ass, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter Bellinda.

Lady Brute. Good morrow, Dear Cousin.

Bell. Good morrow, Madam; you look pleas'd this morning.

Lady Brute. I am so.

Bell. With what, pray?

Lady Brute. With my Husband.

Bell. Drown Husbands; for your's is a provoking Fellow: As he went out just now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of day 'twas; and he ask'd me if I took him for the Church Clock, that was Oblig'd to tell all the Parish.

Lady Brute. He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, *Bellinda*, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the down-right Wife,——and Cuckold him.

Bell. That would be down-right indeed.

Lady Brute. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd Imagine, Child. I know according to the strict Statute Law of Religion, I shou'd do wrong: But if there were a Court of Chancery in Heav'n, I'm sure I shou'd cast him.

Bell. If there were a House of Lords you might.

Lady Brute. In either I shou'd infallibly carry my Cause. Why, he is the first Aggressor. Not I.

Bell. Ay, but you know, we must return Good for Evil.

Lady Brute. That may be a mistake in the Translation— Prithee be of my opinion, *Bellinda*; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in Earnest.

Bell. I sha'n't take the liberty, Madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a Secret from me.

Lady Brute. Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

Bell. Your eyes, you mean; for I am sure I have seen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lockt up safe enough.

Lady Brute. My eyes gadding! Prethee after who, Child?

Bell. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady Brute. *Conſtant* you mean.

Bell. I do so.

Lady Brute. Lord, what shou'd put such a thing into your head?

Bell. That which puts things into moſt peoples Heads; Observation.

Lady Brute. Why what have you observ'd, in the name of Wonder?

Bell. I have observ'd you blush when you meet him; force your self away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a Word; never was poor Creature so spurr'd on by desire, and so rein'd in with fear.

Lady Brute. How ſtrong is Fancy!

Bell. How weak is Woman!

Lady Brute. Prethee, Neice, have a better opinion of your Aunt's Inclinations.

Bell. Dear Aunt, have a better opinion of your Neice's Underſtanding.

Lady Brute. You'll make me Angry.

Bell. You'll make me Laugh.

Lady Brute. Then you are resolv'd to perſiſt?

Bell. Positively.

Lady Brute. And all I can say——

Bell. Will signifie nothing.

Lady Brute. Tho' I shou'd swear 'twere false—

Bell. I shou'd think it true.

Lady Brute. Then let us both forgive [*kiſſing her*] for we have both offended. I in making a Secret, you, in discovering it.

Bell. Good nature may do much: But you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true, *Bellinda*, you have given me so many Proofs of your Friendship, that my reserve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, Remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a thing, our Honour and Religion have forbid us; we wou'd (wer't possible) conceal even from the Soul itself, the knowledge of the Body's Weakness.

Bell. Well, I hope, to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body shou'd ſtill grow weaker and weaker.

Lady Brute. No, from this moment I have no more reserve; and for a proof of my Repentance, I own, *Bellinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and Wit assault me from without: Nature and Love solicite me within; my Husband's barbarous usage piques me to Revenge; and *Sathan*, catching at the fair occasion, throws in my way that vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleases Women beſt.

Bell. 'Tis well *Conſtant* don't know the weakness of the Fortifications; for o' my Conscience he'd soon come on to the Assault.

Lady Brute. Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you

may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him Ignorant. So you see I'm no Coquet, *Bellinda:* And if you'll follow my advice you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquettry is one of the main ingredients in the natural Composition of a Woman, and I as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a Crowd of young Fellows, Ogling, and Glancing, and Watching all occasions to do forty foolish officious things: nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to Hanging or Drowning: Why ——Faith——if I shou'd let pure Woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with it.

Bell. I'll swear 'twould tickle me strangely.

Lady Brute. But after all, 'tis a Vicious practice in us, to give the least encouragement but where we design to come to a Conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable thing, to engage a Man in a Disease which we beforehand resolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bell. 'Tis true; but then a Woman must abandon one of the supream Blessings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that pleasure in possessing a Mistress, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

Lady Brute. The Happiest Woman then on Earth must be our Neighbour.

Bell. O the Impertinent Composition; She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a Ridiculous Original, in spight of all that Art and Nature ever furnisht to any of her Sex before her.

Lady Brute. She concludes all Men her Captives; and whatever Course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bell. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their Passion.

Lady Brute. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town talk.

Bell. When her Folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

Lady Brute. And when her impertinence makes 'em Dull, Concludes they are jealous of her favours.

Bell. All their Actions and their Words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady Brute. And pities all other Women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bell. Pray, out of pity to our selves, let us find a better Subject, for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclin'd to Jealousie?

Lady Brute. O, no; he do's not love me well enough for that.

Lord how wrong Men's Maxims are. They are seldom jealous of their Wives, unless they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to consider the Womans Inclinations, for there depends their Fate.

Well, Men may talk; but they are not so Wise as we——that's certain.

Bell. At leaſt in our Affairs.

Lady Brute. Nay, I believe we shou'd out-do 'em in the business of the State too: For, methinks, they Do and Undo, and make but mad work on't.

Bell. Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they?

Lady Brute. Because we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, Child. And so let's in and consider of 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [II], A Dressing-Room.

Enter Lady Fancyfull, Madamoiselle, *and* Cornet.

Lady Fan. HOW do I look this Morning?

Cor. Your Ladyship looks very ill, truly.

Lady Fan. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, tho' the thing shou'd be true! Don't you know that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of Conceit with my self? Hold the Glass; I dare swear that will have more manners than you have. *Madamoiselle*, let me have your opinion too.

Madam. My opinion pe, Matam, dat your Ladyship never look so well in your Life.

Lady Fan. Well, the *French* are the prettieſt obliging People, they say the moſt acceptable, well-manner'd things—and never flatter.

Madam. Your Ladyship say great Juſtice inteed.

Lady Fan. Nay every thing's Juſt in my House but *Cornet*. The very Looking-Glass gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almoſt afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging. [*Looking affectedly in the Glass.*

Madam. Inteed, Matam, your Face pe hansomer den all de Looking-Glass in te World, croyiez moy.

Lady Fan. But is it possible my Eyes can be so languishing—and so very full of Fire?

Madam. Matam, if de Glass was Burning-Glass, I believe your Eyes set de fire in de House.

Lady Fan. You may take that Night-Gown, *Madamoiselle*; get out of the Room *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This Wench methinks does look so unsufferably ugly. [*Exit* Cornet.

Madam. Every ting look ugly Matam, dat ſtand by your Latiship.

Lady Fan. No really, *Madamoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madam. Ah Matam; de Moon have no Eclat, ven de Sun appear.

Lady Fan. O pretty Expression. Have you ever been in Love, *Madamoiselle?*

Madam. Ouy, Matam. [*Sighing.*

Lady Fan. And were you, belov'd again?

Madam. No, Matam. [*Sighing.*

Lady Fan. O ye Gods, What an Unfortunate Creature shou'd I be in such a Case. But nature has made me Nice for my own Defence; I'm Nice, ſtrangely Nice, *Madamoiselle*; I believe were the Merit of whole mankind beſtow'd upon one single Person, I shou'd ſtill think the Fellow wanted something, to make it worth my while to take notice of him: And yet I could love; nay fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, *Madamoiselle*; I'm only Nice.

Madam. Ah Matam, I wish I was fine Gentleman for your sake. I do all de ting in de World to get leetel way into your heart. I make Song, I make Verse, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Present to *Madamoiselle*, I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang my self, I drown my self. Ah ma Chere Dame, Que je vous Aimerois!

[*Embracing her.*

Lady Fan. Well the *French* have ſtrange obliging ways with 'em; you may take those two pair of Gloves *Madamoiselle.*

Madam. Me humbly tanke my sweet Lady.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam here's a Letter for your Ladyship by the Penny poſt.

Lady Fan. Some new Conqueſt, I'll warrant you. For without Vanity, I look'd extreamly clear laſt night, when I went to the Park.

O agreeable. Here's a new Song made of me. And ready set too. O thou welcome thing. [*kissing it.*] Call *Pipe* hither, she shall Sing it inſtantly.

Enter Pipe.

Here, Sing me this new Song, *Pipe.*

SONG.

I.

FLY, fly, you happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid Philira's *Charms;*
The rigour of her heart denies
The Heaven that's in her Arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be bleſt:
Nature who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice Compos'd her Breaſt.

II.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave, whose Zeal you move:
The Gods Alas, your youth deceive;
Their Heaven consists in Love.
In spight of all the thanks you owe,
You may Reproach 'em this,
That where they did their Form bestow
They have deny'd their Bliss.

Lady Fan. Well, there may be faults, *Madamoiselle*, but the Design is so very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchless Ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

Madam. Ma foy, Matam, I tink de Gentleman's Song tell you de trute. If you never Love, you never be Happy——Ah——que j'aime l'amour moy.

Enter Servant with another Letter.

Ser. Madam, here's another Letter for your Ladyship.

Lady Fan. 'Tis thus I am importun'd every morning, *Madamoiselle*. Pray how do the *French* Ladies when they are thus Accablées?

Madam. Matam, dey never Complain. Au contraire. When one *Frense* Laty have got hundred Lover—Den she do all she can—to get hundred more.

Lady Fan. Well, strike me dead, I think they have Le gout bon. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women——Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneasy? But let me read my Letter. [*Reads.*

> If you have a mind to hear of your Faults, instead of being prais'd for your Virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green walk in St. *James*'s with your Woman an hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for some things, as he cou'd love you for Others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your Reformation.——If you come to the Place I mention, you'll know who I am: if you don't, you never shall, so take your Choice.

This is strangely Familiar, *Madamoiselle;* now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this Impudent Fellow is.

Madam. Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go to de Rendezvous. De *Frense* Laty do justement comme sa.

Lady Fan. Rendezvous! What, Rendezvous with a Man; *Madamoiselle.*

Madam. Eh, pourquoy non?

Lady Fan. What? and a man perhaps I never saw in my Life.

Madam. Tant mieux: c'eſt donc quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady Fan. Why, how do I know what designs he may have. He may intend to Ravish me for ought I know.

Madam. Ravish?—Bagatelle. I would fain see one Impudent Rogue ravish *Madamoiselle;* Ouy, je le voudrois.

Lady Fan. O but my Reputation, *Madamoiselle*, my Reputation, Ah ma Chere Reputation.

Madam. Matam;—Quand on l'a une fois perdue—On n'en eſt plus embarassée.

Lady Fan. Fe *Madamoiselle*, Fe: Reputation is a Jewel.

Madam. Qui coute bien chere Matam.

Lady Fan. Why sure you wou'd not sacrifice your Honor to your Pleasure?

Madam. Je suis Philosophe.

Lady Fan. Bless me how you talk! Why, what if Honour be a burden, *Madamoiselle*, muſt it not be born?

Madam. Chaqu'un a sa faſon—quand quelque chose m'incommode moy—je m'en defais, Vite.

Lady Fan. Get you gone you little naughty *French* woman you, I vow and swear I muſt turn you out of doors if you talk thus.

Madam. Turn me out of doors?——Turn your self out of doors and go see what de Gentleman have to say to you—Tenez. Voila [*giving her her things haſtily.*] voſtre Esharpe, Voila voſtre Quoife, voila voſtre Masque, Voila tout.

Hey, Mercure, Coquin; Call one Chair for Matam, and one oder [*Calling within*] for me, Va t'en Vite. [*Turning to her Lady, and helping her on haſtily with her things.*] Allons, Matam; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu quelles Scrupules!

Lady Fan. Well, for once, *Madamoiselle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this ill bred Fellow is. But I have too much Delicatesse, to make a Practice on it.

Madam. Belle chose Vraiment que la Delicatesse, lors qu'il s'agit de se devertir——a za——Vous Voila equipée partons.—He bien?—qu'avez vous donc?

Lady Fan. J'ay peur.

Madam. J'n'en ay point moy.

Lady Fan. I dare not go.

Madam. Demeurez donc.

Lady Fan. Je suis Poltrone.

Madam. Tant pis pour Vous.

Lady Fan. Curiosity's a wicked Devil.

Madam. C'eſt une Charmante Sainte.
Lady Fan. It ruin'd our firſt Parents.
Madam. Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfants.
Lady Fan. L'honneur eſt contre.
Madam. La plaisir eſt pour.
Lady Fan. Muſt I then go?
Madam. Muſt you go?—Muſt you eat, muſt you drink, muſt you sleep, must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.
Lady Fan. But when reason corrects nature, *Madamoiselle*——
Madam. Elle eſt donc bien Insolente. C'eſt sa sœur aisnée.
Lady Fan. Do you then prefer your nature to your reason, *Madamoiselle?*
Madam. Ouy da.
Lady Fan. Pourquoy?
Madam. Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.
Lady Fan. Ah la Mechante Fransoise.
Madam. Ah la belle Angloise. [*Forcing her Lady off.*

The End of the firſt Act.

Act the Second.

SCENE, *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull and Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. WELL, I vow, *Madamoiselle*, I'm ſtrangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter Heartfree.

Look, there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him, he's a profess'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done?
Madam. Il nous approche, Madam.
Lady Fan. Yes, 'tis he: Now will he be moſt intolerably Cavalier, tho' he should be in love with me.
Heart. Madam, I'm your humble Servant; I perceive you have more Humility and Good-nature than I thought you had.
Lady Fan. What you attribute to Humility and Good-nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that Letter. [*Throwing him his Letter.*

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfied.

Lady Fan. I am so, Sir; good b'wy t'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Business, I han't done mine: By your Ladiship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest Woman about Town, or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent Question with you now, because you think you are so already?

Lady Fan. Pray Sir, let me ask you a Question in my turn: By what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the same right that the Strong govern the Weak, because I have you in my power? for you cannot get so quickly to your Coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

Lady Fan. These are strange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree.*

Heart. They are so, Madam, but there's no help for it; for know, that I have a Design upon you.

Lady Fan. Upon me, Sir!

Heart. Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

Lady Fan. Very well, Sir.

Heart. Let me see,———Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any Womans in the Town, let t'other be who she will; and my Indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now, cou'd you find the way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be satisfied; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

Lady Fan. And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one should have so deprav'd an Appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why, Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it,—you must lay me down—your Affectation.

Lady Fan. My Affectation, Sir!

Heart. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

Lady Fan. You grow rude, Sir. Come, *Madamoiselle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

Madam. Allons, allons, allons.

Heart. [*stopping 'em.*] Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

Lady Fan. What mean you, Sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

Lady Fan. Ungrateful! To whom?

Heart. To Nature.

Lady Fan. Why, what has Nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by Art. It made you handsom; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a fault, Wit enough to make 'em relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own Discretion; which has made such Work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jeſt of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected Convulsion; your Feet, your Hands, your very Finger Ends are directed never to move without some ridiculous Air or other; and your Language is a suitable Trumpet, to draw people's Eyes upon the Raree-show.

Madam. [*aside*] Eſt ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme sa?

Lady Fan. [*aside*] Now could I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth; but that's because you don't believe it is so: for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own sake. But 'tis as hard to perswade a Woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to see a Fault in his own Play.

Lady Fan. Every Circumſtance of nice Breeding muſt needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to good Manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you, That the whole World is of my Opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you persevere in your Folly, that they may continue in their Mirth.

Lady Fan. Sir, tho' you and all that World you talk of, should be so impertinently officious, as to think to perswade me, I don't know how to behave my self; I should ſtill have Charity enough for my own Underſtanding, to believe my self in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madam. Le voila mort. [*Exeunt Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Heart. [*gazing after her*] There her single Clapper has publish'd the sense of the whole Sex.

Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Blackamoor white; but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honeſty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

Enter Conſtant.

'Morrow, *Conſtant.*

Conſt. Good-morrow, *Jack;* What are you doing here this morning?

Heart. Doing! guess, if thou canſt.
Why I have been endeavouring to perswade my Lady *Fancyfull*, that she's the foolisheſt Woman about Town.

Conſt. A pretty Endeavour truly.

Heart. I have told her in as plain *English* as I could speak, both what

the Town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta*.

Conſt. And how does she take it?

Heart. As Children do Pills; bite them, but can't swallow 'em.

Conſt. But, prithee, what has put it in your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

Heart. Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with my self. And another was, That as little as I care for Women, I could not see with patience one that Heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very induſtrious, to make herself the *Jack Pudding* of the Creation.

Conſt. Well, now could I almoſt wish to see my cruel Miſtress make the self-same Use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of a Disease that makes me so very uneasie; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree*.

Heart. And why do you let the Devil govern you?

Conſt. Because I have more Flesh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Miſtress, 'dsdeath! that so genteel a Woman should be a Saint, when Religion's out of fashion!

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong truly; but who knows how far Time and Good Example may prevail?

Conſt. O! they have play'd their Parts in vain already: 'Tis now two Years since that damned fellow her Husband invited me to his Wedding; and there was the firſt time I saw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever since, more than e'er a Martyr did his Soul; but she is cold, my Friend, ſtill cold as the Northern Star.

Heart. So are all Women by Nature, which makes 'em so willing to be warm'd.

Conſt. O, don't prophane the Sex! prithee think 'em all Angels for her sake, for she's virtuous, even to a Fault.

Heart. A Lover's Head is a good accountable thing truly; he adores his Miſtriss for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her, because she won't be lewd.

Conſt. Well, the only Relief I expect in my Misery is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as my self, which will force me to be merry in the midſt of all my Misfortunes.

Heart. That day will never come, be assur'd, *Ned:* Not but that I can pass a Night with a Woman, and for the time, perhaps, make my self as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddess, what you please; but here's the Difference 'twixt you and I: I perswade a Woman she's an Angel; she perswades you she's one.

Prithee let me tell you how I avoid falling in love; that which serves me for Prevention, may chance to serve you for a Cure.

Conſt. Well, use the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That using 'em moderately undoes us all; but I'll use 'em juſtly, and that you ought to be satisfied with.

I always consider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoomaker, the Tire-woman, the Sempſtress, (and which is more than all that) the Poet makes her; but I consider her as pure Nature has contriv'd her, and that more ſtrictly than I shou'd have done our old Grand-mother *Eve*, had I seen her naked in the Garden; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetousness, Indiscretion, but above all things, Malice; Plots eternally a forging to deſtroy one-another's Reputations, and as honeſtly to charge the Levity of Mens Tongues with the Scandal; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with 'em, with no other intent but to use 'em like Dogs when they have done; a conſtant Desire of doing more mischief, and an everlaſting War wag'd againſt Truth and Good-nature.

Conſt. Very well, Sir, an admirable Composition truly.

Heart. Then for her Outside, I consider it merely as an Outside; She has a thin Tiffany Covering over juſt such Stuff as you and I are made on.

As for her Motion, her Mien, her Airs, and all those Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your Miſtriss at a Coronation, dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her ſtate and insolence about her, 'twou'd ſtrike you with all the awful thoughts that Heav'n it self could pretend to from you; whereas I turn the whole matter into a Jeſt, and suppose her ſtrutting in the self-same ſtately manner, with nothing on her but her Stays and her under scanty quilted Petticoat.

Conſt. Hold thy prophane Tongue, for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on then?

Conſt. Yes, to Eternity.

Heart. Yet you have no Hopes at all.

Conſt. None.

Heart. Nay, the Resolution may be discreet enough; perhaps you have found out some new Philosophy, that Love's like Virtue, its own Reward: so you and your Miſtriss will be as well content at a diſtance, as others that have less Learning are in coming together.

Conſt. No; but if she should prove kind at laſt, my dear *Heartfree*——

[*Embracing him.*

Heart. Nay, prithee, don't take me for your Miſtriss, for Lovers are very troublesome.

Conſt. Well who knows what Time may do?

Heart. And juſt now he was sure Time could do nothing.

Conſt. Yet not one kind Glance in Two Years, is somewhat ſtrange.

Heart. Not ſtrange at all; she don't like you, that's all the business.

Conſt. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good handsome young Fellow, she might use you better: Come, will you go see her? perhaps she may have chang'd her mind; there's some Hopes as long as she's a Woman.

Const. O, 'tis in vain to visit her: sometimes to get a sight of her, I visit that Beast her Husband, but she certainly finds some Pretence to quit the Room as soon as I enter.

Heart. It's much she don't tell him you have made Love to her too, for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst Women, in which they have several Ends.

Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security.

Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it should be so: but most commonly 'tis to engage two men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the business, they cry, *Poor Fellow! he had ill Luck*——and so they go to Cards.

Const. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou dost fall into their hands——

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em. O ho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heart. Your humble Servant, Sir *John.*

Sir John. Servant, Sir.

Heart. How does all your Family?

Sir John. Pox o' my Family!

Const. How does your Lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir John. Do! I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday; I han't been at home to night.

Const. What! were you out of Town?

Sir John. Out of Town! no, I was drinking.

Const. You are a true *Englishman;* Don't know your own Happiness: if I were married to such a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France.*

Sir John. Not from her!——Oons——what a time should a man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no Division, I hope?

Sir John. No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worse; a Pox of the Parson————Why the plague don't you two marry? I fansie I look like the Devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

Sir John. No; I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her Religion?

Sir John. Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care Knight, Women are tender things.

Sir John. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their Hearts.

Conſt. Fie, fie; You have one of the beſt Wives in the World, and yet you seem the moſt uneasie Husband.

Sir John. Beſt Wives!——the Woman's well enough, she has no Vice that I know of, but she's a Wife, and——damn a Wife; If I were married to a Hogshead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry then? You were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir John. Why did I marry! I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

Heart. Why did you not ravish her?

Sir John. Yes, and so have hedg'd my self into forty Quarrels with her Relations, besides buying my Pardon: But more than all that, you muſt know, I was afraid of being damn'd in those days, for I kept sneaking cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, said Grace to their Meat, and had not the leaſt Tincture of Quality about 'em.

Heart. But I think you are got into a better Gang now.

Sir John. Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove. I believe we may get our Bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to share a Frolick?

Conſt. Not I truly, my Talent lies to softer Exercises.

Sir John. What, a Down-bed and a Strumpet?
A pox of Venery, I say.
Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

Conſt. I can't drink to-day, but we'll come and sit an hour with you if you will.

Sir John. Phugh, Pox, sit an hour!
Why can't you drink?

Conſt. Because I'm to see my Miſtriss.

Sir John. Who's that?

Conſt. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir John. Yes.

Conſt. So won't I.

Sir John. Why?

Conſt. Because 'tis a Secret.

Sir John. Would my Wife knew it, 'twould be no Secret long.

Conſt. Why, do you think she can't keep a Secret?

Sir John. No more than she can keep *Lent.*

Heart. Prithee, tell it her to try, *Conſtant.*

Sir John. No, prithee don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Conſt. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir John. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Conſt. Which way?

Sir John. Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if any thing do's it, that will.

Conſt. But do you think, Sir——

Sir John. Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret, are the two Impertineteſt Themes in the Universe. Therefore pray let's hear no more, of my Wife nor your Miſtress. Damn 'em both with all my Heart, and every thing else that Daggles a Petticoat, except four Generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the Head of 'em, who were drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I, ten times in a Fortnight. [*Exit* Sir John.

Conſt. Here's a dainty fellow for you. And the veriеſt Coward too. But his usage of his Wife makes me ready to ſtab the Villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: All their Senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant 'tis his ill usage of her; for Women will do more for revenge than they'll do for the Gospel.

Prithee take heart, I have great hopes for you, and since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining Lover, is the damn'dſt Companion upon Earth.

Conſt. My Dear Friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilſt they prevail I have Heaven within me, and cou'd melt with Joy.

Heart. Pray no melting yet: let things go farther firſt. This afternoon perhaps we shall make some advance. In the mean while, let's go Dine at *Locket*'s, and let hope get you a Stomach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [II,] *Lady* Fancyfull's *House.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. DID you ever see any thing so Importune, *Madamoiselle? Madam.* Inteed Matam, to say de trute, he wanted leetel good breeding.

Lady Fan. Good breeding? He wants to be can'd, *Madamoiselle.* An Insolent Fellow.

And yet let me expose my Weakness, 'tis the only Man on earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well; did Men but know how deep an Impression a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's heart, they wou'd reduce all their ſtudies to that of good breeding alone.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. *Treble*. He has brought home the Verses your Ladyship made, and gave him to set.

Lady Fan. O let him come in by all means.
Now, *Madamoiselle*, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

Enter Treble.

So, Mr. *Treble*, you have set my little Dialogue?

Treb. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyship will be pleased with it.

Lady Fan. O, no doubt on't; for really Mr. *Treble*, you set all things to a Wonder: But your Musick is in particular Heavenly, when you have my words to cloath in't.

Treb. Your words themselves, Madam, have so much Musick in 'em they inspire me.

Lady Fan. Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. *Treble;* but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You shall, Madam.

A SONG, TO BE SUNG BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN.

M. *AH Lovely Nymph, the World's on Fire:*
Veil, veil those cruel Eyes:
W. *The World may then in Flames expire,*
And boast that so it Dies.
M. *But when all Mortals are destroy'd,*
Who then shall Sing your Praise?
W. *Those who are fit to be employ'd:*
The Gods shall Altars raise.

Treb. How do's your Ladyship like it, Madam?

Lady Fan. Rapture, Rapture, Mr. *Treble*, I'm all Rapture. O Wit and Art, what Power have you when joyn'd! I must needs tell you the Birth of this Little Dialogue, Mr. *Treble*. Its Father was a Dream, and its Mother was the Moon. I dreamt that by an unanimous Vote, I was chosen Queen of that Pale World. And that the first time I appear'd upon my Throne,——all my Subjects fell in Love with me. Just then I wak'd: and seeing Pen, Ink and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I slid into my Morning Gown, and writ this *in promptu*.

Treb. So I guess the Dialogue, Madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty and your first Minister of State.

Lady Fan. Just: he as Minister advises me to trouble my head about the wellfare of my Subjects; which I as Sovereign, find a very impertinent proposal. But is the Town so Dull, Mr. *Treble*, it affords us never another New Song?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but yesterday, if your Ladyship pleases to let Mrs. *Pipe* sing it.

Lady Fan. By all means. Here, *Pipe*. Make what Musique you can of this Song, here.

SONG.

NOT an Angel dwells above,
Half so fair as her I Love:
Heaven knows how she'll receive me:
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows, she ne'er can grieve me.

II.

None can Love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her;
Lasting Beauty I'll adore;
I shall never Love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

Lady Fan. Very well: This is *Heartfree*'s Poetry without question.

Treb. Won't your Ladyship please to sing your self this Morning?

Lady Fan. O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my cold is still so Barbarous, to refuse me that Pleasure; he he hem.

Treb. I'm very sorry for it, Madam: Methinks all Mankind should turn Physicians for the Cure on't.

Lady Fan. Why truly to give Mankind their due; There's few that know me, but have offer'd their Remedy.

Treb. They have reason, Madam, for I know no body Sings so near a Cherubin as your Ladyship.

Lady Fan. What I do I owe chiefly to your skill and care, Mr. *Treble*. People do flatter me indeed, that I have a voice, and a je-ne-scai quoy in the Conduct of it, that will make Musick of any thing. And truly I begin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other night: would you think it, Mr. *Treble*; walking pretty late in the Park, (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr. *Treble*;) a whim took me to sing *Chivy-Chase*, and wou'd you believe it? Next morning I had three Copies of Verses, and six Billet-doux at my Levee upon it.

Treb. And without all dispute you deserv'd as many more, Madam. Are there any further Commands for your Ladyship's humble Servant?

Lady Fan. Nothing more at this time, Mr. *Treble*. But I shall expect

you here every morning for this Month, to sing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you or your pains.

Treb. O Lord, Madam———

Lady Fan. Good morrow, sweet Mr. *Treble.*

Treb. Your Ladyship's moſt obedient Servant. [*Exit* Treb.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Will your Ladyship please to dine yet?

Lady Fan. Yes: let 'em serve. [*Exit Servant.*]

Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me, *Madamoiselle.*

You can't imagine how odly he mixt himself in my thoughts during my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polish'd. Don't you think so?

Madam. Matam. I tink it so great pity, dat if I was in your Ladyship place, I take him home in my House, I lock him up in my Closet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Laty expect from fine Gentelman.

Lady Fan. Why truly I believe, I shou'd soon subdue his Brutality; for without doubt, he has a ſtrange Penchant to grow fond of me, in ſpight of his Aversion to the Sex, else he wou'd ne'er have taken so much pains about me. Lord how proud wou'd some poor Creatures be of such a Conqueſt? But I alas, I don't know how to receive as a Favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new mould him, *Madamoiselle?* for till then he's my utter aversion.

Madam. Matam, you muſt laugh at him in all de place that you meet him, and turn into de ridicule all he say and all he do.

Lady Fan. Why truly Satyr has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill manners. Besides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe; ſtrangely severe, when I will, *Madamoiselle*——Give me the Pen and Ink:——I find myself whimsicall——I'll write to him——

—— or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way. } *Sitting down to write. Rising up again.*

—— Yet active severity is better than passive. *Sitting down.*

—— 'Tis as good let alone too, for every lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a favour. } *Rising.*

—— Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much Satyr should be loſt. } *Sitting.*

—— But if it should have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould diſtract me. } *Rising.*

—— Well I muſt write tho' after all. *Sitting.*

—— Or I'll let it alone which is the same thing. *Rising.*

Madam. La Voilà determinée.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third.

SCENE *opens; Sir* John, *Lady* Brute *and* Belinda *rising from the Table.*

Sir John. HERE; take away the things; I expect Company. But first bring me a Pipe; I'll smoak. [*To a Servant.*

Lady Brute. Lord, Sir *John*, I wonder you won't leave that nasty Custom.

Sir John. Prithee, don't be Impertinent.

Bell. [*to Lady* Brute.] I wonder who those are he expects this afternoon?

Lady Brute. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis *Constant;* he comes here sometimes: If it does prove him, I'm resolv'd I'll share the Visit.

Bell. We'll send for our Work and sit here.

Lady Brute. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bell. Nothing will choak us, when we are doing what we have a mind to. *Lovewell.*

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. Madam.

Lady Brute. Here; bring my Cousin's work and mine hither.

[*Exit* Lov. *and Re-enters with their Work.*

Sir John. Whu; Pox, can't you work somewhere else?

Lady Brute. We shall be carefull not to disturb you, Sir.

Bell. Your Pipe would make you too thoughtfull, Unkle, if you were left alone; our prittle prattle will Cure your Spleen.

Sir John. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, [*Sitting and smoaking.*] I shall take my own House for a Paper-Mill.

Lady Brute. [*to Bell. aside.*] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir John. A Woman's Tongue a cure for the Spleen—Oons—[*aside.*] If a Man had got the Headach, they'd be for applying the same Remedy.

Lady Brute. You have done a great deal, *Bellinda*, since yesterday.

Bell. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

Lady Brute. O 'tis the prettiest Fringe in the World. Well Cousin, you have the happiest fancy: Prithee, advise me about altering my Crimson Petticoat.

Sir John. A Pox o' your Petticoat; Here's such a prating, a Man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

Lady Brute. Don't answer him. [*aside.*]
Well, what do you advise me?

Bell. Why, really, I would not alter it at all.
Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady Brute. Ay that's true: But you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had 'em long.

Sir John. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bell. Shall we provoke him a little?

Lady Brute. With all my heart.
Bellinda, don't you long to be Married?

Bell. Why, there are some things in it I could like well enough.

Lady Brute. What do you think you shou'd dislike?

Bell. My Husband, a hundred to one else.

Lady Brute. O ye wicked wretch: Sure you don't speak as you think.

Bell. Yes I do: Especially if he smoak'd Tobacco.
[*He looks earnestly at 'em.*

Lady Brute. Why that many times takes off worse Smells.

Bell. Then he must smell very ill indeed.

Lady Brute. So some Men will, to keep their Wives from coming near 'em.

Bell. Then those Wives shou'd Cuckold 'em at a Distance.

He rises in a fury, throws his Pipe at 'em and drives 'em out. As they run off, Constant *and* Heartfree *enter.* *Lady* Brute *runs against* Constant.

Sir John. Oons, get you gone up stairs, you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll Cuckold you with a Vengeance.

Lady Brute. O Lord he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, Dear Mr. *Constant* save us. [*Exeunt.*

Sir John. I'll Cuckold you, with a Pox.

Const. Heavens, Sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir John. Sure if Women had been ready created, the Devil, instead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been Married.

Heart. Why, what new plague have you found now?

Sir John. Why these two Gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this afternoon; upon which, they presently resolved to take up the Room, o' purpose to plague me and my Friends.

Const. Was that all? Why, we shou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir John. Then I should have been weary of yours. For I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking Tobacco too; and said Men stunk. But I have a good mind—to say something.

Const. No, nothing against the Ladies pray.

Sir John. Split the Ladies. Come, will you sit down? Give us some Wine, Fellow:
You won't smoak?

Const. No, nor drink neither at this time; I must ask your Pardon.

Sir John. What, this Miſtriss of yours runs in your head; I'll warrant it's some such squeamish Minx as my Wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a Dirty shirt.

Heart. That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir John. Pox o' the Women, let's drink. Come, you shall take one Glass, tho' I send for a Box of Lozenges to sweeten your mouth after it.

Conſt. Nay, if one Glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expence.

Sir John. Why that's honeſt. Fill some Wine, Sirrah: So, here's to you, Gentlemen—A Wife's the Devil. To your being both married.

[*They drink.*

Heart. O your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Sir John. Well? how do you like my Wine?

Conſt. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heart. 'Tis Admirable.

Sir John. Then give us t'other Glass.

Conſt. No, pray excuse us now: We'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir John. This one Glass and no more. Come: it shall be your Miſtresses health: And that's a great Compliment from me, I assure you.

Conſt. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the Glasses.

Sir John. So: let her live. [*Sir* John *coughs in the Glass.*

Heart. And be kind.

Conſt. What's the matter? Does't go the wrong way?

Sir John. If I had Love enough to be jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill Omen. For I never drank my Wives health in my life, but I puk'd in the Glass.

Conſt. O she's too virtuous to make a Reasonable man jealous.

Sir John. Pox of her Virtue. If I cou'd but catch her Adulterating, I might be Divorc'd from her by Law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly Pension, to be a diſtinguish'd Cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Sir, There's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and some other Gentlemen at the *Blew-Poſts*, desire your Company.

Sir John. Cods so, we are to Consult about playing the Devil to night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder business.

Sir John. Methinks I don't know how to leave you, tho': But for once I muſt make bold—Or look you; may be the Conference mayn't laſt long: so, if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then——why, then——I won't come at all.

Heart. [*to* Conſt.] A good modeſt Proposition, truly. [*Aside.*

Conſt. But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen?

Heart. Well Sir, to shew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir John. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all: But business you know must be done. So your Servant——Or hark you: If you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my Lord, I can easily introduce you.

Const. We are much beholding to you, but for my part I'm engag'd another way.

Sir John. What? to your Mistress I'll warrant. Prithee leave your nasty Punk to entertain her self with her own Lewd thoughts, and make one with us to Night.

Const. Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and business must be done you know.

Sir John. Ay, Women's business, tho' the world were consum'd for't. [*Exit Sir* John.

Const. Farewell Beast: And now my Dear Friend, wou'd my Mistress be but as Complaisant as some mens Wives, who think it a piece of good breeding to receive the visits of their Husband's Friends in his Absence.

Heart. Why for your sake I could forgive her, tho' she should be so Complaisant to receive something else in his absence. But what way shall we invent to see her?

Const. O, ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as Vain as Wishes.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Heart. What do you think now, Friend?

Const. I think I shall swoon.

Heart. I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch breath.

Lady Brute. We think our selves oblig'd Gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your Knight-Errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the Fiery Dragon.

Bell. Did not his fumes almost knock you down, Gentlemen?

Heart. Truly Ladies, we did undergo some hardships, and should have done more, if some greater Hero's than ourselves hard by had not diverted him.

Const. Tho' I'm glad of the Service, you are pleas'd to say we have done you; yet I'm sorry we cou'd do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy, to what you wou'd perhaps have kept a secret.

Lady Brute. For Sir *John*'s part, I suppose he design'd it no secret, since he made so much noise. And for my self, truly I'm not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's hands and yours; who I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

Const. Your good opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd, I never could have merited.

Lady Brute. Your fears were vain then, Sir, for I am just to every body.

Heart. Prithee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions; for I'm a Novice at it?

Bell. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will, with all my Soul, Madam.

Bell. Why then you must never be slovenly, never be out of humor, fare well and cry Roast-meat; smoak Tobacco, nor drink but when you are a-dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Const. Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

Bell. Why, is it possible the Gentleman can love Drinking?

Heart. Only by way of Antidote.

Bell. Against what, pray?

Heart. Against Love, Madam.

Lady Brute. Are you afraid of being in Love, Sir?

Heart. I should, if there were any danger of it.

Lady Brute. Pray why so?

Heart. Because I always had an aversion to being us'd like a Dog.

Bell. Why truly, Men in love are seldom us'd better.

Lady Brute. But was you never in Love, Sir?

Heart. No, I thank Heaven, Madam.

Bell. Pray where got you your Learning then?

Heart. From other Peoples Expence.

Bell. That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is scarce honest; if you'd buy some Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyfull*, to wait upon your Ladyship.

Lady Brute. Shield me, kind Heaven: What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us!

Enter Lady Fancyfull, *who runs first to Lady* Brute, *then to* Bellinda, *kissing 'em.*

Lady Fan. My dear Lady *Brute*, and sweet *Bellinda!* methinks 'tis an Age since I saw you.

Lady Brute. Yet 'tis but three days; sure you have pass'd your time very ill, it seems so long to you.

Lady Fan. Why really, to confess the Truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the Addresses of Unfortunate Gentlemen, that were it not for the Extravagancy of the Example, I should e'en tear out these

wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both my self and Mankind easie. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful Adviser?

Heart. Why truly, Madam—I think—every Project that is for the Good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

Lady Fan. Then I have your Consent, Sir.

Heart. To do whatever you please, Madam.

Lady Fan. You had a much more limited Complaisance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of 'em.

Const. Why truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be something familiar with the Ladies.

Lady Fan. He is, indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it; he has had the Goodness to design a Reformation, even down to my Fingers ends.——

'Twas thus, I think, Sir, [*Opening her fingers in an aukward manner.*] you would have had 'em stand.—My Eyes too he did not like: How was't you would have directed 'em? Thus, I think. [*Staring at him.*] Then there was something amiss in my Gate too, I don't know well how 'twas; but, as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may see you.—He's sullen, Ladies, and won't: But, to make short, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obstinate Woman, and could not resolve to make myself Mistriss of his Heart, by growing as aukward as his Fancy. [*She walks aukwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual Affectation.*

Heart. Just thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us. [*Here* Constant *and Lady* Brute *talk together apart.*

Lady Fan. 'Twould however be less Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is, That if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

Lady Fan. Not by over-fondness, upon my Word, Sir. But pray let's stop here, for you are so much govern'd by Instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bell. [*aside.*] Now am I sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous.

Well, for my part, I should be glad to find some-body would be so free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

Lady Fan. Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be Surety for him, That upon a very limited Encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended Impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you Madam, for your recommendation; But hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your Ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

Lady Fan. I told you he'd be rude, *Bellinda.*

Bell. O, a little Bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other exceptions to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, You may venture to lift yourself: I shall find you work I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those terms I engage, Madam, and this (with your leave) I take for Earnest. [*Offering to kiss her Hand.*

Bell. Hold there, Sir, I'm none of your earnest givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good wages, and pay punctually.

[Heartf. *and* Bell. *seem to continue talking familiarly.*

Lady Fan. [*Aside.*] I don't like this jesting between 'em—Methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in earnest——But then he must be a Fool indeed.

——Lard, what a Difference there is between me and her.

[*Looking at* Bell. *scornfully.*

How I shou'd despise such a Thing, if I were a man.

——What a Nose she has!——What a Chin——What a Neck.——Then her Eyes——And the worst Kissing Lips in the Universe——No no, he can never like her that's positive——Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer.

Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know that you and I must have no Quarrel for all this. I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: But Women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

Heart. Up to a certain Age, Madam.

Lady Fan. Which I am not yet past I hope.

Heart. [*aside.*] Nor never will, I dare swear.

Lady Fan. [*to Lady* Brute.] Come Madam; Will your Ladyship be Witness to our Reconciliation?

Lady Brute. You agree then at last.

Heart. [*slightingly.*] We forgive.

Lady Fan. [*aside.*] That was a cold ill-natur'd reply.

Lady Brute. Then there's no Challenges sent between you?

Heart. Not from me I promise. [*aside to* Constant.] But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Const. That I believe. But I think we had best be going lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Const. Ladies, we are your humble Servants. I see Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, *Heartfree.* [*Exit.*

Heart. Ladies, your Servant. [*To Bellinda.*] I hope Madam you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit* Heartfree.

Bell. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

Lady Fan. [*aside.*] Very pretty truly—But how the Blockhead went out: Languishing at her; and not a look toward me.—Well, Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a Rude fellow as he, and such a little Impertinent as she, shou'd be capable of making a Woman of my sphere uneasy.

But I can bear her sight no longer——methinks she's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet.*

I must home, and study revenge.

[*To Lady* Brute] Madam your humble Servant, I must take my leave.

Lady Brute. What going already Madam?

Lady Fan. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon: so you see I'm importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

Bell. [*aside.*] And she's quits with them both.

Lady Fan. [*going*] Nay you sha'n't go one step out of the room.

Lady Brute. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

Lady Fan. No, sweet Lady *Brute;* you know I swoon at Ceremony.

Lady Brute. Pray give me leave.

Lady Fan. You know I won't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I must.

Lady Fan. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you sha'n't. Indeed, Indeed, Indeed you sha'n't.

[*Exit Lady* Fan. *running. They follow.*

Re-enter Lady Brute, *sola.*

This Impertinent Woman has put me out of humour for a Fortnight ——What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted.—— Lord how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart, when once the sluce of desire is open'd! Good Gods! What a Pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

Re-enter Constant.

Ha! here again?

Conſt. Tho' the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, leſt the Lady who was here shou'd have been as malicious in her Remarks, as she's foolish in her Conduct.

Lady Brute. He who has Discretion enough to be tender of a Womans Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many faults.

Conſt. If it has a Title to atone for any, its pretensions muſt needs be ſtrongeſt, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the attempt I have made upon your Heart, since my Enterprize has been a secret to all the World but your self.

Lady Brute. Secrecy indeed in Sins of this kind, is an Argument of weight to lessen the Punishment; but nothing's a Plea, for a Pardon entire, without a sincere Repentance.

Conſt. If Sincerity in Repentance consiſts in sorrow for offending, no Cloiſter ever enclosed so true a Penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an offence to Love, where 'tis a Duty to adore.

Lady Brute. 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it wou'd rob a Woman of all she ought to be ador'd for; her Virtue.

Conſt. Virtue?——Virtue alas is no more like the thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like Vice it self. Virtue consiſts in Goodness, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity and Pity; and not in peevish, snarling, ſtrait-lac'd Chaſtity. True Virtue whereso'e'er it moves, ſtill carries an intrinsique worth about it, and is in every place, and in each Sex of equal Value. So is not Continence, you see: That Phantome of Honour, which men in every Age have so contemn'd, they have thrown it amongſt the Women to scrabble for.

Lady Brute. If it be a thing of so very little Value, why do you so earneſtly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

Conſt. We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to our selves. And to our Daughters, because we wou'd dispose of 'em to others.

Lady Brute. 'Tis, then, of some Importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of 'em without it.

Conſt. That importance, Madam, lies in the humour of the Country, not in the nature of the thing.

Lady Brute. How do you prove that, Sir?

Conſt. From the Wisdom of a neighb'ring Nation in a contrary Practice. In Monarchies things go by Whimsie, but Commonwealths weigh all things in the Scale of Reason.

Lady Brute. I hope we are not so very light a People to bring up fashions without some ground.

Conſt. Pray what do's your Ladiship think of a powder'd Coat for Deep Mourning?

Lady Brute. I think, Sir, your Sophistry has all the effect that you can reasonably expect it should have: it puzzles, but don't convince.

Const. I'm sorry for it.

Lady Brute. I'm sorry to hear you say so.

Const. Pray why?

Lady Brute. Because if you expected more from it, you have a worse opinion of my understanding than I desire you shou'd have.

Const. [*aside.*] I comprehend her: She would have me set a value upon her Chastity, that I may think my self the more oblig'd to her, when she makes me a Present of it.

[*To her.*] I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like those. I hope you'll have so favourable an opinion of my Understanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has Worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal Obligation where'er 'tis sacrific'd.

Lady Brute. It is I think so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Const. Yes; the making the man you love your everlasting Debtor.

Lady Brute. When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow very shy of their Creditors' Company.

Const. That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Usurers, and not of a Generous Friend. Let us choose our Creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful to shun 'em.

Lady Brute. What think you of Sir *John*, Sir? I was his free Choice.

Const. I think he's marry'd, Madam.

Lady Brute. Do's Marriage then exclude men from your Rule of Constancy?

Const. It do's. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor sordid Slavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tide of Honour, and sinks us to the lowest ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil; Ill Nature, Avarice, Sloath, Cowardice and Dirt, are all its Product.

Lady Brute. Have you no exceptions to this General Rule, as well as to t'other?

Const. Yes: I would (after all) be an exception to it my self, if you were free, in Power and Will to make me so.

Lady Brute. Compliments are well plac'd, where 'tis impossible to lay hold on 'em.

Const. I wou'd to Heaven 'twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no Compliment at all. But since you are already dispos'd on beyond Redemption, to one who do's not know the value of the Jewel you have put into his hands: I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it should sometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

Lady Brute. If looking on't alone wou'd serve his turn, the wrong perhaps might not be very great.

Conſt. Why, what if he shou'd wear it now and then a day, so he gave good Security to bring it home again at night?

Lady Brute. Small Security I fansie might serve for that. One might venture to take his word.

Conſt. Then where's the injury to the Owner?

Lady Brute. 'Tis an injury to him, if he think it one. For if Happiness be seated in the Mind, Unhappiness muſt be so too.

Conſt. Here I close with you, Madam, and draw my conclusive Argument from your own Position: If the Injury lie in the fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

Lady Brute [*going.*] A surer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in it's behalf.

Conſt. [*following her.*] But, Madam——

Lady Brute. But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a Visit.

Conſt. [*catching her Hand.*] By Heaven you shall not ſtir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient Time and Place.

Lady Brute. I give you juſt Hopes enough——[*breaking from him.*] to get loose from you: and that's all I can afford you at this time.

[*Exit running.*

Conſtant *solus.*

Now, by all that's Great and Good, she is a charming Woman. In what Extasie of Joy she has left me. For she gave me Hope; Did she not say she gave me Hope?—Hope? Ay; what Hope?——Enough to make me let her go—Why that's enough in Conscience. Or no matter how 'twas spoke; Hope was the Word: it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree*: Thou haſt done me Noble Service in pratling to the young Gentlewoman without there; come to my Arms, Thou Venerable Bawd, and let me squeeze thee [*Embracing him eagerly*] as a new pair of ſtays do's a Fat Country Girl, when she's carry'd to Court to ſtand for a Maid of Honour.

Heart. Why what the Devil's all this Rapture for?

Conſt. Rapture? There's ground for Rapture, Man, there's hopes, my *Heartfree*, hopes, my Friend!

Heart. Hopes? of what?

Conſt. Why hopes that my Lady and I together, (for 'tis more than one bodies work) should make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

Heart. Prithee, what did she say to thee?

Const. Say? What did she not say? She said that—says she—she said—Zoons I don't know what she said: But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her, and so if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy; I'll give all my Silver amongst the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door, say the Plenipo's have sign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England*'s grown honest. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. The *Blue Posts.*]

SCENE *opens; Lord* RAKE, *Sir* JOHN, *&c. at a Table drinking.*

All. Huzza.

Lord Rake. Come Boys. Charge again——So—Confusion to all order! Here's Liberty of Conscience.

All. Huzza.

Lord Rake. I'll Sing you a Song I made this Morning to this purpose.

Sir John. 'Tis wicked I hope.

Col. Bully. Don't my Lord tell you he made it?

Sir John. Well then, let's ha't.

Lord *Rake* Sings.

I.

WHAT a Pother of Late
Have they kept in the State
About setting our Consciences free.
A Bottle has more
Dispensations in Store,
Than the King and the State can decree.

II.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Design,
And know no Penal Laws *that can curb me:*
Whate'er I devise,
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

III.

No saucy Remorse
Intrudes in my Course,
Nor Impertinent notions of Evil:
So there's Claret in Store,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

All sing. *So there's Claret*, &c.

Lord Rake. [Rep.] *And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.*

Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, Admirable.

Sir John. I wou'd not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Lord Rake. Then my Muse is to your Taste.
But drink away; the Night steals upon us, we shall want time to be Lewd in. Hey Page, sally out, Sirrah, and see what's doing in the Camp; we'll beat up their Quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordship an Exact account. [*Exit Page.*

Lord Rake. Now let the spirit of Clary go round.
Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our forlorn Hope.
Courage, Knight; Victory attends you.

Sir John. And Lawrells shall Crown me. Drink away and be damn'd.

Lord Rake. Again Boys; t'other Glass, and damn Morality.

Sir John. [*drunk.*] Ay—damn Morality—and damn the Watch. And let the Constable be married.

All. Huzza.

Re-enter Page.

Lord Rake. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord it's Sunday night, they are full of Drunken Citizens.

Lord Rake. Along then Boys, we shall have a feast.

Col. Bully. Along Noble Knight.

Sir John. Ay——along *Bully*; and he that says Sir *John Brute*, is not as Drunk and as Religious, as the Drunkenest Citizen of 'em all—is a liar, and the Son of a Whore.

Col. Bully. Why that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born *Englishman*.

Sir John. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an *English* man or a *French* man?

Col. Bully. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir John. Zoons I am angry, Sir,——for if I'm a Free-born *English* man, what have you to do, even to talk of my Privileges.

Lord Rake. Why prithee Knight don't quarrel here, leave private Animosities to be decided by day light, let the night be imploy'd against the publick Enemy.

Sir John. My Lord I respect you, because you are a man of Quality: But I'll make that fellow know I am within a hairs breadth as absolute by my Privileges, as the King of *France* is by his prerogative. He by his prerogative takes money where it is not his due; I by my Privilege refuse paying it, where I owe it. Liberty and Property and *Old England*, Huzza!

All. Huzza! [*Exit Sir* John *reeling, all following him.*

SCENE [III]. A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Lady Brute. SURE it's late, *Bellinda*; I begin to be sleepy.

Bell. Yes, 'tis near twelve. Will you go to Bed?

Lady Brute. To bed my Dear? And by that time I am fallen into a sweet sleep, (or perhaps a sweet Dream which is better and better) Sir *John* will come home, roaring drunk, and be over-joy'd he finds me in a Condition to be disturb'd.

Bell. O you need not fear him, he's in for all night. The Servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

Lady Brute. Nay 'tis not very likely indeed, such suitable Company should part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Bellinda*, when they grow weary of Women.

Bell. And what Owles they are whilst they are fond of 'em.

Lady Brute. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our Accounts.

Bell. We ought to do so, indeed: But 'tis a hard matter. For when a Man is really in Love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado, to endure the Sight of him. And this I take to be the reason, why Lovers are so generally ill used.

Lady Brute. Well I own now, I'm well enough pleased to see a Man look like an Ass for me.

Bell. Ay, I'm pleas'd he should look like an Ass too—That is, I'm pleas'd with myself for making him look so.

Lady Brute. Nay truly, I think if he'd find some other way to express his Passion, 'twould be more to his advantage.

Bell. Yes; For then a Woman might like his Passion and him too.

Lady Brute. Yet, *Bellinda*, after all, A Woman's Life would be but a dull business, if 'twere not for Men; And Men that can look like Asses too. We shou'd never blame Fate, for the shortness of our Days; our time wou'd hang wretchedly upon our hands.

Bell. Why truly they do help us off with a good share on't. For were there no Men in the World, o'my Conscience I shou'd be no longer a dressing than I'm a saying my prayers; Nay tho' it were *Sunday:* For you know that one may go to Church without Stays on.

Lady Brute. But don't you think Emulation might do something; for every Woman you see desires to be finer than her Neighbour.

Bell. That's only that the Men may like her better than her Neighbour. No: if there were no men, adieu fine Petticoats, we shou'd be weary of wearing 'em.

Lady Brute. And adieu Plays, we should be weary of seeing 'em.

Bell. Adieu *Hide Park*, the Duſt wou'd Choak us.

Lady Brute. Adieu *St. James*'s, walking wou'd Tire us.

Bell. Adieu *London*, the Smoak wou'd ſtifle us.

Lady Brute. And adieu going to Church, for Religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

Both. Ha ha ha ha ha.

Bell. Our Confession is so very hearty, sure we merit Absolution.

Lady Brute. Not unless we go through with't, and confess all. So, prithee, for the Ease of our Consciences, let's hide nothing.

Bell. Agreed.

Lady Brute. Why then I confess, That I love to sit in the Fore-front of a Box. For if one sits behind, there's two Acts gone perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whispering and looking upon me, you muſt know I cannot for my Life forbear thinking, they talk to my Advantage. And that sets a Thousand little tickling Vanities on Foot——

Bell. Juſt my Case for all the World; but go on.

Lady Brute. I watch with Impatience for the next Jeſt in the Play, that I might laugh and shew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jeſt be long a coming, I pretend to whisper one to my Friend, and from thence fall into a little short Discourse, in which I take Occasion to shew my Face in all Humours, Brisk, Pleas'd, Serious, Melancholy, Languishing;——Not that what we say to one another causes any of these Alterations. But——

Bell. Don't trouble your self to explain: For if I'm not miſtaken, you and I have had some of these necessary Dialogues before now, with the same Intention.

Lady Brute. Why I'll swear, *Bellinda*, some People do give ſtrange agreeable Airs to their Faces in speaking.

Tell me true!—Did you never practise in the Glass?

Bell. Why, did you?

Lady Brute. Yes, Faith, many a time.

Bell. And I too, I own it. Both how to speak my self, and how to look when others speak; But my Glass and I cou'd never yet agree what Face I shou'd make when they come blurt out with a nasty thing in a Play: For all the Men presently look upon the Women, that's certain; so laugh we must not, tho' our Stays burst for't; Because that's telling Truth, and owning we understand the Jest. And to look serious is so dull, when the whole House is a laughing.

Lady Brute. Besides, that looking serious do's really betray our Knowledge in the Matter, as much as laughing with the Company would do. For if we did not understand the thing, we shou'd naturally do like other People.

Bell. For my part I always take that Occasion to blow my Nose.

Lady Brute. You must blow your Nose half off then at some Plays.

Bell. Why don't some Reformer or other beat the Poet for't?

Lady Brute. Because he is not so sure of our private Approbation as of our publick Thanks. Well, sure there is not upon Earth, so impertinent a thing as Women's Modesty.

Bell. Yes: Men's Fantasque, that obliges us to it. If we quit our Modesty, they say we lose our Charms, and yet they know that very Modesty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocrisie.

Lady Brute. Thus one wou'd think, 'twere a hard Matter to please 'em, Neice. Yet our kind Mother Nature has given us something, that makes amends for all. Let our Weakness be what it will, Mankind will still be weaker, and whilst there is a World, 'tis Woman that will govern it.

But prithee one Word of poor *Constant* before we go to Bed; if it be but to furnish Matter for Dreams; I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, tho' it be in the middle of his Prayers.

Bell. So he ought I think; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance to day, Madam.

Lady Brute. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfie any reasonable Woman: He has besieg'd me these two Years to no Purpose.

Bell. And if he besieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough paid, so he had the plundering of you at last.

Lady Brute. That may be; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer; for to confess the Truth to you, *Bellinda*, the Garrison begins to grow mutinous.

Bell. Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

Lady Brute. Yet methinks I wou'd fain stay a little longer, to see you fix'd too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What think you, if *Heartfree* shou'd have a Month's Mind to you?

Bell. Why Faith I cou'd almoſt be in Love with him, for despising that foolish, affected Lady *Fancyfull*, but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himself by my Fire.

Lady Brute. Then he deserves to be froze to Death. Wou'd I were a Man for your sake, my dear Rogue. [*Kissing her.*

Bell. You'd wish yourself a Woman again for your own, or the Men are miſtaken.

But if I cou'd make a Conqueſt of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle; What shou'd I do with him, he has no Fortune: I can't marry him; and sure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication.

Lady Brute. Why, if you did, Child, 'twou'd be but a good friendly part; if 'twere only to keep me in Countenance whilſt I commit——You know what.

Bell. Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps some other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray how shall we contrive to see these Blades again quickly?

Lady Brute. We muſt e'en have Recourse to the old way; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt jeſt and earneſt, 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know's a very good thing to save a Woman's Blushes.

Bell. You advise well; but where shall it be?

Lady Brute. In *Spring Garden.* But they shan't know their Women, till their Women pull off their Masques; for a Surprize is the moſt agreeable thing in the World: And I find my self in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

Bell. Then pray write 'em the necessary Billet, without farther Delay.

Lady Brute. Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilſt you say your Prayers, I'll do it, Child. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. with Swords drawn.*

Lord Rake. IS the Dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the Witch his Wife howl'd!

Col. Bully. Ay, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

Lord Rake. Appear, Knight, then; come, you have a good Cause to fight for—there's a Man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his Ghost be satisfied; for I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently; and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

Col. Bully. How now? What have we got here? A Thief?

Taylor. No an't please you; I'm no Thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll see presently: Here, let the General examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay; Let me examine him; and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty, in spite of his Teeth—for he looks—like a—sneaking Rascal.

Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them——I shall guess at your Morals.

Taylor. An't please you, I'm a Dissenting Journey-man Taylor.

Sir John. Then Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade. And so, that your Punishment may be suitable to your Crimes,—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me; indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir John. No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Lord Rake. Let me see what's in that Bundle.

Tayl. An't please you, it's the Doctor of the Parish's Gown.

Lord Rake. The Doctor's Gown!——Hark you, Knight, you won't stick at abusing the Clergy, will you?

Sir John. No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuse any thing—but my Wife; and her I name—with Reverence.

Lord Rake. Then you shall wear this Gown, whilst you charge the Watch. That tho' the Blows fall upon you, the Scandal may light upon the Church.

Sir John. A generous Design——by all the Gods——give it me.

[*Takes the Gown, and puts it on.*

Tayl. O dear Gentlemen, I shall be quite undone, if you take the Gown.

Sir John. Retire, Sirrah; and since you carry off your Skin—go home, and be happy.

Tayl. [*pausing.*] I think I had e'en as good follow the Gentleman's friendly Advice. For if I dispute any longer, who knows but the whim may take him to case me. These Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money; they'll sooner cut a Man's Throat, than pay his Bill.

[*Exit Taylor.*

Sir John. So, how d'ye like my Shapes now?

Lord Rake. This will do to a Miracle; he looks like a Bishop going to the Holy War. But to your Arms, Gentlemen, the Enemy appears.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Watch. Stand! Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

Sir John. The Constable's a Rascal——and you are the Son of a Whore.

Watch. A good civil Answer for a Parson, truly.

Constab. Methinks Sir, a Man of your Coat, might set a better Example.

Sir John. Sirrah, I'll make you know——there are Men of my Coat can set as bad Examples——as you can do, you Dog you.

[*Sir* John *strikes the Constable. They knock him down, disarm him and seize him. Lord* Rake, *&c. run away.*

Constab. So, we have secur'd the Parson however.

Sir John. Blood and Blood——and Blood.

Watch. Lord have mercy upon us: How the wicked Wretch Raves of Blood. I'll warrant he has been murdering some body to Night.

Sir John. Sirrah, There's nothing got by Murder but a Halter: My Talent lies towards Drunkenness and Simony.

Watch. Why, that now was spoke like a Man of Parts, Neighbours: It's pity he shou'd be so Disguis'd.

Sir John. You Lye——I'm not Disguis'd; for I am Drunk barefac'd.

Watch. Look you there again—This is a mad Parson, Mr. *Constable*; I'll lay a Pot of Ale upon's Head, he's a good Preacher.

Constab. Come Sir, out of respect to your Calling, I shan't put you into the Round-house; but we must Secure you in our Drawing-Room till Morning, that you may do no Mischief. So, Come along.

Sir John. You may put me where you will, Sirrah, now you have overcome me———But if I can't do Mischief, I'll think of Mischief—in spite of your Teeth, you Dog you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [II] *a Bed-chamber.*

Enter Heartfree, *solus.*

WHAT the Plague ail's me?——Love? No, I thank you for that; my heart's Rock still——
Yet 'tis *Bellinda* that disturbs me; that's positive.
——Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? at that rate, I might love all the Women I meet, Igad.
But hold?—tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her——Ay, that may be, 'faith.
I have dreamt of her, that's certain——

Well, so I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the purpose? Ay, but *Bellinda* runs in my Mind waking——
And so do's many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a Farthing for——
Methinks tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Business——
Well, am I the first Man, that has had a Mind to do an Impertinent thing?

Enter Constant.

Const. How now, *Heartfree?* What makes you up and Dress'd so soon? I thought none but Lovers quarrell'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoaring, as I us'd to do.

Heart. Why, faith Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all Night, how to bring your Matter about with *Bellinda.*

Const. With *Bellinda?*

Heart. With my Lady, I mean: And, faith I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her Behaviour to you Yesterday?

Const. So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears, can make me doubt of Success. But what can this sudden Change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you saw her Husband beat her, did you not?

Const. That's true: A Husband is scarce to be born upon any terms, much less when he fights with his Wife. Methinks, she shou'd e'en have Cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the Battel, she was Master of the Field.

Heart. A Council of War of Women, wou'd infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a Woman as *Bellinda*, deserves better usage.

Const. Bellinda again?

Heart. My Lady, I mean: What a-pox makes me blunder so to-day? [*Aside.*] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

Const. Prithee look upon me seriously, *Heartfree*——
Now answer me directly! Is it my Lady, or *Bellinda* employs your careful Thoughts thus?

Heart. My Lady, or *Bellinda?*

Const. In Love; by this Light, in Love.

Heart. In Love?

Const. Nay, ne'er deny it: for thou'lt do it so awkerdly, 'twill but make the Jest sit heavier about thee. My Dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

Heart. Why prithee, you won't perswade me to it, will you?

Const. That she's Mistress of your Tongue, that's plain, and I know you are so honest a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together. But how, but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha—

Heart. Hey day: Why sure you don't believe it in earnest?

Conſt. Yes, I do; because I see you deny it in jeſt.

Heart. Nay, but look you *Ned*,——a——deny in jeſt——a——gadzooks, you know I say——a——when a Man denies a thing in jeſt—a—

Conſt. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: What, because a Man ſtumbles at a Word: Did you never make a Blunder?

Conſt. Yes, for I am in Love, I own it.

Heart. Then; so am I—
Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear *Conſtant*, don't tell the Town on't.

Conſt. Nay, then 'twere almoſt pity to laugh at thee, after so honeſt a Confession.
But tell us a little, *Jack*. By what new-invented Arms, has this mighty Stroak been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd, *Je ne ſçai quoy;* For every thing that can come within the Verge of Beauty, I have seen it with indifference.

Conſt. So in few words, then, the *Je ne ſçai quoy*, has been too hard for the Quilted Petticoat.

Heart. Igad, I think the *Je ne ſçai quoy*, is in the Quilted Petticoat; at leaſt, 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without——a——a *Je ne ſçai quoy* in every Part about me.

Conſt. Well, but have all your Remedies loſt their Virtue, have you turn'd her In-side out yet?

Heart. I dare not so much as think on't.

Conſt. But don't the two Years Fatigue, I have had, discourage you?

Heart. Yes: I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like some Soldiers; whose Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature; on they go, tho' the Body trembles, at what the Soul makes it Undertake.

Conſt. Nay, if you expect your Miſtress will use you, as your Profanations againſt her Sex deserve, you tremble Juſtly.
But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

Heart. Thou know'ſt I'm but a Novice; be friendly and advise me.

Conſt. Why look you then; I'd have you—Serenade and a——write a Song———Go to Church; Look like a Fool——Be very Officious: Ogle, Write and Lead out; And who knows, but in a Year or two's time, you may be——call'd a troublesome Puppy, and sent about your Business.

Heart. That's hard.

Conſt. Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

Heart. Pox on me for making one of the Number!

Conſt. Have a Care: Say no Saucy things; 'twill but augment your Crime, and if your Miſtress hears on't, encrease your Punishment.

Heart. Prithee say something then to encourage me, you know I help'd you in your Distress.

Const. Why then to encourage you to Perseverance, that you may be thoroughly ill us'd for your Offences; I'll put you in Mind, That even the coyest Ladies of 'em all, are made up of Desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will Capitulate at last. For that thundering Enginier, Nature, do's make such havock in the Town, they must Surrender at long Run, or Perish in their own Flames.

Enter a Footman.

Sir, There's a Porter without with a Letter; he desires to give it into your own Hands.

Const. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Const. What, *Jo;* Is it thee?

Porter. An't please you Sir, I was Order'd to Deliver this into your own Hands, by two well-shap'd Ladies, at the *New Exchange.* I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your Servants sent me hither.

Const. 'Tis well. Are you to carry any Answer?

Porter. No, my noble Master. They gave me my Orders, and whip, they were gone, like a Maiden-head at Fifteen.

Const. Very well; there. [*Gives him Money.*

Porter. God bless your Honour. [*Exit Porter.*

Const. Now let's see, what honest trusty *Jo* has brought us.

Reads.

If you and your Play-fellow can spare time from your Business and Devotions, don't fail to be at Spring-Garden *about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, so you need bring no other Arms than what you usually carry about you.*

So, Play-fellow: Here's something to stay your Stomach, till your Mistresses Dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old Batter'd Acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Const. Nay, that you can't avoid: There's Honour in the Case; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this Wound *Bellinda* has given me; I don't think I shall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

Const. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for such Enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III, *A Street.*]

Enter Constable, &c. with Sir John.

Constab. COME along, Sir; I thought to have let you slip this Morning, because you were a Minister; but you are as Drunk and as Abusive as ever. We'll see what the Justice of the Peace will say to you.

Sir John. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of the Peace, Sirrah. [*They knock at the Door.*

Enter Servant.

Constab. Pray Acquaint his Worship, we have got an unruly Parson here: We are unwilling to expose him, but don't know what to do with him.

Serv. I'll Acquaint my Master. [*Exit Serv.*

Sir John. You——Constable—What damn'd Justice is this?

Constab. One that will take Care of you, I warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable; What's the Disorder here?

Constab. An't please your Worship——

Sir John. Let me speak and be damn'd: I'm a Divine, and can unfold Mysteries better than you can do.

Just. Sadness, Sadness, a Minister so Over-taken. Pray Sir, give the Constable leave to speak, and I'll hear you very patiently; I assure you Sir, I will.

Sir John. Sir,——You are a very Civil Magistrate. Your most humble Servant.

Constab. An't Please your Worship then; he has attempted to beat the Watch to Night, and Swore——

Sir John. You Lye.

Just. Hold, pray, Sir, a little.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Constab. Indeed Sir, he came at us without any Provocation, call'd us Whores and Rogues, and laid us on with a great Quarter Staff. He was in my Lord *Rake*'s Company. They have been playing the Devil to Night.

Just. Hem——Hem——Pray Sir——May you be Chaplain to my Lord?

Sir John. Sir——I presume——I may if I will.

Just. My meaning Sir, is——Are you so?

Sir John. Sir——You mean very well.

Just. He hem——hem——Under favour, Sir, pray Answer me directly.

Sir John. Under favour, Sir——Do you use to Answer directly when you are Drunk?

Just. Good lack, good lack: Here's nothing to be got from him. Pray Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sir John. Sir,——My Name's—— [*He Hycops*] Hyccop, Sir.

Just. Hyccop? Doctor *Hyccop*. I have known a great many Country Parsons of that Name, especially down in the Fenns. Pray where do you live, Sir?

Sir John. Here——and there, Sir.

Just. Why, what a strange Man is this? Where do you Preach, Sir? Have you any Cure?

Sir John. Sir——I have——a very good Cure——for a Clap, at your Service.

Just. Lord have mercy upon us.

Sir John. [*aside.*] This Fellow do's ask so many Impertinent Questions, I believe, Igad, 'tis the Justice's Wife, in the Justice's Cloathes.

Just. Mr. Constable, I Vow and Protest, I don't know what to do with him.

Constab. Truly, he has been but a troublesome Guest to us all Night.

Just. I think, I had e'en best let him go about his Business, for I'm unwilling to expose him.

Constab. E'en what your Worship thinks fit.

Sir John. Sir,——not to interrupt Mr. Constable, I have a small Favour to ask.

Just. Sir, I open both my Ears to you.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. I have a little Urgent Business calls upon me; And therefore I desire the Favour of you, to bring Matters to a Conclusion.

Just. Sir, If I were sure that Business, were not to Commit more Disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir John. None,——By my Priesthood!

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may Discharge him.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you please to Accept of a Bottle—

Just. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I never drink in a Morning. Good buy t'ye, Sir, good buy t'ye.

Sir John. Good buy t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Justice.*] So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

Constab. No, thank you, Sir; my Wife's enough to satisfie any reasonable Man.

Sir John. [*aside*] He, he, he, he—the Fool is Married, then. Well, you won't go?

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by my self; and you and your Wife may be Damn'd. [*Exit Sir* John.

Constable. [*gazing after him.*] Why God-a-marcy Parson? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [IV] *Spring-Garden.*

Constant *and* Heartfree *cross the Stage. As they go off, Enter Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle *Mask'd, and Dogging 'em.*

Const. SO; I think we are about the time appointed; let us walk up this way. [*Exeunt.*

Lady Fan. Good: Thus far I hove Dogg'd 'em without being discover'd. 'Tis infallibly some Intrigue that brings them to *Spring-Garden.* How my poor Heart is torn and wrackt with Fear and Jealousie. Yet let it be any thing but that Flirt *Bellinda*, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, all that's Woman in me shall be employ'd to destroy her.

[*Exeunt after* Constant *and* Heartfree.

Re-enter Constant *and* Heartfree. *Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle *still following at a Distance.*

Const. I see no Females yet, that have any thing to say to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heart. I wish we were; for I'm in no Humour to make either them or my self merry.

Const. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough; if I tell 'em why you are dull. But prithee why so heavy and sad, before you begin to be ill us'd?

Heart. For the same Reason, perhaps, that you are so brisk and well pleas'd; because both Pains and Pleasures are generally more considerable in Prospect, than when they come to pass.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda, m*ask'd, and poorly dress'd.*

Const. How now, who are these? Not our Game I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough serv'd, to come hunting here, when we had so much better Game in Chase elsewhere.

Lady Fan. [*to Madamoiselle.*] So, those are their Ladies without doubt. But I'm afraid that *Doily* Stuff is not worn for want of better Cloaths. They are the very Shape and Size of *Bellinda* and her Aunt.

Madam. So dey be inteed, Matam.

Lady Fan. We'll slip into this close Arbor, where we may hear all they say. [*Exeunt Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Brute. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

Bell. Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir?

Heart. No, Forsooth; but I seldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bell. Then the Outside's best, you think?

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Const. Have a care, *Heartfree*; you are relapsing again.

Lady Brute. Why, does the Gentleman use to rail at Women?

Const. He has done formerly.

Bell. I suppose he had very good Cause for't.
They did not use you so well, as you thought you deserv'd, Sir.

Lady Brute. They made themselves merry at your Expence, Sir.

Bell. Laugh'd when you Sigh'd—

Lady Brute. Slept while you were waking—

Bell. Had your Porter beat.

Lady Brute. And threw your Billet doux in the Fire.

Heart. Hey day, I shall do more than rail presently.

Bell. Why you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Const. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown——And drunk, I'faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. What a Pox——here's *Constant*, *Heartfree*,—and two Whores Igad——O you covetous Rogues; what, have you never a spare Punk for your Friend?——But I'll share with you.

[*He seizes both the Women.*

Heart. Why, what the Plague have you been doing, Knight?

Sir John. Why, I have been beating the Watch, and scandalizing the Clergy.

Heart. A very good Account, truly.

Sir John. And what do you think I'll do next?

Const. Nay, that no Man can guess.

Sir John. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

Lady Brute. [*aside*] O Lord, we are undone!

Heart. No, we can't sup together, because we have some Affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two Ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our Right in 'em.

Bell. [*aside*] Lord, what shall we do?

Sir John. Let me see, their Cloaths are such damn'd Cloaths, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

Heart. Sir *John*, your Servant. Rapture attend you!

Const. Adieu Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

Lady Brute. Why, sure, you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuse us.

Sir John. Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you? I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight. [Heart. *runs off.*

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good Hands! Adieu, Adieu.

Lady Brute. The Devil's Hands: Let me go, or I'll—For Heaven's sake, protect us!

[*She breaks from him, runs to* Constant, *twitching off her Mask, and clapping it on again.*

Sir John. I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demolish your ugly Face.

Const. Hold a little, Knight, she swoons.

Sir John. I'll swoon her.

Const. Hey, *Heartfree.*

Re-enter Heartfree. Bellinda *runs to him, and shews her Face.*

Heart. O Heavens! My dear Creature, stand there a little.

Const. Pull him off, *Jack.*

Heart. Hold, mighty Man; look you, Sir, we did but jest with you. These are Ladies of our Acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

Sir John. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must, though; and therefore make no words on't.

Sir John. Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you sauce to your Mutton. [*Exit Sir* John.

Lady Brute. Oh, I shall never come to my self again, I'm so frightned.

Const. 'Twas a narrow 'scape, indeed.

Bell. Women must have Frolicks, you see, whatever they cost 'em.

Heart. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

Lady Brute. You are the more oblig'd to us, for the Risque we run upon your Accounts.

Const. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our Knight Errantry, Ladies. This is the second time we have deliver'd you.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true; and since we see Fate has design'd you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust our selves in your

Hands. But you must not have the worse Opinion of us for our Innocent Frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your Advantage.

Bell. Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are sometimes better than they appear to be.

[*Lady* Brute *and* Constant *talk apart.*

Heart. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool: I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

Bell. I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

Heart. Which Sex nothing but your self, cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bell. Now has my Vanity a devilish Itch, to know in what my Merit consists.

Heart. In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bell. One other Compliment with that serious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some Women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

Bell. No, not that neither: But I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real or an affected Blush.

Heart. Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to express my self, I cou'd love you even to—Matrimony it self a-most I-gad.

Bell. Just as Sir *John* did her Ladyship there.
What think you? Don't you believe one Month's time might bring you down to the same Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps. Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Mistresses; and then stark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me, honestly, is not your Patience put to a much severer Tryal after Possession, than before?

Heart. With a great many, I must confess, it is, to our eternal Scandal; but I——dear Creature, do but try me.

Bell. That's the surest way indeed, to know, but not the safest.
[*To Lady* Brute.] Madam, are not you for taking a Turn in the Great Walk: It's almost dark, no body will know us.

Lady Brute. Really I find myself something idle, *Bellinda;* besides, I dote upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you.

Const. [*aside.*] So, she wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

Bell. Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again.
[*To* Heart.] Come, Sir, shall we go pry into the Secrets of the Garden. Who knows what Discoveries we may make.

Heart. Madam, I'm at your Service.

Conſt. [*to* Heart. *aside.*] Don't make too much haſte back; for, d'ye hear.——I may be busie.

Heart. Enough. [*Exeunt* Bellinda *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. *Conſtant.* I'm afraid I shall lose your good Opinion of me.

Conſt. My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, never to be remov'd.

Lady Brute. But if I shou'd remove my Cruelty, then there's an end of your good Opinion.

Conſt. There is not so ſtrict an Alliance between 'em, neither. 'Tis certain I shou'd love you then better (if that be possible) than I do now; and where I love, I always eſteem.

Lady Brute. Indeed, I doubt you much:
Why, suppose you had a Wife, and she shou'd entertain a Gallant.

Conſt. If I gave her juſt Cause, how cou'd I juſtly condemn her?

Lady Brute. Ah; but you'd differ widely about juſt Causes.

Conſt. But blows can bear no Dispute.

Lady Brute. Nor Ill Manners much, truly.

Conſt. Then no Woman upon Earth, has so juſt a Cause as you have.

Lady Brute. O, but a faithful Wife, is a beautiful Character.

Conſt. To a deserving Husband, I confess it is.

Lady Brute. But can his Faults Release my Duty?

Conſt. In Equity without doubt. And where Laws dispense with Equity, Equity should dispense with Laws.

Lady Brute. Pray let's leave this Dispute; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Conſt. But whil'ſt you Attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reasonable I Assault you with mine.

Lady Brute. The Case is not the same. What Mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Conſt. Beauty soon obtains Pardon, for the Pain that it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compassion to the Wound; But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almoſt as bad as an ugly Face and a soft one; both very troublesom to many a Poor Gentleman.

Lady Brute. Yes, and to many a Poor Gentlewoman, too, I can assure you. But pray which of 'em is it that moſt afflicts you?

Conſt. Your Glass and Conscience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's sake (for now I muſt be serious) if Pity or if Gratitude can move you, [*Taking her Hand.*
If Conſtancy and Truth have Power to tempt you; if Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at leaſt some hopes, that Time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'Twill ease my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

Lady Brute. Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd soon abate; And that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, Sir.

Conſt. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with favours; for that's the Food, it naturally requires.

Lady Brute. Yet on that Natural Food, 'twou'd surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all that you wou'd ask.

Conſt. And in refusing all, you ſtarve it. Forgive me, therefore, since my Hunger rages, if I at laſt grow Wild, and in my frenzy force at leaſt, This from you. [*Kissing her Hand.*
Or if you'd have my Flame soar higher ſtill, then grant me this, and this, and Thousands more; [*Kissing firſt her Hand, then her Neck. Aside.*] For now's the time She melts into Compassion.

Lady Brute. [*aside.*] Poor Coward Virtue, how it shuns the Battle. O heavens! let me go.

Conſt. Ay, go, ay: Where shall we go, my Charming Angel,——into this private Arbour.——Nay, let's lose no time——Moments are precious.

Lady Brute. And Lovers wild. Pray let us ſtop here; at leaſt for this time.

Conſt. 'Tis impossible; he that has Power over you, can have none over himself.

Lady Brute. Ah; I'm loſt.
Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.
Madam. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.
Conſt. Death and Furies, who are these? [*As he is forcing her into the Arbour, Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle *bolt out upon them, and Run over the Stage.*

Lady Brute. O Heavens, I'm out of my Wits; if they knew me, I'm Ruin'd.

Conſt. Don't be frightned: Ten thousand to One they are Strangers to you.

Lady Brute. Whatever they are, I won't ſtay here a moment longer.

Conſt. Whither will you go?

Lady Brute. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord where's this *Bellinda* now?

Enter Bellinda *and* Heartfree.

O! it's well you are come: I'm so frightned, my Hair ſtands an end. Let's be gone, for Heaven's sake.

Bell. Lord, What's the Matter?

Lady Brute. The Devil's the Matter, we are discover'd. Here's a Couple of Women have done the moſt impertinent thing. Away, Away, Away, Away, Away. [*Exit running.*

Re-enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. Well, *Madamoiselle*, 'tis a Prodigious thing, how Women can suffer filthy Fellows, to grow so familiar with 'em.

Madam. Ah Matam, il n'y a rien de si Naturel.

Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe. But oh my Heart; O Jealousie, O Torture, I'm upon the rack. What shall I do, my Lover's loſt, I ne'er shall see him Mine.

[*Pausing.*]——But I may be reveng'd; and that's the same thing. Ah sweet Revenge. Thou welcome thought, thou healing Balsam to my wounded Soul. Be but propitious on this one Occasion, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind;
No Blaſt of Fortune long diſturbs her Mind.
Compliance to her Fate supports her ſtill,
If Love won't make her Happy—Mischief will. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *Lady* Fancyfull's *House.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. WELL, *Madamoiselle*, did you dogg the filthy Things?

Madam. O que ouy Matam.

Lady Fan. And where are they?

Madam. Au Logis.

Lady Fan. What? Men and all?

Madam. Tous ensemble.

Lady Fan. O Confidence! what, carry their Fellows to their own House?

Madam. C'eſt que le Mari n'y eſt pas.

Lady Fan. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out.

Well, 'tis a Prodigious thing, to see when Men and Women get together, how they fortifie one another in their Impudence. But if that Drunken Fool, her Husband, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll send him amongſt 'em. I'll spoil their sport.

Madam. En Vérité, Matam, ce seroit domage.

Lady Fan. 'Tis in Vain to Oppose it, *Madamoiselle*; therefore never go about it. For I am the ſteadieſt Creature in the World—when I have determin'd to do Mischief. So, come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [II] *Sir* John Brute's *House.*

Enter Conſtant, Heartfree, *Lady* Brute, Bellinda, *and* Lovewell.

Lady Brute. BUT are you sure you don't miſtake, *Lovewell?*

Lov. Madam, I saw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my Maſter was so drunk he cou'd scarce ſtand.

Lady Brute. Then, Gentlemen, I believe we may Venture to let you Stay, and Play at Cards with us an Hour or two; For they'll scarce part till Morning.

Bell. I think 'tis pity they shou'd ever part.

Conſt. The Company that's here, Madam.

Lady Brute. Then, Sir, the Company that's here, muſt remember to part it self, in time.

Conſt. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours, by an indiscreet Usage of this. The moment you give us the Signal, we sha'n't fail to make our Retreat.

Lady Brute. Upon those Conditions then, Let us sit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

O Lord, Madam, here's my Maſter juſt ſtaggering in upon you; He has been Quarrelsom yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

Lady Brute. Into the Closet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if possible.

[Conſt. *and* Heart. *run into the Closet.*

Enter Sir John, *all Dirt and Bloody.*

Lady Brute. Ah——Ah——he's all over Blood.

Sir John. What the Plague do's the Woman—Squall for? Did you never see a Man in Pickle before?

Lady Brute. Lord, where have you been?

Sir John. I have been at——Cuffs.

Lady Brute. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir John. Sound as a Roche, Wife.

Lady Brute. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir John. You know——I think you Lye.

Lady Brute. I know you do me wrong to think so, then. For Heaven's my Witness, I had rather see my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir John. Then will I be Crucify'd.

Lady Brute. 'Tis a hard Fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir John. 'Tis a damn'd Atheiſtical Age, Wife.

Lady Brute. I am sure I have given you a Thousand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you.
Nay, spite of all your Cruel Thoughts, I'll ſtill perſiſt, and at this moment, if I can, perswade you to lie down and Sleep a little.

Sir John. Why,—do you think I am drunk—you Slut, you?

Lady Brute. Heaven forbid, I shou'd: But I'm afraid you are Feaverish. Pray let me feel your Pulse.

Sir John. Stand off and be damn'd.

Lady Brute. Why, I see your Diſtemper in your very Eyes. You are all on fire. Pray go to Bed; let me intreat you.

Sir John. ——Come kiss me, then.

Lady Brute [*kissing him.*] There: Now go. [*Aside.*] He ſtinks like Poison.

Sir John. I see it go's damnably againſt your Stomach—
And therefore—Kiss me again.

Lady Brute. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir John. Do't, I say.

Lady Brute. [*aside.*] Ah Lord have mercy upon me. Well; There; Now will you go?

Sir John. Now Wife, you shall see my Gratitude. You give me two Kisses—I'll give you—two Hundred. [*Kisses and tumbles her.*

Lady Brute. O Lord: Pray, Sir *John*, be quiet.
Heavens, what a Pickle am I in.

Bell. [*aside.*] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Closet, and he shou'd Cudgel him soundly.

Sir John. So; now you being as dirty and as naſty as my self, We may go Pig together. But firſt, I muſt have a Cup of your Cold Tea, Wife. [*Going to the Closet.*

Lady Brute. O I'm ruin'd.
There's none there, my Dear.

Sir John. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my Dear.

Lady Brute. You can't Open the Door, the Lock's spoil'd. I have been turning and turning the Key this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the Smith to-morrow.

Sir John. There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can Open a Door with more Expedition than I can do———As for Example—Pou. [*He burſts open the Door with his Foot.*]——How now?
What the Devil have we got here?——
Conſtant——*Heartfree*——And two Whores again, Igad——This is the worſt Cold Tea——that ever I met with in my Life———

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. [*aside.*] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir John. Gentlemen——I am your very humble Servant——I give you many Thanks——I see you take Care of my Family——I shall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Const. Sir, how oddly soever this Business may appear to you, you wou'd have no Cause to be uneasie, if you knew the Truth of all things; your Lady is the moſt virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has paſt, but an Innocent Frolick.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir John. You are both very Civil Gentlemen—And my Wife, there, is a very Civil Gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many Civil things have paſt between you. Your very humble Servant.

Lady Brute. [*aside to* Conſt.] Pray be gone; He's so drunk he can't hurt us to Night, and to Morrow Morning you shall hear from us.

Conſt. I'll obey you, Madam.
Sir, when you are Cool, you'll underſtand Reason better. So then I shall take the Pains to Inform you.
If not——I wear a Sword, Sir, and so good-b'uy to you.
Come along, *Heartfree.* [*Exeunt* Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Sir John. Wear a Sword, Sir:—And what of all that, Sir?——He comes to my House; Eats my Meat; Lies with my Wife; Dishonours my Family; Gets a Baſtard to Inherit my Eſtate.——And when I ask a Civil Account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a Sword.——Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes, Sir, says he; I wear a Sword.——It may be a good Answer at Cross Purposes; But 'tis a damn'd one to a Man in my Whimsical Circumſtance——Sir, says he, I wear a Sword!
[*To Lady* Brute] And what do you wear now? ha? tell me.
[*Sitting down in a great Chair.*
What? you are modeſt, and can't?——
Why then I'll tell you, you Slut you.
You wear——an Impudent Lewd Face——
A Damn'd Designing Heart——And a Tail——and a Tail full of——
[*He falls faſt asleep, snoaring.*

Lady Brute. So; Thanks to Kind Heaven, he's faſt for some Hours.

Bell. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our Story handsomly; for we muſt Lie like the Devil to bring our selves off.

Lady Brute. What shall we say, *Bellinda?*

Bell. [*musing.*]——I'll tell you: It muſt all light upon *Heartfree* and I. We'll say he has Courted me some time, but, for Reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earneſt the thing might be kept from Sir *John.* That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he run into the Closet, tho' againſt our Will, and *Conſtant* with him, to prevent Jealousie. And to give this a good Impudent face of Truth (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in:) I'll e'en (if he pleases) Marry him.

Lady Brute. I'm beholding to you, Cousin; but that wou'd be carrying the Jeſt a little too far for your Own sake: You know he's a younger Brother, and has Nothing.

Bell. 'Tis true; But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity: I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a Cell upon Love and Bread and Butter. But I had rather have the Man I love, and a Middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair there, and twice your Ladyship's Splendour.

Lady Brute. In truth, Neice, you are in the Right on't: for I am very Uneasie with my Ambition. But perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as Ill us'd.

Bell. Some Risque, I do confess, there always is; But if a Man has the leaſt spark, either of Honour or good Nature, he can never use a Woman Ill, that loves him and makes his Fortune both. Yet I muſt own to you, some little Struggling I ſtill have, with this teazing Ambition of ours. For Pride, you know, is as Natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue; and yet it go's to my Heart to think I muſt never Whisk to *Hide-Park*, with above a Pair of Horses; Have no Coronet upon my Coach, nor a Page to carry up my Train. But above all—that business of Place—Well; Taking Place, is a Noble Prerogative.

Lady Brute. Especially after a Quarrel.

Bell. Or of a Rival. But pray say no more on't, for fear I change my Mind. For o' my Conscience, were't not for your Affair in the ballance, I shou'd go near to pick up some Odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a Gallant.

Lady Brute. Then him you muſt have, however things go?

Bell. Yes.

Lady Brute. Why, we may pretend what we will; but 'tis a hard matter to Live without the Man we Love.

Bell. Especially when we are Married to the Man we hate.
Pray tell me; Do the Men of the Town ever believe us Virtuous, when they see us do so?

Lady Brute. O, no: Nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will.
They moſt of 'em think, there is no such thing as Virtue consider'd in the ſtricteſt notions of it: And therefore when you hear 'em say, Such a one is a Woman of Reputation, They only mean she's a Woman of Discretion. For they consider, we have no more Religion than they have, nor so much Morality; and between you and I, *Bellinda*, I'm afraid the want of Inclination seldom protects any of us.

Bell. But what think you of the Fear of being found out.

Lady Brute. I think that never kept any Woman virtuous long. We are not such Cowards, neither. No: Let us once pass Fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can

penetrate, into what we wou'd keep a Secret. And so in short, We cannot reasonably blame the Men for judging of us by themselves.

Bell. But sure we are not so Wicked as they are, after all.

Lady Brute. We are as Wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way: Men have more Courage than we, so they commit more Bold, Impudent Sins. They Quarrel, Fight, Swear, Drink, Blaspheme, and the like. Whereas we, being Cowards, only Backbite, tell Lyes, Cheat at Cards, and so forth. But 'tis late. Let's end our Discourse for to Night, and out of an excess of Charity, take a small Care of that nasty Drunken Thing there——Do but look at him, *Bellinda.*

Bell. Ah——'tis a savoury Dish.

Lady Brute. As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Prithee call the Butler to take away.

Bell. Call the Butler?——Call the Scavenger.

[*To a Servant within.*] Who's there? Call *Rasor!* Let him take away his Master, Scower him clean with a little Soap and Sand, and so put him to Bed.

Lady Brute. Come, *Bellinda*, I'll e'en lie with you to Night; and in the Morning we'll send for our Gentlemen to set this Matter even.

Bell. With all my Heart.

Lady Brute. Good Night, my Dear. [*Making a low Curtsy.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rasor.

My Lady there's a Wag—My Master there's a Cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—Women have deprav'd Appetites:—My Lady's a Wag, I have heard all: I have seen all: I understand all, and I'll tell all; for my little French-woman loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will.

[*To his Master.*] Come, Sir, Your Head's too full of Fumes at present, to make Room for your Jealousie; but I reckon we shall have Rare work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come; to your Kennel, you Cuckoldy drunken Sot you. [*Carries him out upon his Back.*

SCENE [III]. *Lady* Fancyfull's *House.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. BUT, why did you not tell me before, *Madamoiselle*, that *Rasor* and you were fond?

Madam. De Modesty hinder me, Matam.

Lady Fan. Why truly Modesty do's often hinder us from doing things we have an Extravagant Mind to. But do's he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think to Oblige you he wou'd speak Scandal?

Madam. Matam, to Oblige your Ladyship, he shall speak Blasphemy.

Lady Fan. Why, then, *Madamoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his Master, all that past at *Spring Garden*. I have a Mind he shou'd know what a Wife and a Neice he has got.

Madam. Il le fera, Matam.

Enter a Footman, who speaks to Madamoiselle *apart.*

Foot. Madamoiselle; Yonder's Mr. *Rasor* desires to speak with you.

Madam. Tell him I come presently. [*Exit Footman.*] *Rasor* be dare, Matam.

Lady Fan. That's Fortunate: Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stubborn, *Madamoiselle*,—heark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable Liberties, to put him into humour.

Madam. Laissez moy faire. [*Exit* Lady *Fancyfull.*

[Rasor *peeps in; and seeing Lady* Fancyfull *gone, runs to* Madamoiselle, *takes her about the Neck and kisses her.*

Madam. How now, Confidence.

Rasor. How now, Modesty.

Madam. Who make you so familiar, Sirrah?

Rasor. My Impudence, Hussy.

Madam. Stand off, Rogue-face.

Rasor. Ah——*Madamoiselle*——great News at our House.

Madam. Wy wat be de matter?

Rasor. The Matter?—why, Uptails All's the Matter.

Madam. Tu te mocque de moy.

Rasor. Now do you long to know the particulars: The time when—The place where—The manner how; But I don't tell you a Word more.

Madam. Nay, den dou Kill me, *Rasor.*

Rasor. Come, Kiss me, then. [*Clapping his hands behind him.*

Madam. Nay, pridee tell me.

Rasor. Good b'wy to ye. [*Going.*

Madam. Hold, hold: I will kiss de. [*Kissing him.*

Rasor. So, that's Civil: Why now, my pretty Pall; my Goldfinch; my little Waterwagtail——you must know that——Come, Kiss me again.

Madam. I won't Kiss dee no more.

Rasor. Good b'wy to ye. [*Going.*

Madam. Doucement. Dare: es tu content? [*Kissing him.*

Rasor. So: Now I'll tell thee all.

Why the News is, That Cuckoldom in Folio, is newly Printed; and

Matrimony in Quarto, is just going into the Press. Will you Buy any Books, *Madamoiselle?*

Madam. Tu Parle comme un Librair; de Devil no Understand dee.

Rasor. Why then, that I may make myself intelligible to a Waiting-woman, I'll speak like a Vallet de Chamber. My Lady has Cuckolded my Master.

Madam. Bon.

Rasor. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

Madam. N'importe.

Rasor. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Madam. Ouy da.

Rasor. For we have such bloody Circumstances.

Madam. Sans doute.

Rasor. That any Man of Parts, may draw tickling Conclusions from 'em.

Madam. Fort bien.

Rasor. We found a couple of tight well-built Gentlemen, stuft into her Ladyship's Closet.

Madam. Le Diable!

Rasor. And I, in my particular Person, have discover'd a most Damnable Plot, how to perswade my poor Master, that all this Hide and Seek, this Will in the Wisp, has no other meaning than a Christian Marriage for sweet Mrs. *Bellinda.*

Madam. Une Mariage?——Ah les Drôlesses.

Rasor. Don't you interrupt me, Hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my Innocent Lady, to Riggle her self out at the Back-door of the Business, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Neice, and resolves to deliver up her fair Body, to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young Liquorish Whipster, *Heartfree.* Now are you satisfy'd?

Madam. No.

Rasor. Right Woman; Always gaping for more.

Madam. Dis be all, den, dat dou know?

Rasor. All? Ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madam. Dou be Fool, dou know noting.
Ecoute, mon pauvre *Rasor.*
Dou sees des two Eyes?—Des two Eyes have see de Devil.

Rasor. The Woman's Mad.

Madam. In *Spring-Garden*, dat Rogue *Constant*, meet dy Lady.

Rasor. Bon.

Madam. ——I'll tell dee no more.

Rasor. Nay, prithee, my Swan.

Madam. Come, Kiss me den.

[*Clapping her hands behind her, as he had done before.*

Rasor. I won't Kiss you, not I.

Madam. Adieu. [*Going.*

Rasor. Hold:———Now proceed. [*Gives her a hearty Kiss.*

Madam. Aça———I hide my self in one Cunning place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken Master come mal a propos; but de Sot no know his own dear Wife, so he leave her to her Sport—Den de Game begin.

De Lover say soft ting.
De Lady look upon de Ground.
He take her by the Hand.
} [*As she speaks,* Rasor *still acts the Man, and she the Woman.*
She turn her Head, one oder Way.
Den he squeez very hard.
Den she pull——very softly.
Den he take her in his Arm.
Den she give him, Leetel pat.
Den he Kiss her Tettons.
Den she say—Pish, nay see.
Den he tremble,
Den she—Sigh.
Den he pull her into de Arbour,
Den she pinch him.

Rasor. Ay, but not so hard, you Baggage, you.

Madam. Den he grow bold.
She grow weak.
He tro her down.
Il tombe dessu,
Le Diable assist,
Il emport tout:
} [Rasor *struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*
Stand off, Sirrah!

Rasor. You have set me a fire, you Jade you.

Madam. Den go to de River and quench dy self.

Rasor. What an unnatural Harlot 'tis.

Madam. Rasor. [*Looking languishingly on him.*

Rasor. Madamoiselle.

Madam. Dou no love me.

Rasor. Not love thee.—More than a French-man do's Soup.

Madam. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Rasor. Don't bid me be damn'd, then.

Madam. No, only tell dy Master, all I have tell dee of dy Laty.

Rasor. Why you little malicious Strumpet, you; shou'd you like to be serv'd so?

Madam. Dou dispute den?—Adieu.

Rasor. Hold—But why wilt thou make me be such a Rogue, my Dear?

Madam. Voilà un vrai Anglois: il eſt Amoureux, et cependant il veut raisoner. Va t'en au Diable.

Rasor. Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy Body, I resign thee my Soul.

Madam. Bon: écoute donc:——If dou fail me————I never see dee more——If dou obey me——Je m'abandonne à toy. [*She takes him about the Neck, and gives him a smacking Kiss.*] [*Exit* Madamoiselle.

Rasor. [*licking his Lips.*] Not be a Rogue?——*Amor Vincit omnia.*

[Exit *Rasor.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Madam. On le va faire, Matam.

Lady Fan. Look you, *Madamoiselle*—In short, I can't bear it——No; I find I can't——If once I see 'em a-bed together, I shall have ten thousand Thoughts in my Head will make me run diſtracted. Therefore run and call *Rasor* back immediately; for something muſt be done to ſtop this Impertinent Wedding. If I can but defer it four and twenty Hours, I'll make such work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he shall as soon marry a Witch.

Madam. [*aside.*] La voila bien intentionée. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [IV] Constant's *Lodgings.*

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Conſt. BUT what doſt think will come of this Business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

Conſt. What's that?

Heart. A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that. His dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to bc quiet.

Conſt. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't, and there's no other way left that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet to be perswaded we were got into his Wife's Closet, only to peep in her Prayer-Book.

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, Here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

Conſt. O ho, here's Inſtructions for us.

Reads:

The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impoſſible. In a word, the whole Buſineſs muſt be thrown upon a Matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the Matter; 'tis ſufficient for our turn, they own the Deſign. We'll find Pretences enough, to break the Match. Adieu.

——Well, Woman for Invention: How long wou'd my Blockhead have been producing this.

——Hey, *Heartfree;* what, muſing Man? Prithee be chearful. What ſay'ſt thou, Friend, to this Matrimonial Remedy?

Heart. Why I ſay, it's worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Conſt. Here's a Fellow for you: There's Beauty and Money on her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his; and yet——

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reaſonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Neice, in the very Moment that you are debauching the Aunt,

Conſt. Why truly, there may be ſomething in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to your ſelf?

Heart. I ſhou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of hers, to believe ſhe cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em Right, after all, the Wife ſeldom rambles, till the Huſband ſhews her the way.

Conſt. 'Tis true; a Man of real Worth, ſcarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd; there muſt be ſomething to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge; a Fool, becauſe they deſpiſe him; a Beaſt, becauſe they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well grounded Value for, 'tis becauſe they firſt ſee themſelves neglected by him.

Heart. Nay, were I well aſſur'd, that I ſhou'd never grow Sir *John*, I ne'er ſhou'd fear *Bellinda*'d play my Lady. But our Weakneſs, thou know'ſt, my Friend, conſiſts in that very Change, we ſo impudently throw upon (indeed) a ſteadier and more generous Sex.

Conſt. Why 'Faith we are a little Impudent in that Matter, that's the Truth on't. But this is wonderful, to ſee you grown ſo warm an Advocate for thoſe (but t'other Day) you took ſo much pains to abuſe.

Heart. All Revolutions run into Extreams, the Bigot makes the boldeſt Atheiſt; and the coyeſt Saint, the moſt extravagant Strumpet. But, Prithee adviſe me in this Good and Evil; this Life and Death, this Bleſſing and Curſing, that is ſet before me. Shall I marry——or die a Maid?

Conſt. Why Faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to

engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is soon cut off; the Marriage-Knot is the main Body, which may ſtand Buff a long long time; and Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives ground as long as the main Battle has a Being.

Heart. Conclusion then; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

Conſt. That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery in which there are a wondrous many Blanks; yet there is one ineſtimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that Luxury itself could cloath me with, I ſtill shou'd envy you.

Heart. And juſtly too: For to be capable of loving one, doubtless is better than to possess a Thousand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas I know not.

Conſt. But you wou'd know?

Heart. I wou'd so.

Conſt. Matrimony will inform you.
Come, one Flight of Resolution carries you to the Land of Experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul, and your Body both, or I'm miſtaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE [V] *Sir* John Brute's *House.*

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Bell. WELL, Madam, what Answer have you from 'em?

Lady Brute. That they'll be here this Moment. I fansie 'twill end in a Wedding. I'm sure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten Thousand Pound, and such a Lass as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under ſtrange Agitations? Prithee how do's your Pulse beat?

Bell. High and low, I have much ado to be Valiant; sure it muſt feel very ſtrange to go to Bed to a Man?

Lady Brute. Um———it do's feel a little odd at firſt, but it will soon grow easy to you.

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady Brute. Good Morrow, Gentlemen: How have you slept after your Adventure?

Heart. Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your Accounts, have kept us waking.

Bell. And some careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindred you from sleeping. Pray how do's this Matrimonial Project relish with you?

Heart. Why Faith e'en as ſtorming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hope of delicious Plunder banishes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head.

Bell. Is it then possible after all, That you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me so Fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bell. Then Sir, I challenge you; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail.

[*Aside.*] So, now, I am in for *Hob*'s Voyage; a great Leap in the Dark.

Lady Brute. Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Lessons ready? for Sir *John* is grown such an Atheiſt of late, he'll believe nothing upon easie Terms.

Conſt. We'll find ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning?

Lady Brute. Moſt lamentably morose, chewing the Cud after laſt Night's Discovery; of which however he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid his Vallet de Chamber has told him all, for they are very busie together at this Moment. When I told him of *Bellinda*'s Marriage, I had no other Answer but a Grunt: From which, you may draw what Conclusions you think fit.

But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir John *and* Rasor.

Conſt. Good Morrow, Sir.

Heart. Good Morrow, Sir *John*. I'm very sorry my Indiscretion shou'd cause so much Disorder in your Family.

Sir John. Disorders generally come from Indiscretions, Sir; 'tis no ſtrange thing at all.

Lady Brute. I hope, my Dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir John. None, my Dove.

Bell. If not, I hope my Consent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can assure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further Mischief.

Sir John. And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another as soon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

Conſt. I am very sorry, Sir, to see you ſtill seem unsatisfy'd with a Lady, whose more than common Virtue, I am sure, were she my Wife, shou'd meet a better Usage.

Sir John. Sir, if her Conduct has put a Trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loser.

Conſt. Sir, you have receiv'd a ſufficient Answer already, to juſtifie both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for medling in your Family Affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir John. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

Conſt. Well, Sir, if Truth and Reason won't content you; I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir John. Lord, Sir, you are very haſty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Closet, I should have allow'd you twice as much time to come to your self in.

Conſt. Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want, We have no Quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the Sword wou'd work upon him.

[*Sir* John *muzes.*

Conſt. Let him muze; however, I'll lay Fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

Sir John. [*aside.*] 'Tis well——'tis very well——In spight of that young Jade's Matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright ſtinking Cuckold ——Here they are——Boo——[*Putting his Hand to his Forehead*] Methinks I could Butt with a Bull. What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her: But that's paſt, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her——If I put my Horns in my Pocket, she'll grow Insolent——if I don't; that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me thro' the Guts.—The Debate then is reduc'd to this: Shall I die a Heroe? or live a Rascal?——Why, Wiser Men than I, have long since concluded, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion.—— [*To* Conſt. *and* Heart.] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Passion are governable, I muſt own, I have never observ'd any thing in my Wife's Course of Life, to back me in my Jealousie of her: But Jealousie's a Mark of Love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Lady Fancyfull *enters Disguis'd, and addresses to* Bellinda *apart.*

Conſt. I am glad to see your Reason rule at laſt. Give me your Hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir John. Your humble Servant. [*aside.*] A wheedling Son of a Whore.

Heart. And that I may be sure you are Friends with me too, pray give me your Consent to wed your Neice.

Sir John. Sir, you have it with all my Heart: Damn me if you han't. [*aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her; A young Pert Pimp; She'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree *a Letter.*

Bell. *Heartfree* your Husband, say you? 'tis impossible.

Lady Fan. Wou'd to kind Heaven it were: but 'tis too true; and in the World there lives not such a Wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glass, or Nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune, too, was greater far than he could ever hope for. But with my Heart, I am robb'd of all the reſt. I'm Slighted and I'm Beggar'd both at once. I have scarce a bare Subsiſtence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if e'er 'tis known I'm his Wife, he'll murder me. [*Weeping.*

Bell. The Traytor.

Lady Fan. I accidentally was told he Courted you; Charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Misery: And as you see, I'm ſtill so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do a thing for which the Law might take away his Life. [*Weeping.*

Bell. Poor Creature; how I pity her! [*They continue talking aside.*

Heart. [*aside.*] Death and Damnation!——Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Tho' I have a particular Reason, not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice.——I have lain with* Bellinda (Good.)—*I have a Child by her,* (Better and Better.) *which is now at Nurse;* (Heav'n be prais'd.) *and I think the Foundation laid for another:* (Ha!——Old Trupenny!)—*No Rack cou'd have tortur'd this Story from me; but Friendship has done it. I heard of your Design to Marry her, and cou'd not see you Abus'd. Make use of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again.* Adieu.

[*Exit Lady* Fancyfull.

Conſt. [*to* Bell.] Come, Madam; Shall we send for the Parson? I doubt here's no business for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to settle but their Hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bell. [*scornfully.*] Are you sure Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it.

Heart. [*coldly.*] If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the Marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bell. [*Aside.*] How the Gall'd Horse Kicks!

[*To* Heart.] We'll defer it as long as you please, Sir.

Heart. The more Time we take to consider on't, Madam, the less apt we shall be to commit Oversights; Therefore, if you please, we'll put it off, for juſt Nine Months.

Bell. Guilty Consciences make Men Cowards: I don't wonder you want Time to Resolve.

Heart. And they make Women Desperate: I don't wonder you were so quickly Determin'd.

Bell. What does the Fellow mean?

Heart. What do's the Lady mean?

Sir John. Zoons, what do you both mean?

[Heart. *and* Bell. *walk chafing about.*

Rasor. [*aside.*] Here is so much Sport going to be spoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this Impertinent Lady *Fancyfull*, and her Plots, and her French-woman too; she's a whimsical, Ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis Ten to One but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear 'em tittering without still. I Cod, I'll e'en go lug 'em both in by the Ears, and discover the Plot, to secure my Pardon. [*Exit* Rasor.

Const. Prithee, explain, *Heartfree.*

Heart. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bell. 'Tis well it went no farther. A Base Fellow!

Lady Brute. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bell. What's his meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married him——I had had no Husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married her—I had had Wife enough.

Sir John. Your People of Wit have got such Cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be Understood?

Enter Rasor *in Sackcloth, pulling in* Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiselle.

Rasor. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

Lady Brute. Heavens, what have we here?

Rasor. A Villain——but a Repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

All. Rasor.

Lady Brute. What means this sudden Metamorphose?

Rasor. Nothing: without my Pardon.

Lady Brute. What Pardon do you want?

Rasor. Imprimis, Your Ladyship's; For a Damnable Lye made upon your Spotless Virtue, and set to the Tune of *Spring-Garden.*

[*To Sir* John.] Next, At my Generous Master's Feet I bend, for Interrupting his more Noble Thoughts with Phantomes of Disgraceful Cuckoldom.

[*To Const.*] Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance.

[*To* Heart.] Fourthly, Your Pardon, Noble Sir, I ask, for Clandestinely Marrying you, without either bidding of Banns; Bishop's Licence, Friends Consent——or your own Knowledge.

[*To* Bell.] And lastly, to my good young Ladies Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was sow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir John. [*Aside.*] So that, after all, 'tis a Moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

Bell. Well, Sir upon Condition you confess all, I'll Pardon you my self, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the Company. But I must know then, who 'tis has put you upon all this Mischief?

Rasor. Sathan, and his Equipage. Woman tempted me, Lust weaken'd me——and so the Devil overcame me: As fell *Adam*, so fell I.

Bell. Then pray, Mr. *Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*.

Rasor. [*To* Madam.] Unmask, for the honour of *France*.

All. Madamoiselle?

Madam. Me ask ten tousand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir John. Why this Mystery thickens instead of clearing up.
[*To* Rasor.] You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our Pain.

Rasor. One Moment brings Sun-shine.
[*Shewing* Madam.] 'Tis true; This is the Woman that tempted me. But this is the Serpent that tempted the Woman: And if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing shou'd be like the Serpent's of Old——
[*Pulls off Lady* Fancyfull's *Mask.*] She should lie upon her Face, all the days of her Life.

All. Lady *Fancyfull.*

Bell. Impertinent.

Lady Brute. Ridiculous.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bell. I hope your Ladyship will give me leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage your self——
[*To* Heart.] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you, to think of another Wife, when you had one already so Charming as her Ladyship.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Fan. [*Aside.*] Confusion seize 'em as it seizes me!

Madam. Que le Diable étouffe ce Mauraut de *Rasor*.

Bell. Your Ladyship seems disorder'd: A Breeding Qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree:* Your Bottle of Hungary Water to your Lady. Why Madam, he stands as Unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in earnest.

Lady Fan. Your Mirth's as nauseous as your self, *Bellinda*.
You think you triumph o'er a Rival now.
Helas ma pauvre fille. Where'er I'm Rival, there's no Cause for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch; 'tis from another Principle I have acted. I knew that Thing there wou'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife; that lest your mutual Plagues should make you both run Mad, I charitably wou'd have broke the Match. He, he, he, he, he.

[*Exit, laughing affectedly,* Madamoiselle *following her.*

Madam. He, he, he, he, he.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Why now this Woman will be married to somebody too.

Bell. Poor Creature, what a Passion she's in: But I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll Pardon my Offence too, Madam.

Bell. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heart. Then Pardons being past on all sides, pray let's to Church to conclude the Day's Work.

Const. But before you go, let me treat you pray with a Song a new married Lady made within this Week; it may be of use to you both.

SONG.

I.

WHEN yielding first to Damon's *Flame*
I sunk into his Arms;
He swore he'd ever be the same,
Then rifl'd all my Charms.
But fond of what h'ad long desir'd,
Too greedy of his Prey,
My Shepherd's Flame, alas, expir'd
Before the Verge of Day.

II.

My Innocence in Lovers Wars
Reproach'd his quick Defeat:
Confus'd, Asham'd, and Bath'd in Tears,
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.
At length, Ah Shepherdess! cry'd he,
Wou'd you my Fire renew,
Alas, you must retreat like me,
I'm lost if you pursue.

Heart. So, Madam; now had the Parson but done his Business——

Bell. You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

Heart. No sure, I might dispense with one Night's Lodging.

Bell. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heart. Then let's to Church:
And if it be our Chance to disagree——

Bell. Take heed—the surly Husband's Fate you see.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

By another Hand

Spoken by LADY BRUTE *and* BELLINDA.

Lady Brute. *NO Epilogue!*
Bell. *I Swear I know of none.*
Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?
Bell. *Why, we muſt e'en say something of our own.*
Lady Brute. *Our own! Ay, that muſt needs be precious ſtuff.*
Bell. *I'll lay my Life, they'll like it well enough.*
Come Faith begin———
Lady Brute. *Excuse me, after you.*
Bell. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.*
Lady Brute. *O for the World, I would not have Precedence.*
Bell. *O Lord!*
Lady Brute. *I Swear———*
Bell. *O Fye!*
Lady Brute. *I'm all Obedience.*
Firſt then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,
The Third day is for us——
Bell. *Nay, and the Sixt.*
Lady Brute. *We speak not from the Poet now, nor is it*
His Cauſe—(I want a Rhime)
Bell. *That we ſollicite.*
Lady Brute. *Then ſure you cannot have the hearts to be ſevere*
And Damn us———
Bell. *Damn us! Let 'em if they Dare.*
Lady Brute. *Why, if they ſhould, what puniſhment Remains?*
Bell. *Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.*
Lady Brute. *But if they're kind, that ſentence we'll recal,*
We can be grateful———
Bell. *And have wherewithall.*
Lady Brute. *But at grand* Treaties, *hope not to be Truſted,*
Before Preliminaries *are adjuſted.*
Bell. *You know the Time, and we appoint the place;*
Where, if you please, we'll meet and ſign the Peace.

A SCOTCH MEDLEY.

Introduced in The Provok'd Wife.

WE'RE gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet;
Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,
For we're no very fou', but we're gaily yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
He gae me a kiss, and I bit his lippie;
Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick,
And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet,
And we're gaily yet, etc.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
There were three lasses, and they them had;
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a' get geer enough, we're but young.
Then up wi't Ailie, Ailie, up wi't Ailie, now,
Then up wi't Ailie, quo' commer, we's get roaring fou.

And one was kiss'd in the barn,
Another was kiss'd on the green,
The third behind the pease-stack
'Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, Ailie, etc.

Now, fy, John Thompson, run,
Gin ever you ran in your life
De'il get you, but hey, my dear Jack,
There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, Ailie, etc.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And I trow he ran with speed;
But before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.
We're gaily yet, etc.

(B.M. 11621.1.11.25.)

APPENDIX TO THE PROVOK'D WIFE

Text

THE text is from the earliest printed edition of these scenes which seems to be in existence, that of 1743, 12mo Dublin, collated with the edition of 1770, 8vo London, and the collected edition of 1776. Where the punctuation is neither logically nor rhetorically plausible, that of 1770 has been adopted.

Cibber said that these scenes were written for a revival of the play in 1725, and 1776 gives the same explanation. Genest, however, stated they were written for a performance in January, 1706. This is supported by the *Daily Courant*, which announces performances of the *Provok'd Wife* "with alterations", at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 19th, 21st and 22nd January, 1706, the 20th being a Sunday. This date, in conjunction with the letter to Archbishop Tenison, seems the most likely, and has been adopted in the Introduction.

APPENDIX

SCENES IV i and iii as re-written.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. with Swords drawn.*

Lord Rake. IS the Dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the Witch his Wife howl'd?

Col. Bully. Aye, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

Lord Rake. Appear, Knight, then; come, you have a good Cause to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his Ghost be satisfy'd: for I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently; and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, *with a Bundle under his Arm.*

Col. Bully. How now, what have we got here? A Thief?

Taylor. No, an't please you, I'm no Thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll see presently: Here; let the General examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay, let me examine him; and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty, in Spite of his Teeth——for he looks——like a——sneaking Rascal.

Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them——I shall guess at your Morals.

Taylor. An't please you, I'm a dissenting Journey-man Taylor.

Sir John. Then, Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade, and so, that your Punishment may be suitable to your Crimes——I'll have you first gagg'd——and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me; indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir John. No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Lord Rake. Let me see what's in that Bundle.

Tayl. An't please you, it's my Lady's short Cloak and wrapping Gown.

Sir John. What Lady, you Reptile you?

Tayl. My Lady *Brute*, an't please your Honour.

Sir John. My Lady *Brute!* my Wife! the Robe of my Wife—with Reverence let me approach it. The dear Angel is always taking Care of me in Danger, and has sent me this Suit of Armour to protect me in this Day of Battle; On they go.

All. O brave Knight!

Lord Rake. Live *Don Quixote* the Second!

Sir John. Sancho, my Squire, help me on with my Armour.

Tayl. O dear Gentlemen! I shall be quite undone if you take the Gown.

Sir John. Retire, Sirrah; and since you carry off your Skin, go home and be happy.

Tayl. I think I'd e'en as good follow the Gentleman's Advice; for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the Whim may take 'em to case me—these Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money—— they'll sooner break a Man's Bones, than pay his Bill. [*Exit* Tayl.

Sir John. So, how d'ye like my Shapes now?

Lord Rake. To a Miracle! he looks like a Queen of the *Amazons*—But to your Arms Gentlemen! the Enemy's upon their March—here's the Watch—

Sir John. Oons! if it were *Alexander* the Great at the Head of his Army, I would drive him into a Horse pond.

All. Huzza! O brave Knight!

Sir John. See! here he comes with all his *Greeks* about him; follow me Boys.

Enter Watch.

Watch. Hey Day! Who have we got here? Stand.

Sir John. May hap not!

Watch. What are you all doing here in the Street at this Time of Night? And who are you, Madam, that seem to be at the Head of this noble Crew?

Sir John. Sirrah, I am *Bonduca*, queen of the *Welshmen*, and with a Leek as long as my Pedigree, I will destroy your *Roman* Legion in an instant—*Britons*, strike home.

[*They fight off.* Watch. *return with Sir* John.

Watch. So! We have got the Queen, however! We'll make her pay well for her Ransom—Come, Madam, will your Majesty please to walk before the Constable?

Sir John. The Constable's a Rascal! And you are a Son of a Whore.

Watch. A most princely Reply, truly! If this be her Royal Stile, I'll warrant her Maids of Honour prattle prettily; but we'll teach you a little of our Court Dialect, before we part with you, Princess—Away with her to the Round-house.

Sir John. Hands off, you Ruffians! My Honour's dearer to me than my Life; I hope you won't be uncivil!

Watch. Away with her.

Sir John. O! my Honour! my Honour! [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III, *The Street before the* Justice's *House.*]

Enter Constable and Watchmen, with Sir John.

Constab. COME, forsooth, come along, if you please! I once in Compassion, thought to have seen you safe home this Morning; But you have been so rampant and abusive all Night, I shall see what the Justice of Peace will say to you.

Sir John. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of Peace.

[Watch. *knocks, a* Servant *enters.*

Constab. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Constab. Pray acquaint his Worship we have got an unruly Woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my Master. [*Exit Serv.*

Sir John. Hark you, Constable, what cuckoldy Justice is this?

Const. One that will know how to deal with such Romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what's the Matter here?

Const. An't please your Worship, this here comical Sort of a Gentlewoman, has committed great Outrages to Night. She has been frolicking with my Lord *Rake* and his Gang; they attack'd the Watch, and I hear there has been a Gentleman kill'd: I believe 'tis they have done't.

Sir John. There may have been Murder, for ought I know, and 'tis a great Mercy, there has not been a Rape too—that Fellow would have ravish'd me.

Watch. Ravish! I ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! I ravish her! Why please your Honour, I heard Mr. Constable say, he believ'd she was little better than a Mophrodite.

Just. Why truly, she does seem to be a little masculine about the Mouth.

Watch. Yes, and about the Hands too——an't please your Worship; I did but offer in mere Civility to help her up the Steps into our Appartment, and with her gripen Fist—ay, just so, Sir.

[*Sir* John *knocks him down.*

Sir John. I fell'd him to the Ground like an Ox.

Juſt. Out upon this boiſterous Woman! Out upon her!

Sir John. Mr. Juſtice, he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in Defence of my Honour, and I demand Satisfaction.

2d Watch. I hope your Worship will satisfy her Honour in Bridewell; that Fiſt of hers will make an admirable Hemp-beater.

Sir John. Sir, I hope you will protect me againſt that libidinous Rascal ——I am a Woman of Quality, and Virtue too, for all I am in an Undress this Morning.

Juſt. Why, she has really the Air of a Sort of a Woman a little somethingish out of the common——Madam, if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir John. Sir, I am any Body, at your Service.

Juſt. Lady I desire to know your Name?

Sir John. Sir, my Name's *Mary.*

Juſt. Ay, but your Surname, Madam?

Sir John. Sir, my Surname's the very same with my Husband's.

Juſt. A ſtrange Woman this! who is your Husband pray?

Sir John. Why, Sir *John.*

Juſt. Sir *John* who?

Sir John. Why, Sir *John Brute.*

Juſt. Is it possible, Madam, you can be my Lady *Brute?*

Sir John. That happy Woman, Sir, am I! only a little in my Merriment to-night.

Juſt. I am concern'd for Sir *John.*

Sir John. Truly, so am I.

Juſt. I have heard he's an honeſt Gentleman.

Sir John. As ever drank.

Juſt. Good lack! Indeed Lady, I am sorry he shou'd have such a Wife.

Sir John. Sir, I am sorry he has any Wife at all.

Juſt. And so perhaps may he——I doubt you have not given him a very good Taſte of Matrimony.

Sir John. Taſte Sir; I have scorn'd to ſtint him to a Taſte, I have given him a full Meal of it.

Juſt. Indeed, I believe so! But pray, fair Lady, may he have given you any Occasion for this extraordinary Conduct——does he not use you well?

Sir John. A little upon the Rough, sometimes.

Juſt. Ay, any Man may be out of Humour now and then.

Sir John. Sir, I love Peace and Quiet, and when a Woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent Diversions abroad.

Juſt. I doubt he uses you but too well—pray how does he as to that weighty Thing Money? does he allow you what's proper of that?

Sir John. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the Reckoning, if this Son of a Whore of a Drawer wou'd bring his Bill.

Juſt. A ſtrange Woman this—does he spend a reasonable portion of his Time at home, to the Comfort of his Wife and Children?

Sir John. Never gave his Wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his Life.

Juſt. Pray, Madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial Point ——is he true to your Bed?

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Chaſte!——Oons! This Fellow asks so many impertinent Queſtions, egad, I believe it is the Juſtice's Wife, in the Juſtice's Cloaths.

Juſt. 'Tis a great Pity he shou'd have been thus disposed of—pray Madam, and then I've done, what may be your Ladyship's common Method of Life? If I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, Sir, much that of a Woman of Quality.

Juſt. Pray how may you generally pass your Time, Madam? Your Morning for Example.

Sir John. Sir, like a Woman of Quality.——I wake about two a Clock in the Afternoon——I ſtretch——and then——make a Sign for my Chocolate——When I have drank three Cups——I slide down again upon my back, with my Arms over my Head, while two Maids put on my Stockings——Then, hanging upon their Shoulders I am trail'd to my, great Chair, where I sit——and yawn for my Breakfaſt——If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my Couch, to say my Prayers, while my Maid reads me the Play-Bills.

Juſt. Very well, Madam.

Sir John. When the Tea is brought in——I drink twelve regular Dishes, with eight Slices of Bread and Butter——And half an Hour after, I send to the Cook to know if the Dinner is almoſt ready.

Juſt. Soh, Madam!

Sir John. By that Time my Head's half dreſt, I hear my Husband swearing himself into a State of Perdition, that the Meat's all cold upon the Table——to mend which, I come down in an Hour more, and have it sent back to the Kitchen, to be all dreſt over again.

Juſt. Poor Man!

Sir John. When I have din'd, and my idle Servants are presumptuously set down at their Ease, to do so too, I call for my Coach, to go visit fifty dear Friends, of whom, I hope I never shall find one at home, while I shall live.

Juſt. So; there's the Morning and Afternoon pretty well dispos'd of.—Pray Madam, how do you pass your Evenings?

Sir John. Like a Woman of Spirit, Sir, a great Spirit. Give me a Box and Dice.—Seven's the main, Oons, Sir, I set you a hundred pounds! Why do you think Women are married now a-days, to sit at home and mend Napkins? Sir, we have nobler Ways of passing Time.

Just. Mercy upon us, Mr. Constable, what will this Age come to?

Constab. What will it come to indeed, if such Women as these are not set in the Stocks.

Sir John. I have a little urgent Business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the Favour of you, to bring Matters to a Conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that Business were not to commit more Disorders, I would release you.

Sir John. None——by my Virtue.

Just. Then Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you please to accept of a Bottle——

Just. I thank you, kindly, Madam; but I never drink in a Morning. Good buy to ye.

Sir John. Good-buy-t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Justice.*

So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

Constab. No, thank you Madam, my Wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable Man.

Sir John. [*aside.*] He, he, he, he, he——the Fool is married, then.——[*Aloud.*] Well, you won't go?

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by my self; and you and your Wife may be damn'd. [*Exit.*

Constable. [*Gazing after him.*] Why, God-a-mercy; my Lady.

[*Exeunt.*

A

Short Vindication

OF THE

RELAPSE

AND THE

PROVOK'D WIFE,

FROM

Immorality and Prophaneness

By the AUTHOR

A Short Vindication of the Relapse *and the* Provok'd Wife, *from Immorality and Prophaneness.*

WHEN first I saw Mr. *Collier*'s Performance upon the Irregularities of the Stage (in which amongst the reſt of the Gentlemen, he's pleas'd to afford me some particular Favours), I was far from designing to trouble either my self or the Town with a Vindication; I thought his Charges againſt me for Immorality and Prophaneness were grounded upon so much Miſtake, that every one (who had had the curiosity to see the Plays, or on this Occasion should take the trouble to read 'em) would easily discover the Root of the Invective, and that 'twas the Quarrel of his Gown, and not of his God, that made him take Arms againſt me.

I found the Opinion of my Friends and Acquaintance the same, (at leaſt they told me so) and the Righteous as well as the Unrighteous persuaded me, The Attack was so weak, the Town would defend it self; that the General's Head was too hot for his Conduct to be wise; his Shot too much at Random ever to make a Breach; and that the Siege wou'd be raised, without my taking the Field.

I easily believ'd, what my Laziness made me wish; but I have since found, That by the Induſtry of some People, whose Temporal Intereſt engages 'em in the Squabble; and the Natural Propensity of others, to be fond of anything that's Abusive; this Lampoon has got Credit enough in some Places to brand the Persons it mentions with almoſt as bad a Character, as the Author of it has fixt upon himself, by his Life and Conversation in the World.

I think 'tis therefore now a thing no farther to be laught at. Should I wholly sit ſtill, those People who are so much miſtaken to think I have been busy to encourage Immorality, may double their Miſtake, and fancy I profess it: I will therefore endeavour, in a very few Pages, to convince the World, I have brought nothing upon the Stage, that proves me more an Atheiſt than a Bigot.

I may be blind in what relates to my self; 'tis more than possible, for moſt People are so: But if I judge right, what I have done is in general a Discouragement to Vice and Folly; I am sure I intended it, and I hope I have performed it. Perhaps I have not gone the common Road, nor observed the ſtricteſt Prescriptions: But I believe those who know this Town, will agree, That the Rules of a College of Divines will in an Infinity of Cases, fall as short of the Disorders of the Mind, as those of the Physicians do in the Diseases of the Body; and I think a man may vary from 'em both, without being a Quack in either.

The real Query is, Whether the Way I have varied, be likely to have a

good Effect, or a bad one? That's the true State of the Case; which if I am cast in, I don't question however to gain at least thus much of my Cause, That it shall be allow'd I aim'd at the Mark, whether I hit it or not. This, if it won't vindicate my Sense, will justify my Morals; and shew the World, That this Honest Gentleman, in stretching his Malice, and curtailing his Charity, has play'd a Part which wou'd have much better become a Licentious Poet, than a Reverend Divine.

Tho' I resolve to use very few Words, I would willingly observe some Method, were it possible; that the World, who is the Judge, might sum up the Evidence the easier, and bring the Right and Wrong into the shorter (and by consequence the clearer) View: But his Play is so wild, I must be content to take the Ball as it comes, and return it if I can; which whether I always do or not, however, I believe will prove no great matter, since I hope 'twill appear, where he gives me the Rest, he makes but a wide Chace: his most threatening Strokes end in nothing at all; when he Cuts, he's under Line; when he Forces, he's up in the Nets. But to leave Tennis, and come to the Matter.

The First Chapter in his Book is upon the Immodesty of the Stage; where he tells you how valuable a Qualification Modesty is in a Woman: For my part I am wholly of his mind; I think 'tis almost as valuable in a Woman as in a Clergyman; and had I the ruling of the Roast, the one shou'd neither have a Husband, nor the t'other a Benefice without it. If this Declaration won't serve to shew I'm a Friend to't, let us see what Proof this Gentleman can give of the contrary.

I don't find him over-stock'd with Quotations in this Chapter: He's forc'd, rather than say nothing, to fall upon poor Miss *Hoyden*. He does
P. 10. not come to Particulars, but only mentions her with others, for an immodest Character. What kind of Immodesty he means, I can't tell: But I suppose he means Lewdness, because he generally means wrong. For my part, I know of no Bawdy she talks: If the Strength of his Imagination gives any of her Discourse that Turn, I suppose it may be owing to the Number of Bawdy Plays he has read, which have debauch'd his Taste, and made every thing seem Salt, that comes in his way.

He has but one Quotation more in this long Chapter, that I am concern'd in: And there he points at the *Provok'd Wife*, as if there were something in the 41st Page of that Play, to discountenance Modesty in Women. But since he did not think fit to acquaint the Reader what it was, I will.

Lady *Brute* and *Bellinda* speaking of the Smuttiness of some Plays, *Bellinda* says,

Why don't some Reformer or other beat the Poet for it?

Lady Brute. *Because he is not so sure of our Private Approbation, as of our Publick Thanks: Well, sure there is not upon Earth so impertinent a Thing as Womens Modesty.*

Bellinda. *Yes, Men's Fantasque, that obliges us to it: If we quit our Modesty, they say we lose our Charms; and yet they know That very Modesty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocrisy.*

Now which way this Gentleman will extract any thing from hence, to the Discouragement of Modesty, is beyond my Chymistry: 'Tis plainly and directly the contrary. Here are two Women (not over Virtuous, as their whole Character shews), who being alone, and upon the rallying Pin, let fall a Word between Jest and Earnest, as if now and then they found themselves cramp'd by their Modesty. But lest this shou'd possibly be mistaken by some part of the Audience, less apprehensive of Right and Wrong than the rest, they are put in mind at the same Instant, That (with the Men) if they quit their Modesty, they lose their Charms: Now I thought 'twas impossible to put the Ladies in mind of any thing more likely to make 'em preserve it. I have nothing more laid to my Charge in the first Chapter.

The Second is entituled, *The Prophaneness of the Stage;* which he ranges under Two Heads.

Their Cursing and Swearing. And
Their Abuse of Religion and the Holy Scriptures.

As to *Swearing*, I agree with him in what he says of it in general, That 'tis contrary both to Religion and Good Manners, especially before Women: But I say, what he calls *Swearing* in the Play-house, (at least where I have to answer for it) is a Breach upon neither.

And here I must desire the Reader to observe, His Accusations against me run almost always in general Terms, he scarce ever comes to Particulars: I hope 'twill be allow'd a good sign on my side, that it always falls to my turn to quote the thing at length in my Defence, which he huddles together in my Charge. What follows will be an Instance of it.

He says in the 57th Page (where the Business of Swearing is upon the *Tapis*), with a great deal of Honesty and Charity, That in this respect the *Relapse* and the *Provok'd Wife* are particularly rampant and scandalous.

Wou'd not anybody imagine from hence, that the Oaths that were used there, were no less than those of a Losing Bully at *Bacggammon*, or a Bilk'd Hackney-Coachman? Yet after all, the Stretch of the Prophaneness lies in Lord *Foppington*'s *Gad*, and Miss *Hoyden*'s *I'Cod*. This is all this Gentleman's Zeal is in such a Ferment about.

Now whether such Words are entirely justifiable or not, there's this at

leaſt to be said for 'em; That People of the Niceſt Rank both in their Religion and their Manners throughout *Chriſtendom* use 'em.

In *France* you meet with *Par Die*, *Par Bleu*, *Ma Foy*, &c., in the conſtant Converſation of the Ladies and the Clergy, I mean those who are Religious even up to Bigotry it ſelf; and accordingly we see they are always allow'd in their Plays: And in *England*, we meet with an Infinity of People, Clergy as well as Laity, and of the beſt Lives and Converſations, who use the Words *I-Gad*, *I-faith*, *Codsfiſh*, *Cot's my Life*, and many more, which all lye liable to the same Objection.

Now whether they are right or wrong in doing it, I think at leaſt their Example is Authority enough for the Stage; and shou'd have been enough to have kept so good a Chriſtian as Mr. *Collier* from loading his Neighbour with so foul a Charge as Blasphemy and Prophaneness, unless he had been better provided to make it good.

The next thing he takes to task in this Chapter, is the Abuse of Religion and Holy Scripture. Now here I think he shou'd firſt clearly have prov'd, That no ſtory, Phrase, or Expreſſion whatsoever in the Scripture, whether in the Divine, Moral, or Hiſtorical part of it, shou'd be either repeated, or so much as alluded to, upon the Stage, to how useful an End soever it might be applied: This I say he shou'd have firſt put paſt a dispute, before he fell upon me for an Abuser of the Holy Scripture; for unless that be to abuse it, I am innocent.

The Scripture is made up of Hiſtory, Prophecy, and Precept; which are things in their Nature capable of no other Burlesque than what calls in queſtion either their Reality or their Sense: Now if any Allusion I have made, be found even to glance at either of them, I shall be ready to ask Pardon both of God and the church. But to the Trial.

P. 77. The firſt Accuſation lies upon the *Provok'd Wife*, where *Rasor* is highly blam'd by Mr. *Collier;* for, in the 77th Page, pleading the same Excuse to an untoward Prank he had newly play'd, which *Adam* did heretofore upon a more unfortunate Occasion: *That woman having tempted him, the Devil overcame him.* How the Scripture is affronted by this, I can't tell; here's nothing that reflects upon the Truth of the Story: It may indeed put the Audience in mind of their Forefather's Crime, and his Folly, which, in my Opinion, like *Gunpowder-Treason*, ought never to be forgot.

Pro. W. p. 78. (This ed: p. 181.) The Line in *Rasor*'s Confeſſion, which Mr. *Collier*'s Modeſty ties him from repeating, makes the Close of this Sentence: *And if my Prayers were to be heard, her punishment for so doing shou'd be like the Serpent's of old, she shou'd lye upon her face all the days of her life.*

All I shall say to this, is, That an Obscene Thought muſt be buried deep indeed, if he don't smell it out; and that I find he has a much greater Veneration for the Serpent than I have, who shall always make a very great diſtinction between my Reſpects to God and the Devil.

He runs a Muck at all. The next he launces at is my Lord *Foppington*. And here he's as angry at me for being *for* Religion, as before for being *against* it, (which shews you the Man's resolv'd to quarrel with me): For I think his Lordship's Words which he quotes about St. *James*'s Church, are beyond all dispute on the Minister's side, though not on his Congregation's: The Indecencies of the Place, the Levity of the Women, and the unseasonable Gallantry of the Men, are expos'd in the very Lines this Gentleman is pleased to quote for their prophaneness. For though my Lord *Foppington* is not suppos'd to speak what he does to a Religious End, yet 'tis so ordered, that his manner of speaking it, together with the Character he represents, plainly and obviously instructs the Audience (even to the meanest Capacity) that what he says of his Church-Behaviour, is design'd for their Contempt, and not for their Imitation: This is so notorious, that no School-boy cou'd mistake it: I therefore hope those who observe this Man of Reformation is capable of giving so good an Intention so pernicious a Turn, will conclude, when he sat down to write upon the prophaneness of the Poets, he had nothing less in his Head, than to refine the Morals of the Age.

P. 78.

Relapse, pp. 23, 33. (This ed: p. 38.)

From the Elder Brother he falls upon the Younger; I suppose, because he takes me to be his Friend, for I find no other reason for his Quarrel: He accuses him for assuring his Man *Lory*, that he has kick'd his Conscience down Stairs; and he observes, he says, by the way, that this Loose Young Gentleman is the Author's Favourite. Now the Author observes by the way, That he's always observing wrong; for he has no other proof of his being his Favourite, than that he has help'd him to a Wife, who's likely to make his Heart ake: But I suppose Mr. *Collier* is of Opinion, that Gold can never be bought too dear.

The next Flirt is at *Worthy* and *Berinthia;* and here he tells you Two Characters of Figure determine the Point in Defence of Pimping. I can pardon his Mistake in the business of Pimping, because I charitably believe the University may have been the only Place he has had any Experience of it in, and there 'tis not managed indeed by People of any extraordinary Figure: But he may be inform'd if he pleases, that in this Righteous Town the Profession soars somewhat higher, and that (out of my Lord Mayor's Liberties) there are such things as *Worthy* and *Berinthia* to be found. I brought 'em upon the Stage to shew the World how much the Trade was improv'd; but this Gentleman I find won't take my Word for't.

Relapse, p. 51. (This ed: p. 54.)

Nurse is to have the next Kick o' the breech, and 'tis for being too Prophane. But that's left for me to quote again: For his part, all he repeats from her is, *That his Worship (Young Fashion) overflows with his Mercy and his Bounty: He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our Sins, but which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife of thy Bosom.*

Relapse, p. 96. (This ed: p. 88.)

This he says is dull: Why so 'tis; and so is he, for thinking it worth his finding fault with, unless it had been spoke by somebody else than a Nurse, and to somebody else than Mr. *Bull*. But the Prophane Stuff he says precedes it, I'll acquaint the reader with. She says (speaking to the Chaplain) Roger, *are not you a wicked man*, Roger, *to set your ſtrength againſt a weak Woman, and persuade her it was no Sin to conceal Miss's Nuptials? My Conscience flies in my face for it, thou Prieſt of* Baal; *and I find by woful Experience, thy Absolution is not worth an old Cassock.*

The Reader may here be pleas'd to take notice what this Gentleman would conſter prophaneness, if he were once in the Saddle with a good Pair of Spurs upon his Heels. I have all manner of Reſpect for the Clergy, but I shou'd be very sorry to see the Day, that a Nurse's cracking a Jeſt upon a Chaplain (where it has no Allusion to Religion) shou'd be brought within the Verge of prophaneness: But the next Chapter, about the Abuse of the Clergy, will give occasion for some more Remarks of this kind.

Amanda comes next, I thought she might have scap'd, but it seems, with all her Vertue, she charges the Bible with Untruths, and says,

Good Gods, what slippery ſtuff are men compos'd of! sure the Account of their Creation's false, and 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of.

I'm sorry the Gentleman who writ this Speech of *Amanda*'s, is not here to defend himself; but he being gone away with the *Czar*, who has made him Poet Laureat of *Muscovy*, I can do no less for the Favour he intended me, than to say this in his Juſtification. That to my knowledge he has too much Veneration for the Bible, to intend this a charge upon the Truth of it; and that it appears very plain to me, *Amanda* intended no more to call it in queſtion by those words, than Mr. *Collier*'s Wife might be suppos'd to do, if from some Observations upon his Book, she shou'd say, *Sure 'tis a miſtake in the New Teſtament, that the fruits of the Spirit are Modeſty, Temperance, Juſtice, Meekness, Charity, &c.; for my* Jeremy *is a spiritual Person, yet has not One of these marks about him.*

P. 80. *Worthy* follows: And I am threatned with no less than Eternal Damnation, for making him say to his Procuress (when she had promis'd to do what he'd have her) *Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee.*

Relapse, p. 91. (This ed: p. 83.) But I am not commended for the Answer she makes him, to put the Audience in mind, she was not suppos'd to deserve that Compliment, *Thou Miniſter of Darkness get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions*. If Mr. *Collier* had quoted this too, he had given a better Character of me, and I think of himself.

Prov. W. p. 3. (This ed: p. 117.) A Page or two farther, he has a snap, as he goes by, at the *Provok'd Wife*. And here he's at foul play again. He accuses Lady *Brute* for setting down as a Precept, that the Part of a Wife is to Cuckold her Husband; whereas her words are these, *In short*, Bellinda, *he has us'd me so barbarously of late, I cou'd almoſt resolve to play the downright Wife, and Cuckold him.*

This indeed is saying, Wives do Cuckold their Husbands (I ask the Ladies Pardons for Lying): But 'tis not saying they shou'd do so: I hope Mr. *Collier* will ask mine.

Lady *Brute* in her next Reply to *Bellinda*, says, what I own at first view seems much more liable to exception. Yet least the Audience shou'd mistake her Raillery for her serious Opinion, there is care taken immediately to inform 'em otherwise by making her reprimand her self in these words to *Bellinda: But I shall play the fool and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.*

Here, methinks, he shou'd have commended me for my Caution. But he was surly, and wou'd not.

Young Fashion is next accus'd for saying to *Lory* (when he had a prospect of getting Miss *Hoyden*) *Providence, thou seest at last, takes care of men of Merit.*

This surely is a very poor Charge, and a Critick must be reduc'd to short Commons to chop at it. Every body knows the word Providence in Common Discourse goes for Fortune. If it be answer'd, Let it go for what it will, it is in strictness God Almighty; I answer again, That if you go to strictness, Fortune is God Almighty as much as Providence, and yet no one ever thought it Blasphemy to say, Fortune's blind, or Fortune favours Fools: And the reason why it is not thought so, is because 'tis known it is not meant so.

Berinthia comes again, and is blam'd for telling *Amanda*, *Worthy* had taken her to pieces like a Text, and preach'd upon every part of her; This is call'd a Lewd and Prophane Allegory. I confess it has at a glance, the appearance of somewhat which it is not, and that, methinks, Mr. *Collier* might have been content to have charg'd it with; but he always takes care to stretch that way that becomes him least, and so is sure to be in the wrong himself, whether I am so or not.

Neither the Woman in general, nor any particular part about her, is liken'd to the Text; The Simile lies between the Manner of a Minister's using his Text, and *Worthy*'s Flourishing upon his Mistress; So that the prophanation's got in the wrong place here again. But supposing the Minister to be as Mr. *Collier* wou'd have him, as sacred a thing as his Text, there's nothing here that Burlesques him; 'Tis a Simile indeed, but a very inoffensive one, for it abuses nobody; and as to the Lewdness on't, I refer my self to the Reader here again, whether this Gentleman does not give us another Instance of his having a very quick Nose, when some certain things are in the Wind. I believe, had the Obscenity he has routed up here, been buried as deep in his Church-yard, the Yarest Boar in his Parish wou'd hardly have tost up his Snout at it.

Berinthia's Close of her Speech, *Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you grace to put it in practice*, brings up the Rear of the Attack

in this Chapter. These I own are words often us'd at the close of a Sermon, and therefore perhaps might as well have been let alone here. A known Pulpit-Expression sounds loose upon the Stage, though nothing is really affronted by it; for that I think in this Case is very plain, to any body that considers, who it is that speaks these words, and her manner of doing it. There's nothing serious in't, as if she wou'd persuade either *Amanda* or the Audience that Heaven approv'd what she was doing: 'Tis only a loose Expression, suitable to the Character she represents, which, throughout the Play, sufficiently shews, she's brought upon the Stage to Ridicule something that's off on't.

These three or four last Quotations Mr. *Collier* says are downright Blasphemy, and within the Law. I hope the Reader will perceive he says wrong.

The next Chapter is upon the Abuse of the Clergy: And here we are come to the Spring of the Quarrel. I believe whoever reads Mr. *Collier*, need take very little pains to find out, that in all probability, had the Poets never discover'd a Rent in the Gown, he had done by Religion, as I do by my Brethren, left it to shift for it self.

In starting this Point, he opens a large Field for an Adversary to Rove in, he unbars the Gate of the Town, forgetting the Weakness of the Garrison; were I the Governor on't, I'd commend him for his Courage, much more than for his Prudence.

I once thought to have said a great deal upon this Occasion; But I have chang'd my mind, and will trouble the Reader with no more than I think is necessary to clear my self from the Charge of Ridiculing the Function of a Clergyman.

I am as fully convinc'd, as the most Pious Divine, or the most Refin'd Politician can wish me, how necessary the Practice of all Moral Virtues is to our Happiness in this World, as well as to that of another. And this Opinion has its natural Consequence with me, which is, to give me a regard to every Instrument of their Promotion.

The Institution of the Clergy, I own to be both in the Intention and Capacity the most effectual of all; I have therefore for the Function all imaginable Deference, and wou'd do all things to support it in such a kind of Credit, as will render it most formidable in the execution of its Design. But in this Mr. *Collier* and I, I doubt, are not like to agree.

He is of Opinion, That Riches and Plenty, Title, State and Dominion, give a Majesty to Precept, and cry *Place* for it wherever it comes; That Christ and his Apostles took the thing by the wrong Handle; and that the Pope and his Cardinals have much refin'd upon 'em in the Policy of Instruction. That shou'd a Vicar, like St. *John*, feed on Locusts and Wild Honey, his Parish wou'd think he had too ill a taste for himself, to cater for them; and that a Bishop, who, like St. *Paul*, shou'd decline Temporal

Dominion, wou'd shew himself such an Ass, his Advice wou'd go for nothing.

This I find is Mr. *Collier*'s Opinion; and if ever I take Orders, I won't swear it shan't be mine: But then I fear I shall continue in my Heresy; Three Articles of which are these:

1. That the Shepherd, who has leaſt Business at home in his House, is likely to take the moſt care of his Flock.

2. That he who finds fault with the Sauce he greedily sops his bread in, gives very good cause to suspect he'd fain keep it all to himself.

3. That he who is ſtrict in the Performance of his Duty, needs no Other help, to be respected in his Office.

These Pills, I own, are as bitter to the Flesh, as they are agreeable to the Spirit; but the Physick's sound, and the Prescription is so necessary, that when nothing else will persuade some people to swallow 'em, I think 'tis not amiss, they shou'd be forc'd down by the Stage. If any Poet has gone farther, let him answer for't; I'll endeavour to show I have not. And firſt I'm to answer for Sir *John Brute*'s putting on a Gown to Abuse the Clergy.

If a Sir *John Brute* off the ſtage shou'd put on a Gown in his Cups, and pass his Lewdness upon the World, for the Extravagances of a Churchman; This, I own, wou'd be an Abuse and a Prejudice to the Clergy. But to expose this very Man upon the Stage, for putting this Affront upon the Gown; to put the Audience in mind, that there were Laymen so wicked, they car'd not what they did to bring Religion in Contempt, and were therefore always ready to throw dirt upon the Pilots of it:

This, I believe no body but a Man of Mr. *Collier*'s heat, could have miſtaken so much, to quote it under the head, of the Clergy abus'd by the Stage. But Men that ride Poſt, with the Reins loose upon the Neck, muſt expect to get falls. When he writes again, he'll take up perhaps, and mix a little Lead with his Quick-silver.

The Juſtice does indeed drop a word which alludes to the Jolly Doings of some Boon Companions in the Fenns; and if I had let him drop a word or two more, I think I had made him a better Juſtice than I have.

In the *Relapse*, Mr. *Collier* complains that his Brother *Bull* wishes the married Couple Joy in Language so horribly smutty and Prophane, to transcribe it wou'd blot the paper too much. I'm therefore put upon the old necessity to transcribe it for him, that the World may see what this honeſt Gentleman wou'd pass upon them as well as me, for prophane, had he as long a Sword in his Hand as the Pope has in his.

Relapse, p. 74. (This ed: p. 70.)

Bull's words are these. *I moſt humbly thank your Honours; and I hope, since it has been my Lot to join you in the Holy Hands of* Wedlock, *you will ſo well cultivate the Soil, which I have crav'd a Bleſſing on, that your Children may ſwarm about you, like Bees about a Honey-comb.* These are the words he calls horribly Smutty and Prophane.

Relapse, p. 75. (This ed: p. 70.)

The next Quarrel's about I don't know what; nor can light of anybody that can tell me. He says, *Young Faſhion*'s deſiring Mr. *Bull* to make haſte to Sir *Tunbelly;* He answers him very decently, *I fly, my good Lord.* What this gentleman means by this Quotation, I can't imagine; but I can answer for t'other Gentleman, he only meant he'd make haſte.

He quotes Two or Three Sentences more of *Bull*'s, which are juſt as Prophane as the reſt: He concludes, That the Chaplain has a great deal of heavy Stuff upon his hands; and his chief Quarrel to me here is, that I have not made him a Wit.

I ask pardon, that I cou'd suppose a Deputy-Lieutenant's Chaplain cou'd be a Blockhead; but I thought, if there was such a thing, he was as likely to be met with in Sir *Tunbelly*'s House, as any where. If ever I write the Character of a Gentleman where a Chaplain like Mr. *Collier* is to have the Direction of the Family, I'll endeavour to give him more Sense, that I may qualify him for more Mischief.

He has now left lashing me in particular, and I only have my share in his general Stroke upon all such sinful Wretches, who *attack Religion under every Form, and purſue the Prieſthood through all the Subdiviſions of Opinion.* He says, *Neither* Jews *nor Heathens,* Turks *nor Chriſtians,* Rome *nor* Geneva, *Church nor Conventicle, can eſcape us.* And we say, They'll all escape us, if he can defend 'em. Prieſt or Presbyter, Pope or *Calvin,* Mufti or Brammen, Ambassador from God or Envoy from the Devil, if they have but their Credentials from t'other World, they are (with him) all Brothers of the Sacred String; there's no more Discord than is necessary to make up the Harmony; and if a Poet does but touch the worſt Inſtrument they play upon, the Holy Consort of Religion and Morality, he'll tell you, is quite out of Tune.

Thus violently does his Zeal to the Prieſthood run away with him: Some Clergyman, methinks, should help to ſtop him; and I almoſt perſuade my self there will: There is ſtill in the Gown of the Church of *England* a very great Number of Men, both Learned, Wise, and Good, who thoroughly underſtand Religion, and truly love it: From amongſt these I flatter my self some Hero will ſtart up, and with the naked Virtue of an Old Generous *Roman,* appear a Patriot for Religion indeed; with a Trumpet before him proclaim the Secrets of the Cloyſter, and by discovering the Disease, guide the World to the Cure on't.

He may shew (if he pleases), That the Contempt of the Clergy proceeds from another kind of Want, than that of Power and Revenue: That Piety

and Learning, Charity and Humility, with so visible a Neglect of the Things of this Life, that no one can doubt their Expectations from another; is the way to be believ'd in their Doctrine, follow'd in their Precepts, and (by a most infallible Consequence) respected in their Function. Religion is not a Cheat, and therefore has no need of Trappings: Its Beauty is in its Nature, and wants no Dress: An Ambassador who comes with Advantagious Proposals, stands in no need of Equipage to procure him Respect. He who teaches Piety and Morality to the World, is so great a Benefactor to Mankind, he need never doubt their Thanks, if he does not ask too much of their Money. But here's the Sand, where Religion runs aground, Avarice and Ambition in its Teachers, are the Rocks on which 'tis dash'd to pieces. It, with many weak people, brings the whole matter into doubt. Men naturally suspect the Foundation of a Project, where the Projector is eager for a larger Contribution than they see is necessary to carry on the work. But this Case is so plain, there needs nothing to illustrate it. 'Tis the Clergy's Invasion into the Temporal Dominion, that has rais'd the Alarm against 'em: It has made their Doctrine suspected, and by consequence, their Persons despised. I own I have sometimes doubted whether *Pharaoh* with all the hardness of his Heart, wou'd have pursued the Children of *Israel* to the *Red Sea*, as he did, if they had not meddled with the Riches of his Subjects at their parting; but that Action renew'd the doubts of a Faith so weak as his, and made him, in spight of all the Miracles he had seen, question whether *Moses* had his Commission from God. He paid indeed for his Infidelity, as others may happen to do upon a parallel Mistake, I wish none have don't already: But I'm afraid those very Instances Mr. *Collier* gives us of the Grandeur of the Clergy, are the things that have destroy'd both them and their Flocks.

They owe their Fall to their Ambition; their soaring so high has melted their Wings; in a word, had they never been so great, they had never been so little. But lest I shou'd be mistaken, and make my self Enemies of Men I am no Enemy to, I must declare, my Thoughts are got to *Rome*, while I am talking thus of the Clergy; for the Charge is in no measure so heavy at home. The Reformation has reduc'd things to a tolerable Medium; and I believe what Quarrel we have to our Clergy here, points more at the Conduct of some, than the Establishment of the whole. I wish it may never go farther, and I believe it won't, if those who I don't question are still by much the Majority, will to so good an End (as the curbing their Ambitious Brethren, and reforming their Lewd ones) for once make a League with the Wicked, and agree, that whilst They play their Great Artillery at 'em from the Pulpit, the Poets shall pelt 'em with their Small Shot from the Stage. But since Mr. *Collier* is violently bent against this, I'll tell him why I am for it. And 'tis,

Because he has put me in mind, in the first Words of his Book, That

the Business of Plays *is to recommend Virtue and discountenance Vice: To shew the Uncertainty of Human Greatness; the sudden Turns of Fate, and the unhappy Conclusions of Violence and Injustice: That 'tis to expose the Singularities of Pride and Fancy; to make Folly and Falshood contemptible, and to bring every thing that is ill, under Infamy and Neglect.*

The next Chapter is upon the Encouragement of Immorality by the Stage: and here *Constant* is fallen upon, for pretending to be a Fine Gentleman, without living up to the Exact Rules of Religion. If Mr. *Collier* excludes every one from that Character, that does not, I doubt he'll have a more general Quarrel to make up with the Gentlemen of *England*, than I have with the Lords, tho' he tells 'em I have highly affronted 'em.

But I wou'd fain know after all, upon what Foundation he lays so positive a Position, that *Constant* is my Model for a Fine Gentleman; and that he is brought upon the Stage for Imitation.

He might as well say, if I brought His Character upon the Stage, I design'd it a Model to the Clergy: And yet I believe most People wou'd take it t'other way. O, but these kind of Fine Gentlemen, he says, are always prosperous in their Undertakings, and their Vice under no kind of Detection; for in the Fifth Act of the Play, they are usually rewarded with a Wife or a Mistress. And suppose I shou'd reward him with a Bishoprick in the Fifth Act, wou'd that mend his Character? I have too great a Veneration for the Clergy, to believe that wou'd make 'em follow his steps. And yet (with all due Respect to the Ladies) take one Amour with another, the Bishoprick may prove as weighty a Reward as a Wife or a Mistress either. He says, Mr. *Bull* was abus'd upon the stage, yet he got a Wife and a Benefice too. Poor *Constant* has neither, nay, he has not got even his Mistress yet, he had not, at least, when the Play was last Acted. But this honest Doctor, I find, does not yet understand the Nature of Comedy, tho' he has made it his Study so long. For the Business of Comedy is to shew People what they shou'd do, by representing them upon the Stage, doing what they shou'd not. Nor is there any necessity a Philosopher shou'd stand by, like an Interpreter at a Poppet-show, to explain the Moral to the Audience: The Mystery is seldom so deep, but the Pit and Boxes can dive into it; and 'tis their Example out of the Play-house, that chiefly influences the Galleries. The Stage is a Glass for the World to view itself in; People ought therefore to see themselves as they are; if it makes their Faces too Fair, they won't know they are Dirty, and by consequence will neglect to wash 'em. If therefore I have shew'd *Constant* upon the Stage, what generally the Thing call'd a Fine Gentleman is off on't, I think I have done what I shou'd do. I have laid open his Vices as well as his Virtues: 'Tis the Business of the Audience to observe where his Flaws lessen his Value; and by considering the Deformity of his

Blemishes, become sensible how much a Finer Thing he wou'd be without 'em. But after all, *Constant* says nothing to justify the Life he leads, except where he's pleading with Lady *Brute* to debauch her; and sure no body will suppose him there to be speaking much of his Mind. Besides, his Mistress in all her Answers makes the Audience observe the Fallacy of his Arguments. And I think Young Ladies may without much Penetration make this use of the Dialogue, That they are not to take all for Gospel, Men tell 'em upon such occasions.

The *Provok'd Wife* is charg'd with nothing more, except *Bellinda* for declaring she'd be glad of a Gallant, and Lady *Brute* for saying, *Virtue's an Ass, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.*

I need make no other Defence for the Ladies, than I have already done for the Gentlemen, the Case being much the same. However, to show how unfair an Adversary I have to deal with, I must acquaint the Reader, that *Bellinda* only says, *If her Pride shou'd make her marry a Man she hated, her Virtue wou'd be in danger from the Man she lov'd.* Now her Reflection upon this, I take to be a useful Caution both to Mothers and Daughters (who think Chastity a Virtue) to consider something in their Matches, besides a Page and a Coronet.

Lady *Brute*'s Words are fairly recited, but wrongly apply'd. Mr. *Collier*'s mistaken; 'tis not Virtue she exposes, but her self, when she says 'em; nor is it me he exposes, but himself, when he quotes 'em.

He gives me no farther occasion to mention the *Provok'd Wife*, I'll therefore take this to make an Observation or two upon the Moral of it, it being upon that account he has call'd it in question, and endeavour'd to make it pass for a Play that has none.

This Play was writ many years ago, and when I was very young; if therefore there had been some small Flaws in the Moral, I might have been excus'd for the Writing, tho' liable to some Blame for the Publishing it. But I hope it is not so loose, but I may be pardon'd for Both, whether Mr. *Collier* sets his Seal to't or not.

As for Sir *John Brute*, I think there are an infinity of Husbands who have a very great share of his Vices: And I think his Business throughout the Play is a visible Burlesque upon his Character. 'Tis this Gentleman that gives the Spring to the rest of the Adventures: And tho' I own there is no mighty Plot in the whole matter, yet what there is, tends to the Reformation of Manners. For besides the hateful Idea his Figure needs must give of his Character, the ill Consequence of his Brutality appears in the Miscarriage of his Wife: for tho' his ill usage of her does not justify her Intrigue, her intriguing upon his ill usage, may be a Caution for some. I don't find our Women in *England* have much of the *Muscovite* Temper in 'em: if you'll make 'em think you are their Friend, you must

give 'em softer ſtrokes of your Kindness; if you don't, the Gallant has a dangerous Plea, and such a one as, I doubt, has carri'd many a Cause. Religion, I own, (when a woman has it) is a very great Bulwark for her Husband's Security: And so is Modeſty, and so is Fear, and so is Pride; and yet all are little enough, if the Gallant has a Friend in the Garrison. I therefore think That Play has a very good End, which puts the Governor in mind, let his Soldiers be ever so good, 'tis possible he may provoke 'em to a Mutiny.

The reſt of the Characters, as they have no very great good, so they have very little mischief in 'em. Lady *Fanciful* is ridicul'd for her Vanity and her Affectation. *Mademoiselle* brings to mind what may often be expected from a *Suivante* of her Countrey. *Heartfree* is catch'd for his extravagant Railing at Womankind: and *Conſtant* gives himself a great deal o ftrouble, for a thing that is not worth his Pains. In short, they are moſt of 'em busy about what they shou'd not be; and those who observe they are so, may take warning to employ their time better.

I have nothing more to answer for in this Chapter, but making the Women speak againſt their own Sex: And having the Presumption to bring a Fop upon the Stage with the Title of a Lord.

This is a bungling Piece of Policy, to make the Women and the Nobility take up Arms in his Quarrel. I'm asham'd a Churchman shou'd spin his Mischief no finer: The sollicitors to the Holy War had almoſt as good a Plea. But he had one Consideration farther in this: He remember'd he had positively declar'd, let a Clergyman be guilty of what Crimes he wou'd, he was God's Ambassador, and therefore a Privileg'd Person, whom the Poets ought never to take into Cuſtody. This, upon second thoughts, he found wou'd hardly go down, if he monopoliz'd the Privilege to them alone; and so leſt the Company shou'd bring their Charter to a Dispute, he has open'd the Books for new Subscriptions; the Lords and the Ladies are invited to come in; the Gentlemen, I suppose, may do so too, if they please; and, in short, rather than the Committee of Religion shall be expos'd for their Faults, all Mankind shall be admitted to Trade in Sin as they please.

But I dare answer for the Laity, of what Quality soever they may be, they are willing their Vices shou'd be scourg'd upon the Stage; at leaſt, I never yet heard one of 'em declare the contrary. If the Clergy insiſt upon being exempted by themselves, I believe they may obtain it: But I'm apt to fancy, if they protect their Loose Livers from being expos'd in the Play-house, they'll find 'em grow the bolder to expose themselves in the Streets. A Clergyman is not in any Countrey exempted from the Gallows: And Mr. *Collier* has seen one of his Brethren peep through a worse Place than a Garret-Window: Nay, (in a reign he reckons a Juſt One) amble through the Town at the Tayl of a Cart, with his Sins in Red

Letters upon his Shoulders. A Hangman then may jerk him; Why not a Poet? Perhaps 'tis fear'd he might give him more Sensible Strokes.

I am now come to thank the Gentleman for the last of his Favours; in which he is so generous to bestow a Chapter entire upon me.

I'm extremely oblig'd to him for it, since 'tis more than ever he promis'd me; For in the Title of his Book, he designs to Correct the Stage only for the Immorality and Prophaneness of it. And indeed I think that was all his business with't. But he has since considered better of the matter, and rather than *quit his hold*, falls a Criticizing upon Plots, Characters, Words, Dialogue, &c., even to telling us when our fine Gentlemen make Love in the prevailing Strein, and when not. This gives us a farther view of his Studies; but, I think, if he kept to his Text, he had given us a better View of a Clergyman.

It may, perhaps, be expected I shou'd say more in answer to this Chapter, than to all that has gone before it; the Sense of the Play being attack'd here, much more than the Moral, which those who will take Mr. *Collier*'s word for my Principles, must believe I am least concern'd for. But I shall satisfy 'em of the contrary, by leaving the Sense to answer for it self if it can. I'll only say this for't in general: That it looks as if a Play were not overloaded with Blunders, when so Pains-taking a Corrector is reduc'd to the wretched necessity of spending his Satyr upon *Fire* and *Flames*, being in the same Line; and *Arms* twice in the same Speech, though at six lines distance one from t'other. This looks as if the Critick were rather duller than the Poet: But when men fight in a Passion, 'tis usual to make insignificant Thrusts; most of his are so wide, they need no parrying: and those that hit, are so weak, they make no Wound.

I don't pretend, however, to have observ'd the nicety of Rule in this Play. I writ it in as much haste (though not in so much fury) as he has done his Remarks upon't; 'Tis therefore possible I may have made as many foolish Mistakes.

I cou'd however say a great deal against the too exact observance of what's call'd the Rules of the Stage, and the crowding a Comedy with a great deal of Intricate Plot. I believe I cou'd shew, that the chief entertainment, as well as the Moral, lies much more in the Characters and the Dialogue, than in the Business and the Event. And I can assure Mr. *Collier*, if I wou'd have weakned the Diversion, I cou'd have avoided all his Objections, and have been at the expence of much less pains than I have: And this is all the Answer I shall make to 'em, except what tumbles in my way, as I'm observing the foul play he shews me, in setting the *Relapse* in so wrong a Light as he does, at his opening of the Fable on't.

In the first Page of his Remarks upon this Play, he says I have given it a wrong Title; the *Relapse*, or *Vertue in Danger*, relating only to *Loveless* and *Amanda*, who are Characters of an Inferior Consideration; and that

the *Younger Brother*, or the *Fortunate Cheat*, had been much more proper; because *Young Fashion* is, without competition, the principal Person in the Comedy.

In reading this Gentleman's Book, I have been often at loss to know when he's playing the Knave, and when he's playing the Fool; nor can I decide which he's at now. But this I'm sure, *Young Fashion* is no more the Principal Person of the Play, than He's the best Character in the Church; nor has he any reason to suppose him so, but because he brings up the Rear of the most insignificant part of the Play, and happens to be the Bridegroom in the close on't.

I won't say anything here irreverently of Matrimony, because *à la Françoise* Bigottry runs high, and by all I see, we are in a fair way to make a Sacrament on't again. But this I may say, That I had full as much respect for *Young Fashion*, while he was a Batchellor, and yet I think while he was so, *Loveless* had a part, that from people who desire to be the better for Plays, might draw a little more Attention. In short; My Lord *Foppington*, and the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride*, and the *Justice*, and the *Matchmaker*, and the *Nurse*, and the *Parson* at the rear of 'em, are the Inferior Persons of the Play (I mean as to their business), and what they do, is more to divert the Audience, by something particular and whimsical in their Humours, than to instruct 'em in any thing that may be drawn from their Morals; though several useful things may in passing be pickt up from 'em too.

This is as distinct from the main intention of the Play, as the business of *Gomez* is in the *Spanish Fryar*. I shan't here enter into the Contest, whether it be right to have two distinct Designs in one Play; I'll only say, I think when there are so, if they are both entertaining, then 'tis right; if they are not, 'tis wrong. But the Dispute here is, Where lies the principal business in the *Relapse?* Mr. *Collier* decides it roundly for the Wedding-house, because there's best Chear; his patron, Sir *Tunbelly*, has got a good Venison-Pasty for him, and such a Tankard of Ale, as has made him quite forget the Moral Reflections he shou'd have made upon the Disorders that are slipt into *Loveless*'s House, by his being too positive in his own strength, and forgetting, that *Lead us not into Temptation*, is a Petition in our Prayers, which was thought fit to be tackt to that for our daily Bread.

And here my Design was such, I little thought it wou'd ever have been Ridicul'd by a Clergyman. 'Twas in few words this.

I observ'd in a Play, called *Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion*, a Debauchee pay so dear for his Lewdness, and his Folly, as from a plentiful Fortune, and a Creditable Establishment in the World, to be reduc'd by his Extravagance to want even the Common Supports of Life.

In this Distress, Providence (I ask Mr. *Collier*'s pardon for using the

word) by an unexpected turn in his favour, restores him to Peace and Plenty: And there is that in the manner of doing it, and the Instrument that brings it to pass, as must necessarily give him the most sensible View, both of his Misery past, from the Looseness of his life; and his Happiness to come, in the Reform of it. In the close of the Play, he's left thoroughly convinc'd it must therefore be done, and as fully determin'd to do it.

For my part, I thought him so undisputably in the right; and he appear'd to me to be got into so agreeable a Tract of Life, that I often took a pleasure to indulge a musing Fancy, and suppose myself in his place. The Happiness I saw him possest of, I lookt upon as a Jewel of a very great worth, which naturally lead me to the fear of losing it; I therefore consider'd by what Enemies 'twas most likely to be attack'd, and that directed me in the Plan of the Works that were most probable to defend it. I saw but one danger in Solitude and Retirement, and I saw a thousand in the bustle of the World; I therefore in a moment determin'd for the Countrey, and suppos'd *Loveless* and *Amanda* gone out of town.

I found these Reflections of some service to my self, and so (being drawn into the folly of writing a Play) I resolv'd the Town shou'd share 'em with me. But it seems they are so little to Mr. *Collier*'s Taste, he'll neither eat the Meat himself, nor say grace to't for any body else. I'll try however if the following Account will recommend it to him.

Loveless and his Wife appear in the start of the Play, happy in their Retirement, and in all human Prospect, likely to continue so, if they continue where they are. As for *Amanda*, she's so pleas'd with her Solitude, she desires never to leave it; and the Adventures that happen upon her being forc'd to it, may caution a Husband (if he pleases) against being so very importunate to bring his Wife (how Vertuous soever) into the way of Mischief, when she her self is content to keep out of it.

Loveless, He's so thoroughly wean'd from the taste of his Debauches, he has not a thought toward the Stage where they us'd to be acted. 'Tis Business, not Pleasure, brings him thither again, and his Wife can't persuade him there's the least danger of a Relapse; He's proud to think on what a Rock his Reformation is built, and resolves She herself shall be a Witness, that though the Winds blow, and the Billows roar, yet nothing can prevail against it.

To Town in short they come, and Temptation's set at defiance. *Lead us not into it*, is a Request he has no farther occasion for. The first place he tries his Strength, is where he us'd to be the most sensible of his Weakness.

He cou'd resist no Woman heretofore; He'll now shew he can stand a Battalion of 'em; so to the Play-house he goes, and with a smile of contempt looks cooly into the Boxes. But *Berinthia* is there to chastise

his Presumption: He discovers her Beauty, but despises her Charms; and is fond of himself, that so unmoved he can consider 'em. He finds a Pleasure indeed, in viewing the Curiosity, but 'tis only to contemplate the Skill of the Contriver. As for Desire, he's satisfy'd he has none; let the Symptoms be what they will, he's free from the Disease; he may gaze upon the Lady till he grows a Statue in the Place, but he's sure he's in love with none but his Wife. Home he comes, and gives her an account of what he had seen; she's alarm'd at the Story, and looks back to her Retirement: He blames her Suspicion, and all's silent again. When Fate (here's Blasphemy again) so disposes things, that the Temptation's brought home to his Door, and his Wife has the misfortune to invite it into her House. In short; *Berinthia* becomes one of the Family: She's Beautiful in her person, Gay in her Temper, Coquet in her Behaviour, and Warm in her Desires. In a word, The battery is so near, there's no standing the Shot, Constancy's beaten down; the Breach is made, Resolution gives ground, and the Town's taken.

This I design'd for a natural Instance of the Frailty of Mankind, even in his most fixt Determinations; and for a mark upon the defect of the most steady Resolve, without that necessary Guard, of keeping out of Temptation. But I had still a farther end in *Loveless*'s *Relapse*, and indeed much the same with that in the *Provok'd Wife*, though in different kind of Characters; these latter being a little more refin'd, which places the Moral in a more reasonable, and I think a more agreeable View. There; The Provocation is from a *Brute*, and by consequence cannot be suppos'd to sting a Woman so much, as if it had come from a more Reasonable Creature; the Lady therefore that gives her self a Loose upon it, cou'd not naturally be represented the best of her Sex. Virtuous (upon some ground or other) there was a Necessity of making her; but it appears by a Strain of Levity that runs through her Discourse, she ow'd it more to Form, or Apprehension, or at best to some few Notions of Gratitude to her Husband, for taking her with an Inferior Fortune, than to any Principle of Religion, or an extraordinary Modesty. 'Twas therefore not extremely to be wondred at, that when her Husband made her House uneasy to her at home, she shou'd be prevail'd with to accept of some Diversions abroad. However, since she was Regular while he was kind, the Fable may be a useful Admonition to Men who have Wives, and wou'd keep 'em to themselves, not to build their Security so entirely upon their Ladies Principles, as to venture to pull from under her all the Political Props of her Virtue.

But in the Adventures of *Loveless* and *Amanda*, the Caution is carri'd farther. Here's a Woman whose Virtue is rais'd upon the utmost Strength of Foundation: Religion, Modesty, and Love, defend it. It looks so

Sacred, one wou'd think no Mortal durſt approach it; and seems so fix'd, one wou'd believe no Engine cou'd shake it: Yet loosen one Stone, the Weather works in, and the Structure molders apace to decay. She discovers her Husband's return to his Inconſtancy. The unſteadiness of his Love gives her a Contempt of his Person; and what lessens her Opinion, declines her Inclination. As her Passion for him is abated, that againſt him's inflam'd; and as her Anger increases, her Reason's confus'd. Her Judgment in disorder, her Religion's unhing'd; and that Fence being broken, she lies widely expos'd: *Worthy*'s too sensible of the Advantage, to let slip the Occasion: He has Intelligence of the Vacancy, and puts in for the Place.

Poor *Amanda*'s persuaded he's only to be her Friend, and that all he asks, is to be admitted as a Comforter in her Afflictions. But when People are sick, they are so fond of a Cordial, that when they get it to their Nose, they are apt to take too much on't.

She finds in his Company such a Relief to her Pain, she desires the Physician may be always in her sight. She grows pleas'd with his Person as well as his Advice, yet she's sure he can never put her Virtue in Danger. But she might have remembred her Husband was once of the same Opinion; and have taken warning from him, as the Audience, I intended, shou'd do from 'em both.

This was the Design of the Play; which I think is something of so much greater Importance than *Young Fashion*'s marrying Miss *Hoyden*, that if I had call'd it the *Younger Brother*, or the *Fortunate Cheat*, inſtead of *the Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*, I had been juſt as much in the wrong, as Mr. *Collier* is now.

His reason, I remember, why *Loveless* can't be reckon'd a Principal Part, is, Because he sinks in the Fourth Act. But I can tell him, If the play had sunk in the Fourth Act too, it had been better than 'tis, by juſt twenty *per Cent.* However, tho' *Loveless*'s Affair is brought about in the Fourth Act, *Amanda*'s laſt Adventure is towards the End of the Fifth. But this is only a Cavil from the Formality of the Criticks; which is always well broken into, if the Diversion's increased by't, and Nature not turn'd Top-side-turvy. If therefore nothing but the Criticks (I mean such as Mr. *Collier*) find themselves shock'd by the Disorders of this Play, I think I need trouble my self as little to juſtify what's paſt, as I own I shou'd to mend it, in any thing to come; had I thoughts of medling any more with the Stage. But to draw to an End.

I have reserv'd for the Close of this Paper, one Observation (a home one I think) upon the Unfair Dealing of this Reverend Gentleman; which shews at once the Rancor of his Venom, the Stretch of his Injuſtice, and by a Moral Consequence, I think, the Extremity of his Folly: For sure there cannot be a greater, than for a Man of his Coat, at the very Inſtant

he's declaiming againſt the Crimes of the Age, to lay himself so open, to be hit in the moſt Immoral Blot of Life, which that of Slander undisputably is.

To Explain. I beg the Reader will beſtow one Moments Reflection upon the Pains he has taken to make *Young Fashion* and his Affair pass for the Principal Concern of the Comedy; which he only has done, in hopes to sink the useful Moral of the Play, which he knew lay in t'other part of it, and wou'd unavoidably have appear'd in Judgment againſt his Reflections upon the whole, if he had not taken this way to ſtifle the Evidence: He therefore carries on the Impoſture to that degree, as at laſt to slubber over the Conclusive Scene between *Worthy* and *Amanda*, as if there were no Meaning of Importance in it. Nay, his Rage is so great (to find the Stamp of Immorality he wou'd fain have fix'd upon this Play, so cleanly wash'd off by the Close of this Scene) that he cares not what Folly he commits: and therefore in his Heats, rather than commend it for the Alarm it gives to Lewdness, by *Worthy*'s Reflections upon *Amanda*'s Refusal, he turns him into Ridicule for an Insipid *Platonick:* By which we may guess, had he been in the Fine Gentleman's Place, the Lady wou'd not have 'scap'd as she did. I'll repeat *Worthy*'s Words, with the Doctor's use of 'em, and so have done.

Relapse, p. 100. (This ed: p. 93.)

Sure there's Divinity about her, and sh'as dispenc'd some Portion on't to me: For what but now was the Wild Flame of Love, or (to diſſect that ſpecious Term) the vile, the groſs Deſires of Fleſh and Blood, is in a Moment turn'd to Adoration: The coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis methinks the Food of Angels I require. How long this Influence may laſt, Heaven knows: But in this Moment of my Purity, I cou'd on her Own Terms accept her Heart. Yes, Lovely Woman, I can accept it, for now 'tis doubly worth my Care: Your Charms are much increas'd since thus adorn'd: When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a Graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Councils scan;
Cou'd they but reach the deep Reserves of Man;
They'd wear it on, that that of Love might laſt:
For when they throw off one, we soon the other caſt.
Their Sympathy is such——
The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly,
They live together, and together dye.

This Reflection *Worthy* makes to himself, upon *Amanda*'s having Virtue enough to resiſt him, when he plainly saw she lay under a pressing Temptation.

Now when 'tis consider'd, That upon the Stage the Person who speaks in a Soliloquy is always suppos'd to deliver his real Thoughts to the Audience: I think it muſt be granted, there never was a homer Check

given to the Lewdness of Women in any Play whatsoever. For what in Nature can touch 'em nearer, than to see a man, after all the Pains he has taken, and the Eager Arguments he has us'd, lay open his Heart, and frankly confess, had he gain'd his Mistress, she had lost her Gallant.

This I thought was a Turn so little suited to Comedy, that I confess I was afraid the Rigor of the Moral wou'd have damn'd the Play. But it seems everybody could relish it but a Clergyman. Mr. *Collier*'s Words are these:

Amanda *continues obstinate, and is not in the usual Humour of the Stage: Upon this, like a well-bred Lover he seizes her by force, and threatens to kill her:* (By the way, this Purblind Divine might have seen 'twas himself, not his Mistress, he threatned.) *In this Rencounter the Lady proves too nimble, and slips through his Fingers. Upon this Disappointment he cries,* There's Divinity about her, and she has dispens'd some Portion on't to me. *His Passion is metamorphos'd in the turn of a hand: He's refined into a* Platonick *Admirer, and goes off as like a Town-Spark as you wou'd wish. And so much for the Poet's Fine Gentleman.*

The World may see by this, what a Contempt the Doctor has for a Spark that can make no better use of his Mistress, than to admire her for her Virtue. This methinks is something so very extraordinary in a Clergyman, that I almost fancy when He and I are fast asleep in our Graves, those who shall read what we both have produc'd, will be apt to conclude there's a Mistake in the Tradition about the Authors; and that 'twas the Reforming Divine writ the Play, and the Scandalous Poet the Remarks upon't.

FINIS.

TEXTUAL NOTES

The Relapse

p. 16, l. 3. *Arts and Graces.* Q1 " Airs and Graces." But Q2, 1719, 1730 etc. including Leigh Hunt, have " Arts." Ward reprints " airs."

p. 16, l. 7. *Author.* Q1 misprints " Authors."

p. 16, l. 11. *Sense.* Q1 " Sence."

p. 19, l. 8. The changes of scene printed between square brackets are not in the early editions, even 1776. As to omit them causes some confusion, the example of Ward in copying Leigh Hunt has been followed.

p. 19, l. 9. *Loveless.* Q1 and Q2, while printing " Loveless " in the list of characters, often print " Lovelace " in the earlier portions of the text of the play. As Vanbrugh consistently printed " Loveless " in his carefully edited *Short Vindication*, and later editions print " Loveless " throughout, the spelling has been standardised here.

p. 20, l. 13. *Women.* Later editions, e.g. 1719, print " Woman."

p. 20, l. 13. *form'd like you.* Q1 and Q2 have a comma here. Q1 has a full stop at the end of the next line, and Q2 a semicolon. Here 1719 and subsequent editions are followed.

p. 20, l. 26. *drop between us.* Q1 reads:

> But we are clad in Black Mortality, and the dark Curtain of Eternal Night, at last must drop between us.

Q2, 1719 and 1730 agree, except for printing " Of." It seems right to follow 1776 here, at least as regards the lines, agreeing with Leigh Hunt and Ward.

p. 21, l. 22. *believe I'm glad.* Later editions print " believe that I'm glad," but it seems hopeless to try and save the verse of a passage Leigh Hunt and Ward were reduced to putting into frank prose. Oddly enough Hunt includes " that " while Ward omits it.

p. 21, l. 43. *Temptation.* Early editions have commas at the end of this line and the next. It seems better to follow the later ones here.

p. 22, l. 17. *timorous.* Q1 and Q2 " timerous." 1719 corrects.

p. 25, l. 28. *to be dress.* Q2 and later editions have " to dress "; but Q1 surely is right here.

p. 26, l. 2. *trode.* Q2, 1719 and 1730 " trod." 1776 " trode."

p. 27, l. 3. *Steenkirk.* Q1 only, " Stinkirk."

p. 27, l. 33. There is no exit marked for Mend-legs before Leigh Hunt. It is clear he must go out somewhere here.

p. 28, l. 2. *here have you.* Q1. All subsequent editions except Ward, who restores the text, print " here you have."

p. 30, l. 17. *beholding.* Q2 modernises to " beholden," but as the old spelling was still fairly common at that date, it is retained.

p. 33, l. 41. *pray?* Q2 has " I pray."

p. 35, l. 13. *If the World.* Q1 misprints "I the World," which Q2 and 1708 cleverly emend to "Ay the World." 1719 and subsequent editions correct to "If."

p. 35, l. 27. *eight-and-forty Hours.* Q2 and following, "above eight-and-forty."

p. 35, l. 38. *chief.* Q2 and subsequently, "chiefest."

p. 37, l. 38. *spend.* Q1 and Q2 misprint "spent."

p. 38, l. 19. *the Players.* Q2 and subsequent editions omit "the," and read "that Players."

p. 39, l. 25. *Bear him up.* Q1 and Q2 "Bare him up."

p. 39, l. 32. *Serringe.* The spelling of the list of characters is adopted here. Q1 and Q2 have "Seringe." Later editions "Syringe" throughout. 1719 has the same discrepancy as Q1.

p. 43, l. 24. *These have Brains.* The printing of this passage follows Q2 and later editions. Q1 does not print the antitheses on the same line.

p. 47, l. 42. *piqu'd;* so 1719 and subsequently. Q1 "pickt." Q2 "prickt."

p. 51, l. 1. *it there is Demonſtration.* Q1 and Q2 "if there is." Corrected in later editions.

p. , 53 l. 7. *O Ged* etc. Early editions print this passage as follows, but it is hard to see why. Printed as prose in later editions. It is probable it was meant as prose. It was the custom sometimes to print prose plays with the capital at the beginning of every line, cf. the 1704 Etherege, and it is possible this method may have strayed into this passage.

> O Ged—— Now do I pray to Heaven
> With all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil
> In Hell may take me, if ever—— I was better pleas'd in
> My Life—— This man had bewitch'd me, that's certain.
> Well, I am condemn'd; but thanks to Heaven I feel
> My self each Moment more and more prepar'd for my
> Execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have
> The least fear of Dying. No, I find, let the——
> Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will
> Suffer with more Resolution than a Woman.
> Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet:
> But I confess I long to have another.
> Pray Heaven it end as the first did tho',
> That we may both grow weary at a time,
> For 'tis a Melancholy thing for Lovers to out-live one another.

p. 53, l. 35. *Don't you tell me;* Q1 and Q2 have no stop at all in this line, which makes nonsense.

p. 54, l. 42. *their pitch.* Q2 "the pitch." 1719 etc. "a pitch."

p. 55, l. 29. *undertaken?* so Q2 and other early editions. Q1 has a comma, later editions an exclamation mark.

p. 72, l. 11. *ſtap.* Q1 has "stop." Other editions "stap," which is consistent.

p. 73, l. 5. *ſtap.* ditto.

p. 73, l. 15. *Now I do.* Q2 "Now do I."

p. 73, l. 30. *Jeast.* So Q2, which seems in accordance with his Lordship's drawl. Q1 and 1719, "Jest."

p. 77, l. 24. *dégagé.* Early editions "degage." 1776 followed.

p. 77, l. 32. *Taillé.* Early editions "Taille." 1776 followed.

p. 77, l. 40. *Chartré.* Early editions "Chartre." 1776 followed.

p. 79, l. 31. *When I had.* Early editions "Then I had." 1776 followed.

p. 84, l. 31. *Why, I infer.* Q1 and Q2 print "Why?" 1719 followed.

p. 90, l. 7. *Excuses.* All editions up to 1730 inclusive print "Excuse"; 1776 prints "Excuses," and Hunt made the same emendation, to be followed by Ward. It seems justified.

p. 91, l. 10. *Some few Preparatives. . . .* Ward, following Leigh Hunt, prints the whole of this speech as verse, for obvious reasons. But none of the seventeenth or eighteenth-century editions do, and it is doubtful if Vanbrugh noticed it was such.

p. 95, l. 17. *I'd give a thausand Paund.* Q1 and Q2 print "I'd give you" etc., with a comma after "not" at the end of the sentence. 1719 has a colon, and 1776 a full stop.

p. 98, l. 42. *Evidences; if you please,* This is a puzzling passage. To which phrase should the "if you please" belong?
Q1 "Evidences, if you please, this"
Q2 "Evidences; if you please, this," which 1719 accepts.

The Provok'd Wife

Title-page. That of 1709 has "As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal," showing that the play had become the property of the Drury Lane patentees. On the 31st December, 1707, an order had been issued that Drury Lane was to act plays only, the Haymarket being permitted to perform operas only. The play would have gone over to the Haymarket with the other property of the Lincoln's Inn players when they removed there in 1705. This title-page bears only "By the Author of a New Comedy, call'd *Esop*," no mention being made of *The Relapse.*

p. 113, l. 6. *Ass:* 1719. Q1 and 1709 "Ass."

p. 113, l. 20. *ne'er* 1709. Q1 "ne're."

p. 113, l. 27. *incorrigible* 1709. Q1 "incorrigable."

p. 115, l. 28. *abroad* 1709. Q1 "a broad."

p. 116, l. 17. *Lady Brute, sola.* Q1 has "*Enter Lady* Brute, *sola.*"

p. 116, l. 22. *But some Comfort. .* So Q1 and 1719. But 1709, 1730, 1776, Hunt and Ward, "But there's some Comfort. . . ."

p. 117, l. 6. *Bellinda.* From 1709 onwards she is Belinda.

p. 118, l. 30. *forbid us;* 1719 and 1730. Earlier editions "forbid us."

p. 118, l. 32. *Body's* 1709. Q1 "Bodies."

p. 120, l. 33. *Exit Cornet.* Obviously: but it is not printed in the early editions.

p. 121, l. 4. *And were you, belov'd again?* Q1, 1709 etc. have "And were you belov'd again?" The pause seems to be intentional.

p. 122, l. 14. *que j'aime l'amour, moy.* Q1 prints "I'aime," the I being for a J, as throughout. This looks so like the l that succeeding editions, even as late as 1776, print "que l'aime l'amour, moy." Hunt corrects.

p. 122, l. 15. *Enter Servant with another Letter.* Ward sees fit, with a note, to emend this to "*Enter* Cornet *with*" etc: But since Cornet has not gone out, she can hardly come in again.

p. 123, l. 28. *Allons.* Early editions "alons."

p. 124, l. 21. *Enter Lady Fancyfull* . . . Fanciful or Fancyful here in early editions; but it is simpler to keep the same spelling throughout, and Q1 spells "Fancyfull" nearly always.

p. 125, l. 36. *still;* 1709. Q1 "still"
hear me 1709. Q1 "hear me,"

p. 125, l. 41. *To whom?* 1776. Early editions "To who?"

p. 127, l. 41. *Angel; she perswades* . . . 1709 and subsequently, "Angel, and she perswades . . ."

p. 128, l. 17. *merely.* Q1 "meerly."

p. 128, l. 19. *Mien* 1709. Q1 "Meen"

p. 129, l. 30. *Town?* 1709. Q1 "Town!"

p. 129, l. 32. *Happiness:* 1709. Q1 "Happiness?"

p. 129, l. 39. *fansie.* 1709 corrects this to "fancy," but since Q1 spells it as often as not this way, e.g. III, ii, and the beginning of V, v, the older spelling has been retained.

p. 130, l. 24. *Down-bed* 1709. Q1 "Downe-bed."

p. 137, l. 8. *Expence.* This sentence is stopped according to 1709 and 1719. Q1 has no stops in it at all.

p. 137, l. 28. *Reasonable man* Q1 1709 and subsequently have "reasonable Man," but the emphasis is probably on Reasonable. Where similar differences occur (e.g. Rude fellow) Q1 has been followed.

p. 137, l. 34. *Blew-Posts* 1709 and subsequently, "*Blue-Posts*"

p. 139, l. 26. *fairlier* 1709. Q1 "fairlyer"

p. 142, l. 12. *capable.* Q1 misprints "capaceble"

p. 143, l. 21. *ſtrait-lac'd* 1719. Q1 "streightlac'd." 1709 "straight-lac'd"

p. 144, l. 15. *where'er* 1719. Q1 "where're" 1709 "where-e'er."

p. 144, l. 19. *grow very shy* . . . From 1709 onwards the "very" is omitted, even in Ward.

p. 144, l. 29. *Tide* 1709. Q1 "Tyde"

p. 150, l. 17. *beat the Poet.* . So all early editions. 1776 emends this to *be at*, which has its points : but is wrong. See *Vindication.*

p. 155, l. 16. *Verge* 1719. The earlier editions have "Virge," as in the song at the end.

p. 157, l. 1. *Scene III, A Street.* Earlier editions make no change of scene here, though there clearly is one. This edition follows 1776.

p. 164, l. 13. *Virtue* Q1 "Vertue"

p. 165, l. 31. *Vérité* Early editions "Verite" 1776 "verité"

p. 168, l. 4. *oddly* 1719. Q1 and 1709 "odly"

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 168, l. 18. *Exeunt Constant and Heartfree.* Early editions mark no exit here, although it is clear both the gallants go out. 1776 simply marks *Exit* after Constant's speech.
p. 169, l. 12. *there.* Early editions "their"
p. 170, l. 20. *With all my Heart.* Q1 misprints "Withal"
p. 171, l. 17. *Laissez moy* Early editions print "Laisez moy"
p. 171, l. 26. *Wy wat* Q1. 1709 and 1719 have "Why what" 1776 "Why, vat. . ."
p. 172, l. 26. *Mariage* 1776. Early editions "Marriage"
Drôlesses Early editions "Droless" 1776 "Drôles"
p. 176, l. 4. *Battle* so all early editions (or *Battel*) 1776 "Body"
p. 176, l. 28. *Sure it must* Q1 and 1709 omit these words. 1719 inserts them, and is followed in later editions.
p. 177, l. 10. *Hob's Voyage* 1719 and later have "*Hobbes's* Voyage"
p. 177, l. 39. *Virtue.* Q1 "Vertue" in these passages.
p. 179, l. 34. *defer* 1709. Q1 "deferr, referr" etc; sometimes only.
p. 181, l. 30. *étouffe* All early editions, including 1776, misprint "Que le Diable et tout ce" . . . Ward accepts this emendation of Hunt's. Perhaps it occurs in some one of the "collections"

SONG.

This song was printed c. 1785 by John Fowler of Salisbury, who removed to London and set up business in Newcastle Street, Strand, but failed. He died soon after. His widow later kept a little book shop in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, but died in poverty at St. Pancras workhouse in 1825. The song evidently replaced *What a Pother of Late* sung in III, ii, the words of which would obviously have no applicability in the mid- or late eighteenth century, since they refer to events which were recent in 1696.

TEXTUAL NOTES TO APPENDIX

p. 187, l. 25. *Journeyman Taylor.* 1776 "Journeyman Woman's Taylor."
p. 187, l. 27. *Punishment* 1770 "Punishments"
p. 188, l. 1. *Wrapping Gown.* 1776 "Cloak and Sack."
p. 188, l. 3. *an't please your Honour.* 1743 omits "an't please"
p. 188, l. 11. *take the Gown.* 1776, consistently, "take the Sack."
p. 188, l. 14. *I think I'd e'en . . . case me.* 1770 omits the whole of this aside, although it occurs in the old scenes as well.
p. 188, l. 25. *Follow me Boys.* It is here that 1743 brings in the Watch. The London editions bring it in after O brave Knight!
p. 188, l. 28. *Watch.* In this scene and the next 1743 prints 1 *Watch.* 1770 has 1 *Watch* in this scene, and 2 *Watch* in the next. 1776 has *Watch* in this scene, and 2*d Watch* in the next. It seems simplest to print *Watch* throughout.

p. 188, l. 35. *They fight off*, etc: 1776. 1743 merely directs *Fights.*
p. 189, l. 4. *O! my Honour!* The London versions omit this amusing remark.
p. 189, l. 19. *One that will know. . .* 1770 and 1776 " One that knows ". . .
p. 189, l. 27. *There may have been. . .* 1776, " Sir, there may have been " . .
p. 189, l. 32. *Mophrodite* 1770 and 1776 " Maphrodite " However, the earlier spelling is probably right, as there are indications that that was the popular pronunciation. *The Lunatick* (1705) refers to Betterton, Mrs Barry, and Mrs Bracegirdle, as that " most Arbitrary, Most Hermophrodite Conjunction."
p. 189, l. 36. *gripen* 1770, 1776, and Ward. 1743 " gippen "
p. 190, l. 8. *in an undress* 1770 and 1776. 1743, followed by Ward, has " in a sort of an ". . . but this seems to have crept in from the next line. The next note, however, makes the confusion worse.
p. 190, l. 10. *Why, she has really . . . common.* 1770 omits this sentence, but 1776 restores it.
p. 190, l. 16. *Surname* 1743 " Sirname "
p. 190, l. 34. *Taſte Sir; I have scorn'd. . .* 1770, followed by Ward, has " Taste, Sir! Sir, I have scorn'd " . . . But the second Sir has slipped down from Sir John's last speech, where it is omitted in 1770 but not in Ward.
p. 191, l. 4. *wou'd bring* 1776 " wou'd but bring "
p. 191, l. 7. *Never gave. . . .* 1776 " He never gave " . . .
p. 191, l. 17. *much that. .* 1743 " much like that " . .
p. 191, l. 23. *put on* 1743 " puts on "
p. 191, l. 39. *to go visit* 1776. 1743 " go to visit "
p. 192, l. 27. *God-a-mercy, my Lady.* London editions omit the " my."

A Short Vindication

The text is exactly from the only edition, that of 1698, except in the few cases noted. The original is an extremely good text, the only one Vanbrugh seems to have taken any trouble to correct.

p. 203, l. 4. *but then I fear. . .* Ward proposes to insert " till," making the sentence " but till then I fear "; but the sense surely is " but even then I fear . . .", and the text is good as it stands.
p. 203, l. 21. *Extravagances* 8vo " Extravegances "
p. 210, l. 40. *Debauchee* 8vo " Debauche "
p. 214, l. 24. *coarser* 8vo " courser " I venture to substitute the more modern form, though the old was still common at the time; for instance, in the 1700 edition of the Works of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The Relapse

The Preface. This, though written before Collier's onslaught, shows that verbal criticism of the kind the parson was to print was already being directed against *The Relapse.*

The " fine Gentleman of the Play " was Powell, who acted the part of Worthy.

Dramatis Personae. Mrs. Kent. Some later editions print Mr. Kent as playing the part of *Young Fashion;* but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the text, as it was not uncommon for women to act the part of young men. Mrs. Verbruggen, for instance, was a famous *Bays* in *The Rehearsal,* while in 1664 *The Parson's Wedding,* by Thomas Killigrew, was acted entirely by women, as was *Love for Love* at the Haymarket on 9 January, 1706. Mrs. Oldfield personated a " Young Rake " in *Farewel Folly,* 1705. For a list, see Nicoll, *Eighteenth Century Drama,* p. 50. Kent used to play such parts as " one of the Ruffians in *King Lear* (Genest, II, 408), so would not be likely to play *Young Fashion.*

" If a Woman at a Merry-making dresses in Man's Clothes, it is reckon'd a Frolick amongst Friends. . . . Upon the Stage it is done without Reproach, and the most Virtuous Ladies will dispense with it in an Actress." Mandeville's *The Fable of the Bees.* Remark (P), 1714.

The First Prologue, by Miss Cross. Miss instead of Mrs. meant that she was a very young girl. Six years was by no means an uncommon age for actresses to make their first appearance in a Prologue or Epilogue, or even as a page, as Mrs. Bracegirdle did in *The Orphan* when she was no older, according to Curll. Seeing what these children sometimes had to say, this custom roused very natural moral opposition. See the Epilogue to Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle,* 1699.

O Collier! Collier! thou'st frighted away Miss Cross.

But she returned on 2 January, 1705, to dance and sing in *The Careless Husband* at Drury Lane.

The Second Prologue. l. 21. *Beaux,* come crowding on the Stage. This was a tiresome abuse, and must have been as annoying to the actors and the ordinary playgoers as it was horrifying to the Society for the Reformation of Manners. When Queen Anne took the matter in hand in 1704, she ordered that " no Person of what Quality soever, Presume to go Behind the Scenes, or come upon the Stage, either before or during the Acting of Any Play." But since this notice continued to be promulgated in newspapers at least as late as 1712, the order does not appear to have been very effective.

l. 27. *A Comb.* For men to comb their hair, or rather their wigs, in public was quite a common habit among fops of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It must have been a matter of some trouble to keep a huge wig, heavily covered with meal powder, in any sort of order. There are several references to this habit in plays of the period, of which Ward quotes two very apposite ones. In *The Parson's Wedding*, I, iii: "Enter Jack Constant, Will Sad, Jolly and a Footman; they comb their heads and talk." From the Prologue to Part II of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* (1671) we get:

> But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
> Straight every Man who thinks him self a Wit
> Perks up; and managing his Comb with grace,
> With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face.

The comb was carried in a case.

p. 23. *Half a piece.* A piece was a coin worth twenty-two shillings. (Ward.)

p. 23. *Drab-Alley at Wapping.* This appears to be a descriptive name of Vanbrugh's invention. The neighbourhood was notorious for its strumpets, where they might meet with "a Boats Crew, just come on shore, in search of those Land Debaucheries which the Sea denies 'em." *The London Spy*, XIV (1699), by Ned Ward.

p. 24. *Powder-puff*, to powder the wig; a common appurtenance of the fop so long as powdered wigs were in wear.

p. 24. *A scanty maintenance.* This reflects Vanbrugh's own experience. See Introduction.

p. 27. *Steenkirk.* The name given to the flowing cravat. Owing to the manner in which William surprised Luxemburg's troops at the battle of Steinkirk on 3 August, 1692, the French cavalry had to take the field before they could adjust their neckwear. The fluttering cambric was thought to be so becoming by the victorious cavalry that they continued to wear it so in Paris, whence the fashion came over to England. It was affected in the provinces until about 1770.

p. 28. *Perspective.* Telescope or glasses. The *London Gazette* of 1674, No. 931/4, has "To be sold at the sign of the Royal Exchange, all sorts of perspective glasses, as well telescopes as microscopes." (N.E.D.) On 2 June, 1725, Pope wrote: "From that distance under the temple you look down to a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass."

p. 28. *Lackets.* Locket's was a famous ordinary near Charing Cross. References in the literature of the period are numerous, and are to be found in the works of almost every playwright of note; e.g. Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), III, iii: "I can summon the Drawers at Locket's." Or the Montague-Prior *City and Country Mouse* (1687):

> With evening wheels we'll drive about the Park
> Finish at Locket's and reel home i' th' dark.

Or the Prologue to Mrs. Centlivre's *Love's Contrivance* (1703):

> At Locket's, Brown's and at Pontack's enquire
> What modish Kick-shaws the nice Beaus desire
> What famed Ragoust, what new invented Salate
> Has best pretensions to regale the Palate.

p. 29. *burnt in the Hand.* The punishment for common thieves and pilferers.

p. 32. *The Modesty of all.* A stock joke of comedy since Wycherley. Cf. *The Plain Dealer* (1676), II, i. Olivia says: "Then you would have a woman of honour with passive looks, ears, and tongue undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty plays."

p. 34. *has Reason.* This Gallicism for "is right" was universal during the Restoration period.

This passage is an admirable instance of how much better Vanbrugh wrote verse when, apparently, he did not know he was doing so than when he did. These passages are frequent, and will not be drawn attention to more than once or twice.

p. 36. *is furnished.* Which is furnished. This construction is often used by Vanbrugh, and was still fairly common in his day, though obsolescent. In the earlier part of the century it was normal. Cf. *The White Devil*, I, i:

> one citizen
> Is lord of two fair manors called you master
> Only for caviare.

p. 37. *go to the Play.* At about five o'clock, or later, depending on the length of the performance. The *Daily Courant* of 2 June, 1704, announces a performance "Beginning exactly at five a Clock by reason of the length of the Entertainments." By the third decade of the next century it was six.

p. 40. *bubble.* Cheat. A word too common in the period to need illustration. It occurs at least as late as the *Punch Annual* of 1845. "Bubbles of the Year," in the sense of frauds or delusions. Cf. South Sea Bubble.

p. 46. *Masks.* These were not worn by respectable women at this period. They were finally forbidden in 1712; but see the Epilogue to *The Mistake*, and Cibber, of this period: "I remember the ladies were then observ'd to be decently afraid of venturing bare-fac'd to a new comedy, till they had been assured they might do it, without the risque of an insult to their modesty." *Apology*, VIII.

p. 50. *Do I not love her then?* Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, I, i:

> And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
> So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?

p. 54. *To your Lure.* A hawking term common in the literature, if not the current language, of the day. Cf. *The Old Batchelour* (1693), I, 1:

> Well, as high a Flyer as you are, I have a Lure may make you stoop.

A lure was a dead pigeon or artificial bird, used for calling home long-winged hawks, especially when young.

p. 56. *Pickering.* To pickeer is "to skirmish playfully or amorously" (N.E.D.), to dally. The first and last N.E.D. examples are: "Two souls pickeering in a kiss." Cleveland, *Senses Festival* (1651). And "She at first designed Picqueering for Adoration, only to please her Lord." Mrs. Manley, *Secret Mem.* (1720). It also meant to forage or maraud, and was so used in official naval instructions. Also colloquially "A rush candle purchas'd by pickeering." Ogilby, *Æsop* (1665). It may have come from the French *picorer:* Nares, quoted by Ward, suggests from the Italian. Why not from the Spanish *picaro*, rogue, whence we derive picaroon and picaresque?

p. 64. *Gown to a Cassock*, i.e. tear his clothes off him.

p. 68. *the Plotting Sisters.* "A Fond Husband": or, "The Plotting Sisters," by Thomas D'Urfey 1677.

p. 77. *Chartré*, i.e. mis en chartre, put in gaol. (Ward.)

p. 88. *Scaure.* Scour, "to run with great eagerness and swiftness." (Johnson.)

p. 88. *Skip-Jack Varlet;* a groom employed to ride horses up and down to show off their paces.

p. 93. *Sets the World on Flame.* This passage one would think a reminiscence of the *Phaedrus*, but one does not fancy Vanbrugh to have been a Platonist. It is rather more than he could have got from Addison's translation of the story of Phaethon from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, even if he had been able to see it before its publication in 1699.

p. 94. *Practice of Piety.* Part of the note in Mr. Montague Summers' *Congreve* (Vol. I, p. 253) is here transcribed: "A popular little religious manual which with some slight alterations ran through many editions. We have: *Of the Daily Practice of Piety, also Devotions and Praiers in time of Captivity.* London . . . 1660. Also: *The Practice of Piety* . . . 1684. There are cheap editions of these as late as 1709. Cf. Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune* (1680), V, i, where Courtine, suspecting he may be in a house of accommodation, cries: 'If there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practice of Piety* in the room, I am sure I have guess'd right.'" The passage which occasioned Mr. Summers's note is in *The Old Batchelour* (1693), IV, xxi. Bellmour speaks: "Damn'd chance! If I had gone Whoring with a *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd."

p. 94. *Varsal;* universal.

p. 100. *The War;* against France. The Peace of Ryswick was signed in September, 1697, some nine months after this play was acted.

p. 101. *The Tyburn Jigg* was, of course, the jig one danced when hanging from a rope at Tyburn.

p. 101. *A bawdy Snuff-box* meant one with an erotic picture painted on the lid, or inside it.

The Provok'd Wife

p. 116. *between the King and the People.* Good, sound, post-Revolutionary Whiggism. Vanbrugh was evidently a Hobbist as far as the Social Contract went, and perhaps, at this time at any rate, in religious matters as well.

p. 117. *House of Lords.* A divorce between Sir John and Lady Brute would take the form of a private bill in the House of Lords, where personal influence would have much more play than in Chancery.

p. 119. *Original:* idiot.

p. 120. This scene is more than a little reminiscent of that in *Marriage Alamode* (III, i) where Melantha gives Philotis dresses for new French words.

p. 127. *willing to be warm'd.* The natural coldness of women was a favourite theme at this time. Cf. Congreve's *Letter Concerning Humour in Comedy:* "Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its course; or may be by Reason of their Natural Coldness, Humour cannot Exert it self to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male Sex."

p. 129. *Conjunction.* These astronomical similes and metaphors were very popular throughout the 17th century, from Donne onwards. Cf. Marvell:

> Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
> But Fate so enviously debars,
> Is the Conjunction of the Mind
> And Opposition of the Stars.

We also remember Lord Foppington with his face in an eclipse. Conjunction is the nearest apparent approach of two heavenly bodies which seem to pass each other in their courses. Astrologically it "is the best Aspect with good Planets, and the worst with evil." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1665.

p. 131. *Betty Sands.* Sir John Sands was a famous keeper at this period: Betty may have been one of his more notorious concubines.

p. 133. *Chivy-Chase* "The old Song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite Ballad of the common People of England." *Spectator*, 70.

p. 135. *I'll smoak.* A pipe, which was made of clay, was considered a great vulgarity. Swift wrote:

> My husband's a sot
> With his pipe and his pot,

and when he sent "tobacco" to Stella, it was, of course, snuff, which she "took": she did not "drink" tobacco. Cf. *The London Spy:* "We ignitied our Pipes, and blew about our Whiffs, with as little concern as if we had been in the company of so many *Carmen.*"

p. 135. *Paper-Mill.* i.e. something terribly noisy. Cf. Etherege, *Love in a Tub* (1664), I, ii: "Buzze; set not her Tongue a-going agen: Sh'as made

more Noise than half a dozen Paper-mills: *London* Bridge at low water is silence to her."

The particular paper-mills there referred to were destroyed in the Fire of London with the bridge.

p. 137. *Dirty shirt.* Clean linen was then by no means so universal as it afterwards became, largely under the influence of Beau Nash. Even Johnson as late as 1763 could say: "Another charge [against Christopher Smart] was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it." Malone 1807. I, 350. Cf. *The Confederacy* II.

p. 138. *expect:* await. Vanbrugh generally used the word in this sense, though occasionally in the modern sense.

p. 146. *sign'd the Peace.* The Treaty of Ryswick was not signed until September, and would naturally be an excuse for bonfires. "Home this evening, but with great trouble in the street by bonfires, it being the King's birth-day and day of Restoration." Pepys, May 29, 1666. On the 2nd December, 1697, which was the Thanksgiving Day for the peace, Evelyn wrote, "The evening concluded with fireworks and illuminations of great expense."

p. 146. *Bank of England's grown honest.* The Bank was founded in 1694, largely by the exertions of Lord Halifax (then Montague), William Patterson and Sir John Houblon. As a new venture which might adversely affect certain vested interests, it was natural that it should be called a fraud by some, and it was feared that it might become an instrument of the Crown. Halifax himself, as Chancellor, was in 1697 accused of fraud by Charles Duncombe, and in 1698 by Colonel Granville, but both charges broke down. As late as 1708 Lady Wentworth wrote of money lodged in the bank, "I sopose you are assured of the safety of it, or elc you would not place it thear." *Wentworth Papers.*

p. 146. *Liberty of Conscience.* This allusion seems slightly out of date so late in William's reign, but one must bear in mind that this is really what the Revolution was about. The Stuart efforts at toleration had been too obviously political in their purpose to allow of their acceptation, whether in one direction under Charles, or in the other under James. The Act of Toleration was, however, passed when William came to the throne.

p. 146. *Penal Laws;* nevertheless, these were still in existence, though not usually enforced. Why our roysterer should have been so eager it is difficult to say. One suspects he might have been found voting for the measures which were brought in under the Tory reaction of 1699. That Bill deprived of succession all those who did not swear the Test, and banished Popish priests on pain of death. Even those in favour of toleration, such as Burnet, voted for the measure on the ground of strengthening the executive power. (Burnet IV, 438.) The country had not forgotten the horrors of the Popish Plot. It was the repeal of these laws in 1778 that gave rise to the Gordon Riots.

p. 147. *beat up their Quarters;* a common expression for visiting easy ladies. Cf. *Love in a Tub* (1664), III, i. Sir Frederick says to the Widow: "Have not your quarters been beaten up at these most seasonable hours before now?"

p. 147. *Spirit of Clary.* Clary Water was "composed of brandy, sugar, clary-flowers and cinnamon, with a little ambergrise dissolved in it." Chambers's *Dictionary*, 1738. Clary is the pot-herb, *sclarea.*

p. 148. *endure the Sight of him.* This is one of the many echoes from Congreve, some of which will be noted. In this instance cf. *The Old Batchelour*, I, ii, "Could you but see with my Eyes, the buffoonery of one Scene of Address, a Lover, set out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances."

p. 150. *practice in the Glass.* Cf. the Marquis of Halifax's *Advice to a Daughter* (1688, 2nd edition.)

"The *Looking-glass* in the Morning dictateth to her all the *Motions* of the Day, which by how much the more *studied* are so much the more *mistaken*. . . . She doth not like herself as *God Almighty* made her, but will have some of *her own* Workmanship; which is so far from making her a better thing than a *Woman*, that it turneth her into a worse Creature than a *Monkey*."

p. 150. *like other People.* Cf. Wycherley, *The Plain Dealer* (1676) II, i. "I . . think . . a lady may call her modesty in question, by publicly cavilling with the poets. For all those grimaces of honour and artificial modesty disparage a woman's real virtue. . ."

p. 150. *Hypocrisie.* This was one of the passages in debate with Collier. See the *Short Vindication.* Collier, as Vanbrugh there says, did not quote the passage, but gives a marginal reference to illustrate the text: "There's nothing more ridiculous than Modesty on our *Stage.* 'Tis counted an ill-bred Quality, and almost shamed out of use." *Short View.* Chapter I, p. 35 in 2nd edition.

p. 150. *Month's Mind:* a longing; a common expression throughout the period. The famous example is from *Pepys*, 20 May, 1660. "There was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month's-mind, I had not the boldness to go to her." Cf. *Hudibras* (1663), II, iii:

> For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
> Who has not a Month's mind to combat.

See also Congreve, *The Way of the World*, III, vi, Ed. 1710.

p. 151. *Spring Garden*, much where the Admiralty Arch now is. It was a dubious resort. See *Spectator*, No. 383, where Juvenal is quoted (Sat. I, v 75), *Criminibus debent hortos*, "A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained." Addison "could not but look upon this place as a kind of Mahometan paradise," while Sir Roger wished "there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

p. 153. *Round-house;* the constable's lock-up for disorderly persons found in the street. Cf. Gay's *Trivia* (1716), III, 295:

> The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
> He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
> Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
> And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

p. 153. *What the Plague ails me.* Another reminiscence of *The Old Batchelour* (1693), III, i. Heartfree's soliloquy in front of Silvia's door: "Well, why do you not move? Feet do your Office—Not one Inch; no, Foregod I'me caught—There stands my North, and thither my Needle points—now could I curse myself, yet cannot repent. O thou Delicious, Damn'd, Dear, Destructive Woman!"

p. 154. *How now, Heartfree?* Yet another reminiscence of *The Old Batchelour*, the opening lines: "*Vainlove*, and abroad so early! good Morrow; I thought a Contemplative Lover could no more have parted with his Bed in a Morning, than a' could have slept in 't."

p. 154. *With my Lady, I mean.* This Freudian slip is quite common in the plays of the period. We find it again in *The False Friend.* The psychological explanation of such a slip was quite well understood in those days, though the mechanism had not yet been given a name, which for some people transforms a concept into a reality, and a platitude into a discovery.

p. 156. *New Exchange.* This shopping centre on the south side of the Strand was, with its booths and galleries, a favourite place for assignations, a "Cloister of kind Damsels," as Ned Ward calls it. (*The London Spy*, IX, 1699.) He describes a visit to it: "We came to the *New Exchange*, into which Seraglio of Fine Ladies we made our Entrance, to take a pleasing view of the Cherubimical Lasses," viz. the vendors. They took a "Satisfactory Survey of this *Jilts Academy*, where Girls are admitted at Nine Years Old. . . ." References to it are extremely common in plays of the period. Etherege's *She Wou'd if She Cou'd* (1678) has III, is laid in it, as is Wycherley's *The Country Wife* (1675), III, ii. Cf. also Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, V, i:

> Where do these Country Gentlewomen Lodge, I pray?
> In the Strand, over against the Exchange.

p. 159. *when they come to pass.* Congreve again. Cf. *Love for Love* (1695), IV, "Would any thing but a Madman complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the joys of Life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the Folly of the Chase."

p. 160. *Doily stuff.* See Budgell, *Spectator*, No. 283 (712): "The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel." He kept a shop in the Strand, a little west of St. Catherine's Street. Cf. Gay, 1716, *Trivia:*

> Nor should it prove thy less important care
> To chuse a proper coat for Winter's wear.
> Now in thy trunk thy *D'Oily* habit fold
> The silken drugget ill can fence the cold.

p. 161. *Sauce to your Mutton.* This is to be understood obscenely. Cf. *The Old Batchelour:* "You don't love Mutton?—you *Magdalen* unconverted." Also *Doctor Faustus:* "I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish." Summers, *Congreve*, I. 253.

p. 164. *and Thousands more.* Perhaps a reminiscence of Catullus V.

Da me basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, etc.

p. 166. *Roche.* Roach.

p. 171. *Pretty Pall;* i.e. pretty Poll, as in later editions.

p. 176. *Stand Buff.* To stand buff means to stand firm, to endure; N.E.D. which quotes this passage. Cf. *Hudibras:*

For the good old cause stood buff
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.

And Jeremy Collier's *Marcus Aurelius:* To stand buff against danger and death." (N.E.D.) The word may be derived from the heavy buff coats worn by soldiers, which were a protection against blows of some severity.

His Doublet was of sturdy Buff
And tho' not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof.

Hudibras, I, 305 (1663).

p. 177. *Hob's Voyage:* the reference, to judge from the spelling of later editions, is to Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. The N.E.D. quotes this passage under "Leap", but gives no further reference. A perusal of *Leviathan* has failed to discover it: it is likely that had the phrase occurred in Hobbes, the N.E.D. would have quoted it. Thus I am inclined to believe that Vanbrugh meant "Hobson's choice," a reference that would fit in very well. Cibber uses "a leap in the dark" in the same sense. *Apology*, VI.

p. 177. *to your Notes:* i.e. to your parts in the arranged concert.

p. 181. *Hungary Water*, aqua Hungarica, so called from being first prepared for a Queen of Hungary. It "is one of the distilled waters of the shops, and is directed in the college dispensatory to be made of rosemary flowers infused some days in rectified spirits of wine." Rosemary was used in most nervous complaints, and in epilepsies, apoplexies, palsies, etc. The flowers "abound in subtile detergent oil, which makes them deobstruent and opening, whence their use in uterine obstructions, the jaundice, etc." Chambers's *Dictionary*, 1738. The curious may find out how to make it from *The Compleat Distiller*, by A. Cooper, Distiller. 1757. Part III, Chapter IV.

p. 183. *The Third day is for us.* Profits of the third and sixth day usually went to the author. Vanbrugh gave his to the actors.

APPENDIX

p. 188. *Britons*, strike home. The reference is to Purcell's opera *Bonduca*, and Sir John had declared he was that Queen. The words of the Chief Druid's song are, "*Britains*, Strike Home: Revenge your Country's Wrongs: Fight and Record your selves in *Druids* Songs." *The Tragedy of Bonduca*,

1696, was published with a preface by Powell, who does not, however, claim that he himself made this adaptation from Beaumont and Fletcher. Glover supposed it was made by Betterton. See the Purcell Society's publications.

p. 190. *Bridewell. . . . Hemp-beater.* Bridewell was the house of correction for loose and unruly women, where they were set to pounding hemp; or for unfortunate servants who disobeyed their mistresses, and were sent to be flogged, a practice severely reprehended by Ned Ward, who gives a lively description of it in *The London Spy* (1699), VI. He considered the place barbarous, and ill-adapted to its purpose. It was a stately edifice, standing near the Fleet Bridge, and had been a house of charity after being a palace. This place was made over to its then use shortly after the Restoration. On August 22, 1664, Pepys records: " Among others I went into the New Bridewell . . . . and there I saw the new model, and it is very handsome. Several at work, among others one pretty whore brought in last night, which works very lazily." She may have fared ill, for the unlucky inmates " were under the Care and Direction of an Overseer, who walk'd about with a very *Flexible Weapon* of *Offence*, to correct such Hempen Journey-Women who were unhappily troubled with the Spirit of *Idleness*." Ward.

References are fairly common. Cf. Foible in *The Way of the World* (1700), V, i: " O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd,—a Bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell*—Bride. Oh! " Bridewell Place may be found within the corner made by New Bridge Street and Tudor Street, E.C.4.

p. 192. *Seven's the main.* See notes on *A Journey to London.*

A Short Vindication

p. 196. *immodest Character.* It is true that in the passage referred to Collier gives no particulars; but in the part devoted to *The Relapse* he quotes the passage where Hoyden says: 'tis well I have a Husband a coming . . . . to the end of the grey-hound sentence. But he adds: " Afterwards her language is too Lewd to be Quoted." The reader may test this for himself.

p. 198. *their Sense.* " The *Vindicator* is out in his Notion of *Burlesque.* To *Burlesque* a Book, is to turn it into *Ridicule.* Now this may be done without questioning the History, or mistaking the Text." *Defence of the Short View.* 103.

p. 199. *against it.* Collier, in his *Defence* (p. 106), unfairly takes this as " a frank Confession, that he was against *Religion* before."

p. 199. *prophaneness.* Dennis had a still better reply. Collier had quoted Ovid's:

> Sed tu præcique curris venaris Theatris,
> Haec loca sunt voto fertiliora a tuo.
> ——ruit ad celebres cultissima Fæmina Ludos;
> Copia judicium sæpe morata meum est. [sic]
> Spectatum veniunt, veniunt Spectentur ut ipsæ;
> Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet.
>
> Ars Amatoria Lib: 1.

which passage Dryden renders:

> But above all, the Play-House is the Place;
> There's choice of Quarry in that narrow Chace . . .
> Thither they swarm, who have the publick Voice:
> There choose, if Plenty not distracts thy Choice.
> To see and to be seen, in Heaps they run;
> Some to undo, and some to be undone.

and:

> Thus love in Theaters did first improve;
> And Theaters are still the scene of Love.

Dennis quoted (or would have quoted had not the printer made a sad hash of the lines) from the same book:

> Neu fuge linigeræ Memphitica templa juvencæ
> Multas illa facit, quod fuit ipsa Jovi
>
> Nor [shun] *Isis* Temple; for that sacred Whore
> Makes others, what to Jove she was before.

"And have we not here a merry person?" Dennis remarks, "who brings an Authority against going to Theatres, which is as direct against going to Church? Nay, and upon the very same account too."

The juxtaposition is not the exclusive privilege of the ancients. Mandeville writes: "A vicious young Fellow, after having been an Hour or two at Church, a Ball, or any other Assembly, where there is a great parcel of handsome Women dress'd to the best Advantage, will have his imagination more fired than if he had the same time been Poling at *Guildhall*, or walking the Country among a Flock of Sheep." *The Fable of the Bees*, 1714. Remark H.

p. 199. *Friend.* "This *Young Fashion* after all, is the *Poets* Man of Merit." *Short View*, V. iii.

p. 199. *heart ake:* "Indeed so says the *Vindicator*. But *Young Fashion* tells another story. He is in no fright about the matter. Upon observing some signs of extravagance in *Hoyden*, he says to himself (and then you may be sure *he delivers his real thoughts to the audience*), '*Tis no matter. She brings me an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.* We see here's no danger of mortification. This soliloquy is extremely moral! It teaches the art of marrying the estate without the woman, and makes a noble settlement upon lewdness."—*Defence of the Short View*, p. 109.

p. 200. *conſter; conſtrue.* Once a common form. Cf. the Prologue of *Cupid's Whirligig*, Sharpham, 1607, "If honest words have honest consturing." The form was then obsolescent, but would be popularly known through *Hudibras.*

p. 200. *Poet Laureat of Muscovy.* This is merely a jest: Peter the Great had just previously paid his famous visit to England.

p. 201. *yareſt.* Yare, dexterous, eager, brisk.

Flower-soft hands, that yarely frame the office.
Antony and Cleopatra.

Yare, yare, good Eros. *Ibid.*

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely. *The Tempest.*

N.E.D. quotes this passage.

p. 202. *within the Law.* "There are few of these last Quotations, but what are plain Blasphemy, and within the *Law*. They look reeking as it were from *Pandæmonium*, and almost smell of Fire and Brimstone. This is an Eruption of Hell with a witness! I almost wonder the smoak of it has not darken'd the Sun, and turn'd the Air to Plague and Poyson!" *Short View*, p. 84 (2nd Ed.). Mediæval philosophy again; but these were the effects to be feared from heresy, not from mere blasphemy. Collier does not always see the difference.

p. 203. *keep it all to himself.* "The Vindicator in his 2d Article discourses of *Sauce* and *Sops*, etc. But he has cook'd the Allegory so oddly, that I know not well what to make on't. [One is inclined to agree.] If he reasons from the Kitchin upon these subjects, he must talk by himself." *Defence*, p. 120.

p. 203. *quicksilver.* "Sir *John Brute* puts on the Habit of a Clergyman, counterfeits himself drunk: quarrels with the *Constable*, and is knock'd down and seiz'd. He rails, swears, curses, is lewd and profane, to all the Heights of Madness and Debauchery: The *Officers* and *Justice* break jests upon him, and make him a sort of Representative of this *Order*." *Short View*, p. 108 (2nd Ed.).

p. 204. *What this gentleman means.* . Indeed, Collier does give no indication of what he means: it is supposed that he imagined Bull was trying to emulate the angels.

p. 206. *Exact Rules of Religion.* "To sum up the Evidence. A fine Gentleman, is a fine Whoring, Swearing, Smutty, Atheistical Man. These Qualifications it seems compleat the *Idea* of Honour. They are the Top-Improvements of Fortune, and the distinguishing Glories of Birth and Breeding!" *Short View*, p. 143 (2nd Ed.).

p. 207. *Man she lov'd.* "His Play will soon decide the Controversy, and shew on which side the Unfairness lies. Bellinda's words are these: *O' my Conscience, were it not for your Affair in the Ballance, I should go near to pick up some odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor Heartfree for a Gallant.* *Defence*, p. 127.

p. 209. *upon his Shoulders.* This refers to Titus Oates, who after his first amazingly successful frauds based upon half-truths, was whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn in the reign of James II,

receiving punishment that would have killed most men. Collier, as a reactionary non-juror, who sympathised with Jacobite rebels, could, for purposes of controversy at any rate, be taken to consider the reign of James as a just one.

p. 209. *a Chapter entire:* namely Chapter V, Section iii. *Remarks upon the* Relapse.

p. 209. *many foolish Mistakes.* "We are now come forward to the *Remarks* upon the *Relapse.* And here the *Vindicator* does as good as confess he has *made many foolish Mistakes in his Play.* And by a peculiar happiness in his Understanding, seems both sensible, and satisfied with it." *Defence*, p. 129.

p. 210. *The Spanish Fryar*, or *The Double Discovery*, by Dryden, 1681. Collier does not treat of that play in this chapter, but draws several "immoral" quotations from it in other parts of the book.

p. 210. *Designs in one Play.* The neo-classical quarrel raged furiously all through this period, but the English theatre had nearly always preferred complications. It was no use for Collier to quote Corneille's *Discours* as he does, when gallants such as Courtal in *She Wou'd if She Cou'd*, 1668, would say "A single intrigue in love is as dull as a single plot in a play, and will tire a lover worse than t'other does an audience."

p. 210. *Love's Last Shift*, by Colley Cibber, which was acted at Drury Lane in January, 1696, and published in the same year.

p. 212. *these latter;* meaning Loveless and Amanda.

p. 214. *slubber over;* to hurry over, to do in a slovenly manner. N.E.D. says "to scamp in working." Cf. "Many a bad marriage bargain is yerely slubbered up." Carew, *Survey of Cornwall.* (N.E.D.) "Nature shewed she doth not like men, who slubber up matters of mean account." Sidney.

> Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
> Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,
> Slubber not business for my sake.
>
> *Merchant of Venice.*

p. 215. *Remarks upon 't.* "The *Vindicator* gives a Home Thrust at Parting, but his weapon, like *Scaramouchy's*, is made of a *Rush.*" So Collier in the *Defence* (pp. 130–132), where he says he was not attacking the moral, but the "dramatick Virtues" of the play. He does not believe in sudden conversion. "To be Pious and Profane in the same Breath must be very extraordinary." "To make a Libertine talk like *Plato*, or *Socrates*, is philosophy misplac'd, 'tis good advice, but out of Character; the Soil and the Plant, the Man and the Morals won't agree." But his retort here is not altogether fair, for the part where he speaks of Worthy is still where he is discussing the morals of the play, and before he has come to consider dramatic technique.

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